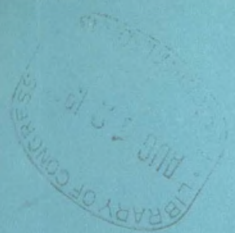


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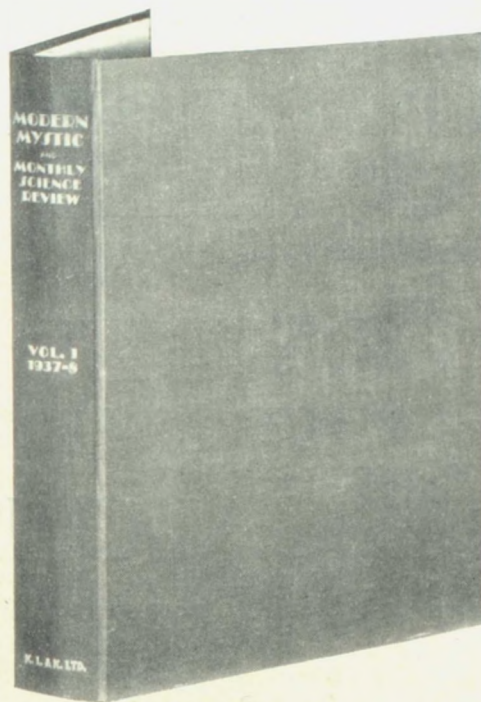
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“Men are united by principles, divided by opinions. Principles form a unity in which we find one another, opinions a manifold in which we are lost. The friendships of youth are founded on principles, opinions cause the estrangements of maturity. If we realised this earlier, if, while developing our own thought, we acquired a liberal view of different ideas, *even of conflicting ideas, we should be far less quarrelsome*, and principle might bring together again what opinion had thrust apart.”

Goethe to Jacobi, 1813 (our italics)

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**BOOK REVIEWS
 OUR POINT OF VIEW**

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

Our Point of View

ONE OF THE IRONIES OF EXISTENCE IS surely the fact that at last all the geniuses, even all the acknowledged great teachers, exist and work for the acclaim, or the loyalty, or the approbation or even for the nodding acquiescence of the plain man. He it is who becomes the final arbiter—so far as his own individual consciousness is concerned—of their ultimate value. Whether this thought merely swells our egotism or humbles our pride depends also upon our state of consciousness. There will be a number of readers who will by no means agree about the importance—the all-importance—of the plain man. Montaigne, Emerson, Goethe, Blavatsky, Steiner will say the word which illuminates my neighbour for the rest of his life; for him “truth” is discovered, and a number of the minor mysteries are at an end. But if that same word passes me by and leaves no great impress on my mind or spirit, is that to say I am incapable of receiving truth? It is because of the fact that one cannot hit two plain men in the same place—each representing as he does an entirely different facet of the “whole”—that we each has his loyalties. Of what use is it to prate hypocritically about “humanity,” “universal brotherhood” and all the other mealy-mouthed clap-trap that often enough is the hall-mark of the partisan and narrow-minded sectarian, or would-be world-teacher, as long as the Theosophist, either ignoring or blissfully ignorant of the totality of the work of Steiner indignantly asserts that without Blavatsky Steiner would never have been heard of as an occultist? Such an assertion is mere ignorance. But let us hasten to add that the disdain with which Blavatsky is referred to by many Anthroposophists is equally ignorant. There are more “Theosophical” sects than fingers on the hand, each one claiming as its mission the necessity of keeping the *Secret Doctrine* “pure,” the inference being that the remaining sects have not the wit to understand plain English, the spirit to appreciate it or the will to live it. And this kind of childish nonsense has been going on since before we were born. The Anthroposophical Society has not so many factions as the Theosophical Society. If the reader, unversed in the politics of occult societies, imagines that this denotes a much better feeling among Anthroposophists than is immediately evident among Theosophists, such a conclusion would be a tribute to a kind hope. Bless your simple heart, no, the reason is that the Anthroposophical Society is younger. That’s all. No sooner had Dr. Steiner passed away than they began fighting among themselves like a bunch of pole-cats and they’ve been at it ever since. We have ourselves witnessed the unedifying spectacle of two otherwise intelligent beings, each belonging to a different Anthroposophical Society, men who knew and liked one another years ago while Dr. Steiner was still in the body, pass in the street without speaking. It happens nearly every day in London, the Hague, and in many towns in Germany and Switzerland. Now, unless we don’t know what we’re talking about and have misread every word of Steiner and of Blavatsky (to say nothing about any other), love and compassion are the only two essential qualifications for beginning to live the life of the spirit—the basic laws upon which these two great souls built up their entire work. Their followers seize every opportunity of preaching universal

brotherhood, claim to be working for the good of humanity, and so on, yet have not sufficient ordinary human feeling to compel a greeting from one another in the public highway. Toward the end of life they may perhaps be able to justify themselves in their own eyes—a comparatively easy feat for most of us,—but in that day we suggest that instead of taking down *Isis* or *The Story of My Life*, they take a book much older and more authoritative than either, wherein the learned and unlearned alike are admonished “that ye love one another.”

Love and compassion are not the exclusive properties of sects, they are not the exclusive properties of the learned. They are universal straphangers which are capable of raising Jack at one bound to the level of his master. If we walk abroad with our eyes open, every day is a whole life, every familiar sight endears itself by some added beauty; the water that runs over the tarred road shows us the colours of the prism, and we marvel why the sight of the old cobbler working busily away as we pass his window should provide us with brand-new thoughts. One very rainy night early in March we were waiting to cross the road at the corner of 42nd Street and Times Square in New York City. The gutter was running a small river so that it was impossible to step over without getting wet. Among the small crowd waiting for the traffic to stop was a bedraggled unkempt prostitute. A young fellow who had very obviously had considerably more than “one over the eight” stepped forward and with a beaming smile and mock-gallantry offered the woman his help. As she thanked him she smiled in a way that had nothing to do with her profession, and for some unaccountable reason we felt very happy. Yes, indeed, were we to keep our eyes open and be just a little less excited about our very tame selves, we should receive at least ten free lessons per diem.

H.P.B. in *The Key to Theosophy*, says: “To seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in *human nature*, is like putting new wine into old bottles.” And old Thomas Carlyle pointed out the necessity of the reformation beginning in ourselves: “The end of man is an *action* and not a *thought*, though it were the noblest.”

Mr. Paul Brunton’s article, which we feel sure our readers will find of interest, will be continued in our next issue. It will deal with the Wat or great Temple and the colossal statue of Buddha and give glimpses of the history and culture of the Khmers, and will describe the secret doctrine of their religion and philosophy as they were revealed to the author by a High Buddhist Lama.

A reader writes to ask whether we have noticed the “antics” of Mr. A. P. Herbert, our No. 1 Parliamentary humorist, with reference to the “Oxford Group Co. Limited.” Yes, we have, and we whole-heartedly approve. The whole business is a piece of colossal effrontery that could only have been got away with in a community already in its dotage. Mr. Herbert is unquestionably right. The fact that America is full of “spiritual” rackets is no

reason at all why an American should invent one specially for British consumption and then, adding insult to injury, "cash in" on the name of Oxford in this brazen way. We hold no brief for Oxford or for any other University (our opinion of their usefulness is low to begin with). Will Oxford's reputation be raised in the minds of those who, ignorant that there never has been nor could ever be any possible connection between the University and this crowd of wretched exhibitionists, will in future associate the one with the other? The gutter talk of modern "diplomacy" has its appropriate counterpart in this latest "spiritual" enterprise, duly and ingeniously making application for incorporation with limited liability! As a matter of fact Mr. Herbert sent a letter to the Editor of the *Spectator* in which he detailed the metamorphoses of the founder of Buchmanism as it appears in *Who's Who*. This letter should be obtained and added to the archives of all occult societies against the day, not far distant, when, because of inertia on the one hand, and complete brainlessness on the other, we allow it to be assumed that the Oxford movement originated in Oxford University. Frank Buchman is perfectly entitled in any democracy to found a sect, religion, political party or barber's shop if he so wishes, but he is not entitled ethically to confuse the ignorant in the way attempted. The legal aspect of the matter, so far as we know, is quite clear. No one is permitted to use the name of a town for company registration purposes unless the article manufactured is actually produced in that town. Now the article manufactured by the Oxford Group Co. Ltd. is, or was (or both), produced in America. We hereby draw the attention of the Board of Trade to the matter and insist that all samples of the product offered for sale (or why the necessity for the limited liability?) be plainly stamped "foreign."

The MODERN MYSTIC's attitude toward Buchmanism was clearly set out (and with a great deal more seriousness than it deserves) by Mr. Alan W. Watts in our issue for January 1938.

The other night the B.B.C. relayed from Vienna a performance of Bruckner's No. 8, and we were not surprised to find the performance referred to by our music critics in the usual way. There is a set formulæ for all composers irrespective of the merits or otherwise of particular performances. It is quite safe to bet in advance that criticisms of Sibelius will contain references to the "influence of Tschaikovsky"; and to the pine-wooded slopes of his native Finland. In the case of Elgar the music "breathes the English countryside" (actually, of course, it does nothing of the kind), whilst in the case of both Bruckner and Mahler there is the quite gratuitous and wholly unfounded assertion that there is no public for either of them in England; that they are verbose, sentimental, and too obviously Viennese. Boiled down, these customary labels, in the case of Bruckner and Mahler, simply mean that professional criticism has no gauge whereby to assess them. Listen to Ernest Newman in the *Sunday Times*:

"There is great stuff somewhere or other in all the Bruckner symphonies. Why then do they apparently make no public for themselves anywhere but in certain parts of Germany? Their length goes against them, no doubt; but the real trouble is not so much their actual duration as the frequent looseness of their structure. The composer is sometimes so obviously at a loss to find something really vital to say next, and so obviously merely padding out what

he is saying, that the critical listener finds his attention slackening and his interest diminishing. When one knows Bruckner's work as a whole, again, one finds the same half-dozen formulæ being drawn upon so constantly that there comes the fatal feeling, somewhere or other in each work, that one has heard it all, or most of it, before. Considerations of this kind, however, though they may account for the comparative lack of enthusiasm shown towards Bruckner in critical quarters, can hardly explain the dogged apathy of the man in the street towards him. Perhaps Bruckner's particular brand of Viennese sentimentality does not "travel" very well; perhaps also the non-German listener finds much of the swelling Brucknerian rhetoric hollow when he digs below the surface of it. For all that, Bruckner might be given more performances in this country than is now the case: in every one of the symphonies there is enough splendid stuff to compensate us for the mere make-believe that often accompanies it."

Although Mr. Newman does not specifically mention it in this particular criticism, we know that the use of pauses both by Bruckner and Mahler are the cause of many headaches to professional critics and give rise to the assumption that at the pause the composer was at a loss. This shying at pauses is really psychological and proves that the listener—in this case the critic—is unable to effect continuity for himself, the very thing that Bruckner was aiming at. We think that even Mr. Newman would readily acknowledge the mysticism of Bruckner and of Mahler, for his criticism (valid enough in its purely technical implications) is concerned primarily with form. The pause as used by Bruckner is exactly equivalent to the ancient connotation of the word *Sela*—pause, reflect, meditate. If we actually do this when listening to him we may very well end up by according to Bruckner a place very near the top of the world's greatest composers. It may be that Mr. Newman's criticism was hurriedly written, but what does the first sentence of our quotation mean if it does not mean that the critic is unable to locate the "great stuff" which he acknowledges is present? This is a curious admission. However, an inability to appreciate Bruckner is not a technical disability, but a purely spiritual one at the root of which we shall find the unspoken idea that the function of music is to "keep going" and supply us with (a) sensation, and/or (b) admiration for technical ingenuity. Music proper has nothing to do with either.

The B.B.C. has just issued its programmes for the 1939 Promenade Concert season. Wagner on Mondays, Bach on Wednesdays, Beethoven on Fridays—all as of yore. There will be the usual features, fountain, carnations, and the average number of St. John Ambulance Brigade men in attendance to deal with the average number of faintings. It is all very English and very jolly. The same faces will be in the audience, from Shepherd's Bush, Peckham Rye and Aldgate. Bach will go at the usual break-neck speed and everybody will be happy.

The Rudolf Steiner Institute of 22 Chenies Street, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C.1 (Telephone: Museum 3186) is now closed for the Summer recess. The Institute will re-open for the Autumn Term which commences on Monday, September 18th,

(continued in page 269)

Religion, Art and Science Reunited

by Dr. H. Poppelbaum

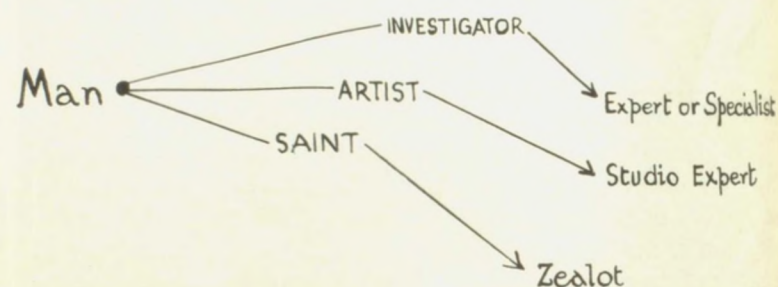
(Being a digest of a public lecture given by Dr. Poppelbaum under the auspices of the General Anthroposophical Society at the Caxton Hall, London, June 15th, 1939.)

THERE IS A CERTAIN DIFFICULTY in speaking about Anthroposophy—the work of Rudolf Steiner—for it is really a reunion of religion, art and science. It is equally difficult to convey to those who do not yet know Anthroposophy and have not seen the Goetheanum—that amazing building at Dornach, Switzerland—just how the structure so truly represents the unity referred to.

The best approach to Anthroposophy is to look at life just as it is and to discover our own individual attitude to its most important general aspects—social, economic, religious, artistic, scientific—for only by such a wide examination of the present-day position will it be possible for us to draw our conclusions and to find in what direction our individual duty might lie. In whatever direction we examine our situation we shall be forced to acknowledge that despite all advances made by science, art, and in the organisation of the social structure, the human level in general is by no means so high as it was. If we only compare the outstanding personalities of three hundred years ago with our contemporary notabilities we shall observe a loss in level, for the earlier ones had a different standard and were of a different “size”—Goethe for example. When we remember the comprehensiveness of man’s activities as exemplified in Goethe, and observe the specialisation so representative of to-day, we see that the fullness of human activity could be gathered up as it were into one individual—a characteristic that was more or less general three, four and five hundred years ago. Every genius of those times was almost a symbol of the sum of human existence. In short, there were no specialists. The scientist of those days was well aware of what was happening in branches of human activity; the artist did not perforce withdraw into his studio; the aims of the religious man were not exclusively theological, and each man of genius stood in his own right as investigator and artist, and often enough as saint too. Leonardo da Vinci, for instance, is an excellent example of the versatility of a former kind of genius, equally great whether considered as investigator, artist or as a man of religion; for who could deny in face of his painting, *The Last Supper*, that da Vinci was essentially a religious man?

One feels that in former times these three principal avenues for the flowering of human genius were intimately connected—facets of the same search—from which we conclude that evolution has been concerned with the splitting up of this more or less complete human being into differing types of personalities, no single one of which can represent the potential *fullness* of the human being. To-day we must confess that our scientists are not artists, neither are they religious men in the higher connotation of the word, they know only little even of what is being done by other investigators in branches of science other than their

own. We have professors of religion who know nothing of art and whose knowledge of science is scanty. This line of “development” must lead to decadence; our desire for the more fully “rounded” personality of human beings must mean that the average man and woman are able to carry around with them a richer, and by no means superficial, synthesis of human existence. It may certainly be an ideal carried over from the past, nevertheless it is one that, as exemplified in such men as Leonardo, was fine and admirable. The following diagram will show man and his activities as they were embodied in ancient time in a single individual, while the arrows suggest our present-day decadence as portrayed in the cult of specialisation:



We are now faced with the question: is the possibility of synthesis extinct? And the answer is all too often, Yes, it is no longer possible. We are told that the quantity of material at our disposal is so vast, especially in the domain of science, that the specialist is indispensable in order to appraise it, that the average scientist is incapable, in the nature of the matter, of understanding the whole of it. How then can we expect him to be artist and religious man as well? But is such an assertion true? I don't think so. The material for scientific research was fairly large three or four hundred years ago, yet from out the human family there arose such universal geniuses as Leonardo and Leibnitz. The fault lies not in an assumed increase of the material available for investigation, it lies in an almost lost human faculty of holding within the personality all the various departments of human activity. The wealth of material has not overpowered our perception, it is we who have lost the capacity to assimilate it. Such is the conclusion at which we must arrive if we study the geniuses of the past and compare them with the outstanding men of our own day.

In view of this lack of comprehension we may ask whether, in the event of there arising a modern prototype of such a universal genius as Aristotle or Leibnitz, would he be accepted as such, or would there be immediate doubts as to whether his synthesis was well founded? Would he not meet with scepticism about the source of his scientific, religious and social teachings, and whether his art is genuine or otherwise? Would not our modern fondness for specialisation blind us to the possibility of such a figure arising in our own age? And yet such a man did arise, and met with exactly just such scepticism and prejudice—I mean Rudolf Steiner.

Because of the comprehensiveness and depth of his knowledge, the unfaltering strength and purity of his moral personality, because of his unfailingly creative imagination, it is permissible to compare him with the bygone type of universal genius. He built up his life-work over decades; at first, during a period of nearly thirty years in a quiet way on a scientific and literary basis, after which (1900) he addressed himself with a special message to the few who could understand him; a few who had sufficient perception and spiritual instinct to know whom they were facing.

It is not my purpose to eulogise Rudolf Steiner here; his work is his monument. I merely point out that there actually did arise in our time a man possessed of a fullness of personality, a range of knowledge unique in every department of human activity, and a moral stature that infused into this age new impulses which can only gather strength and momentum with the passing of time. He ventured to be a full man, to place at the centre of his investigations his whole being in order to prove that all three activities of men—religious, scientific, artistic—spring from the same source. He relieved science from certain self-imposed restrictions—the kind of restrictions we are dealing with here—and he showed that of necessity our scientific investigations must be extended into hitherto uncharted regions. This new knowledge, a *spiritual science*, he named “Anthroposophy.”

If we were to ask the present-day scientist for a definition of science, we would probably be told something like this: “It is the systematic working-up of facts which come before the senses by means of our reason or intelligence.” The answer tells us quite clearly that the average scientist is unaware that we have long passed that stage, and that there are departments of present-day science based by no means on sense observation. The science of Logic, for instance, certainly does not rest on sense-perception. The cognitive organ employed in Logic is super-sensible, which proves that the above definition of science is nonsense. Sense-organs can only be applied to certain kinds of scientific research, and are therefore not a characteristic essential of science proper. What Rudolf Steiner did was to extend genuine scientific investigation to include those domains not susceptible to the ordinary sense-organs, but to others substantially related to thinking, qualities that can be developed. Recognition of this fact provides a key to an understanding of Rudolf Steiner’s achievement. To understand the interplay of the super-sensible in man with his sensible nature—which of course requires the conscious development of the super-senses—is to enter into the first chapter of Anthroposophy. This leads quite naturally to the second chapter, the life before birth and after death, which can be observed with organs of the quality of those that observe thinking. The next step is a description of the pulsation between life on earth, and life after death and before birth, which of course implies the fact of Reincarnation. The background to this is a description of man’s evolution on a still further background of cosmic evolution, which in turn encloses all of the activities of beings higher than Man, culminating in the knowledge of the Highest Being of all above man, and which is in direct connection with the super-sensible human being—I mean Christ. This shows how Anthroposophy proceeds quite naturally step by step from knowledge of man to a super-sensible knowledge of Christ, and thence back to a knowledge of the human being with whom it began. This is all very far from being

a “system of thought.” It is a method of enquiry which follows a certain path through definite realms; but, from whichever angle one begins, it presents itself differently, and which of course, could never occur in a “system.”

After a time, as was inevitable, Rudolf Steiner was required to offer other evidence of the realms he had spoken of. He felt it necessary to put before men’s eyes and senses some sort of reflection of the super-sensible worlds he had described in his teachings, and he knew this would be possible only through the medium of art. He had to show in some form of reality what he had already described in Anthroposophy. The true artist adds to our vision things which, without his services, would never otherwise enter it, he is not content merely to copy nature. So Rudolf Steiner wrote (1910-13) what afterwards became the four Mystery Plays. In them he ventured to bring visibly to the stage occurrences of the super-sensible world as they are met by various personalities. It should be remembered that the scope of such plays is greatly in excess of that of the normal stage presentation, for Rudolf Steiner had to show not only the paths of human destiny on earth, but also the super-sensible worlds and super-sensible beings connected with human destiny, a task that outgrew not only the ordinary stage in method, but also in size. It was necessary to find a new way of presentation and to evolve an entirely new stage-craft. There were required a new art of speech, and a new art of movement as expressive as human speech: Eurhythmy. Such was the genesis of the Mystery Plays which are now given every year at the Goetheanum, Dornach, Switzerland. The particular impression created by these plays originates in part from the immediate feeling they give of the presence of the spiritual worlds as we watch the ways of human personalities on the stage. It is most significant that the three main characters are an artist, an historian and an engineer, the latter having begun his path of life in a monastery. The onlooker has a feeling as though he knew the reality reflected here but did not *realise* what he dimly knew.

It became necessary to have a building to contain all this; an ordinary theatre was of no use. Rudolf Steiner always held firmly to reality. “If we must have a building to surround all this,” he said, “it must suit what is inside, just as the nut shell suits the nut kernel.” This was one of his favourite analogies. From the beginning it was obvious that the building must be something unique. Not only were the Mystery Plays to be performed there, but Anthroposophy was to be taught in it too. The building was erected in quite unusual forms; one can say that the resultant Goetheanum was a representation of the *facts* of Anthroposophy gathered into their natural unity and embodied in this unusual piece of architecture. It seemed to proclaim the fact that the spiritual world was present. The first Goetheanum was begun in 1912 and stood until New Year’s Eve, 1922.

(To be continued)

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Our Point of View—(continued from page 267)

and ends on Saturday, December 9th. Dr. Eugen Kolisko (Principal) having returned from his American lecture tour will resume his lectures at the Institute. Intending students and interested friends should apply for further details to the Secretary.

The Editor

America—Past, Present and Future

No. II. THE URGE TOWARDS THE WEST

by Eugen Kolisko, M.D. (Vienna)

THE ORIENTAL CULTURES, EUROPE, and America—the real Occident—represent the historical trinity. It was a momentous step when oriental culture entered into Greece and Rome. Southern Europe then became the focus of civilisation. Northern Europe followed, during the Middle Ages. Then culture went westward again: America was re-discovered, Europe had to re-discover both the Orient—the East Indies, and the true Occident—the West Indies. This marks the beginning of the modern Age.

Thus, progress in history is a march towards the West. But in reaching the western shores of the Atlantic—the East coast of America—the whole procedure begins again. To begin with, there are only European colonists—French, English, Dutch, and so on. The Declaration of Independence marks a complete transformation. At this moment the real American spirit is set free. The modern Age begins a second time. This is the era of Franklin and Washington. The new ideas of freedom, brought forward in the French Revolution, had their spiritual origin in the Constitution of the United States, which were to become the nucleus of modern America.

All the other American countries—Canada, Mexico, Middle and South America—even though they too are independent—have retained something of the character of the western world when it was still under the colonising influence of the European peoples. This became evident in the nineteenth century when the people of the United States showed themselves the leaders of all modern scientific and technical progress.

In the war between the Northern and Southern States, the liberal progressive principles of the Declaration of Independence again achieved a great victory. This event is centred around the person of Abraham Lincoln. What Franklin and Washington had inaugurated, Lincoln had to create again in the struggle between the North and South. The whole question of slavery shows that again the rights of modern man were at stake. The retarding element in the whole complex is always symbolised in the Spanish Empire. The Spaniards began the conquest of America. In seizing the gold of the Incas of Peru and of the Emperors of Mexico, they fell under its curse. The Spaniards also introduced slavery, and the Southern States, although included in the United States, retained something of this element. Lincoln's mission was to liberate the American people from the last influence of this heritage of the Spanish Empire.

So again, the United States carried on the progressive ideal which had been inaugurated in Franklin's time.

But the real conquest of the West was left to the second half of the nineteenth century. The subsequent history of the United States became deeply connected with this conquest of the "wild west." It is there that the individual finds unlimited possibilities. The East coast of America still remains more or less under European influence. Europe is not quite forgotten there. President Wilson, in his *History of the American People*, makes the very pregnant remark that it is only in traversing the Alighanic

mountains and entering the region of the wild west, that the pioneers really forget their European ancestry, habits, and nationality. It is as though a veil is drawn over the past. But it is just this "forgetting" which creates the pioneer spirit, it makes for courageous indifference, and undeviating purpose, which feels so sure of the future. Nietzsche inferred that the knowledge of history makes us weak and incapable of decisions for the future; so, in order to become a real pioneer it is necessary to forget entirely about the "past." But what is the past in this especial connection? *It is European history*—with all its traditions, kingdoms, national idiosyncrasies, etc. And where the *brain* forgets all this superfluous knowledge, the *hand* becomes the doer. *Fitness* for life and adventure is born—the "self-made man" takes the stage. And here in the wild west he meets Nature—but Nature as a Giantess, as she is only to be found in those incredibly vast spaces and distances of the plains, deserts, and mountain ranges. In these places there is as yet no "history." It has still to be created.

So the new epoch in American history begins. The city, which can be regarded as representative of modern life, rises up directly out of the lap of Nature into no intermediate stages of development. Along the railway tracks, pioneer cities spring up over night, and the most primitive things are side by side with the most modern achievements. All this constitutes a really tremendous task for the human will. But this struggle between Nature and modern technology, carried out by the most adventurous individuals, brings with it a certain danger of losing the more spiritual side of culture in building up the material side of civilisation. So the American pioneer represents, in the most striking way, a picture of modern humanity as a whole.

In visiting the North American Continent recently I came to the conclusion that in this vast country the threefold aspect of the whole world is thoroughly repeated. These three parts are: the East Coast, the Middle West, and the West or Pacific Coast. The most impressive experience one can have is to *realise* the enormous difference between these two sides of America. This difference is actually much greater than that between America and Europe. If you travel westward from New York, via Chicago to San Francisco, you experience something like a repetition of your Atlantic voyage, but now on land and not on the ocean. You travel for days and nights over the limitless plains, until you come to the boundary created by the Rockies. You have reached another coast-line! Imagine, then, that you arrive at Denver, Colorado, a city located on the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, and from one of these hills you look back over the plains as over a sea, and it suddenly flashes upon you that all these plains must of necessity have once been covered by waters. This impression is enhanced by the enormous sand-stone walls extending along the eastern border of the Rockies from Canada to Mexico; they are the cliffs of this miraculous hidden coast. And then, going westward, into the mountain ranges and their desert plateaus you feel that you are really entering into *another*

continent. And this continent of mountains, canyons, and deserts has its western coast where the Pacific meets it.

When I happened to experience these contrasting worlds, I remembered the statements of both geologists and occultists about Atlantis, that this continent had been divided by a "Mediterranean" sea. The bed of this sea is the middle-western area.

But although this has disappeared from human sight, it still remains as something which can be clearly surmised by observing the geographical facts. This is why the East and the West of America still have the character of two separate worlds.

Between London and New York there is a difference of five hours in time. At 8 a.m. in England the time in New York is 3 a.m. If you travel west, your watch must be put back another three hours. This is done in three stages: Eastern time—New York; Central time—Chicago; Mountain time—in Denver; Pacific time—in San Francisco. From this it will be seen that the difference between London and San Francisco is eight hours. Eight hours represents the average time during which we sleep. If people in San Francisco are going to bed at 12 midnight, it corresponds to getting up in London at 8 a.m. Thus the interval of "one night" lies between Western Europe and the Pacific. *This really means that the further you travel west the more European life slips into the world of dreams and ultimately is entirely lost in deep sleep.*

This can really be experienced! And what one finds on arriving at the Pacific coast is that people there are actually entirely indifferent to European affairs. On the East Coast (especially in those parts which are still described as "New England," of which Boston is the centre—everything is still a kind of echo of England or other European countries. On the Pacific Coast (United States) a quite new element comes in. And this is oriental.

One need only think of the Chinese and Japanese population of San Francisco—and the enormous interest shown in oriental culture is remarkable. Even in Chicago the museums are filled with marvellous Chinese, Japanese, Tibetan and Indian collections; and the shops show the same influence. Chinatown is a comparatively insignificant affair in New York; is already of greater importance in Chicago, and in San Francisco is an independent area with separate telephone exchanges and innumerable shops which are like a permanent museum of Chinese and Japanese arts.

I have said in one of my previous articles that America is the melting-pot of the nations. But in the East only the European nations are the "mixture," while *on the Pacific coast there is the melting-pot of all the nations and races of the whole world.*

When I went to California I had entirely to change my mental orientation. Of course one's habit is to think of Europe as the middle sphere between the Orient and the Occident. But in Los Angeles or San Francisco, if one speaks of the "East" no one would understand anything else by it than New York or the Atlantic coast! If you want to refer to China or Japan you have to call them the "Orient" while you point—metaphorically—to the *West*. It is an entire "overlapping" of one's conceptions. Europe has vanished, and there is a direct meeting between East and West, but the "Orient" comes from the West and the "Occident" comes from the East!

One might think this statement is a mere platitude. But it can be *experienced* as a very serious reality. Theoretically, we all know that the Earth is round; but there, on the Pacific coast, you suddenly become *aware* of it: it is as though you suddenly

faced yourself—a kind of opposite world, where the two ends of history, Orient and America, are joined. Europe fades out of the picture.

This impression is very much enhanced when one hears there about the increasing European pressure and congestion which appears like a gigantic "traffic jam" in world affairs.

The eight hours time-difference between London and San Francisco amounts to one-third of the Earth's circumference—another third would lead us to between Tokio and Shanghai, and the last third back to London. (According to the longitudes.)

I think we are at an historical moment where—after having absolved the three stages represented by the oriental cultures, the European and then all that developed after the re-discovery of America—mankind becomes really aware of the totality of the Earth. But this means that the fulfilment of this realisation lies in the Pacific region. Since the beginning of the twentieth century, when the war between Spain and the United States of America took place, and accomplished the final downfall of Spanish seapower (1898), the Pacific suddenly rose to a new importance.

This was also the time when the Philippine Islands became an American colony, and with this the Japanese-American polarity became evident. Since then, and especially in the last ten years, the Pacific is the centre of interest. And at the same time, humanity realised that the Earth is one whole.

Although in California there seems to be only a colossal mingling of all races and nations, yet something quite new has arisen in the midst of it. The people are—statistically—much healthier than in any other part of the world; and there is no doubt that world-wide and truly international ideas are nowhere more in evidence than in this region. This is in very strong contrast to Eastern America, where European standards, together with a certain fear of European encroachments, prevail.

Further, what is generally called the "pioneer spirit" seems to me still alive in the Western regions; while in the Eastern regions it appears to be slowly dying away.

Actually to *meet* the "genius of the Orient" in its contact with the last outposts of the American world, was to me the most astonishing impression of any that I received. But another polarity came before me also: that of Atlantis and Lemuria.

When Atlantis was finally submerged, what we call "history" began. It re-started from the Orient, went through Europe, and when Columbus found America he did so by travelling over the lost Atlantis. The East of America is quite under these Atlantean influences. But a real study of the earliest culture of the Red Indians reveals more and more clearly influences coming from the far side of the Pacific. I was able to study this subject in various marvellous museums during my journeys, and I was very interested to find, in an article by A. Digger, "More About Mexico" in *The Present Age* (Vol. IV, No. 3/4, p. 56), a corroboration of them:

In connection with the search for the origin of the Indians, the Chinese minister to Mexico made a remark which may be helpful and enlightening. He said: "Our written historical records go back only until 800 B.C., but we do not regard the written records as the only reliable ones. We have a great number of oral traditions which came to us from far earlier times, which we look on in the same way as your people in Europe and America look on

(continued in page 301)

Thibetan Yoga

by Bernard Bromage, M.A.

VII. THIBETAN YOGA AND THE WORKING OF MAGIC

TO DISCUSS THE MAGICAL IMPLICATIONS of Yoga is to walk, perhaps, where even Archangels may fear to tread. There is no aspect of human activity which is so bound up on the one hand with abracadabra and a general sloppiness of intellect, and, on the other, with impulses and habits which the healthier taste of organised society has tacitly agreed to shun. For the whole question of necromancy has never yet been surveyed and studied with a proper regard for the evidence on which its extraordinary claims are based. Hence the misconceptions (and worse, the fears) which prevail when such a subject is mooted among persons of average stability and intelligence. Unable to envisage a scheme of human development which makes possible and tangible powers usually ascribed to the remote figures of folk-lore and fairyland, they prefer to regard as completely outside the normal province of sanity the feats and fables which reach their ears occasionally at certain lurid Christmas firesides, or through the columns of some of the more adventurous Sunday newspapers.

Yet sooner or later every circumspect man must give the matter thought. For, alas, in the midst of life we are not only in death, but in the interstices between dimensions which may carry off the most unsuspecting to "kingdoms yet unborn" in the rigid tensity of their conventional minds. It is better that we wake up before it is too late to the evil in our midst. Only thus can the forces of disruption be adequately circumvented; and only thus can the average citizen protect himself against what is, in effect, very germane to his particular case. For one of the most verifiable facts in connection with the practice of the darker magic is that its tactics are particularly successful against the bluff, the hearty, those who relentlessly proclaim that they have "no nonsense" in their constitution.

The reason for this deplorable state of affairs lies in the fact that the ordinary man is ignorant, not so much of magic, but what should be common or garden psychology. Our knowledge of our own mental processes is still in a very rudimentary stage: we are far too content with the conventions we see, and not half curious enough about the psychic facts which have no visible surface, but which impregnate our every thought and emotion. We live over the simmering volcano of our own inner forces, and who shall say when these elements are near to eruption or placidly biding their time in the underworld kingdom from which we draw so much of our vitality?

It behoves the *homme moyen sensuel* to look out for squalls from the direction of his own suggestibility. To walk in the fool's paradise of "a fugitive and cloistered virtue" is to court a disaster which may be irremediable if proper precautions are not taken. And the only proper precautions which can be taken by all and sundry, students and non-students alike, is the schooling of the intelligence in a little of the knowledge which tells of the limitless power of the mechanism of the mind to work us either good or ill.

Many persons are protected from malevolence by the natural opacity and stultification of their minds. But this cannot be accounted to them as a virtue. The cultivation of insensitivity is a double-edged weapon which may kill much more than build or cure. We are not put on this earth for our faculties to "rust in us unused," but to explore every particle of our being with the object of securing for ourselves the maximum of constructive and responsible fulfilment and the minimum of useless and pointless waste. And even this unsatisfactory protection can be broken down by an intelligence sufficiently crafty and subtle to disclose the Achilles heel of fear or prejudice which is to be found in the most robust and impercipient of constitutions. Handed down, perhaps, by some ancestor, or left behind by some less balanced incarnatory experience, there exists in every one of us a weak or a blind spot in our psychological equipment which can be used with devastating effect by one skilled in the technique of the psyche.

This is the actual province of the "magician" of the *darker* sort. To drop a small pebble into the well of the subconscious and thereby set up a calculable type and series of eddies is the most effectual way to wreck and distort the whole structure of a mind. This is a knowledge as old as the hills; but we are fortunate nowadays in possessing enough empirical terms and mechanical information to convince even the most hardened Western sceptic that whatever may be the provenance and associations of Black Magic it still has its old power to curse and thwart. It is not "explained away" by a knowledge of its laws: rather is its venom forestalled and effective counter-agents set up by the realisation that we too know the tricks of the trade and the turns of the screw. Evil is defeated by good much more when natural laws are sedulously observed in all their varied rhythms of cause and effect than when a mere recourse is had to a probably rather faulty set of moral adjustments.

The bad people frequently know their job a great deal better than do the good people. In the nature of the case it is imperative that they guard against the more clumsy kind of mistake. A false slip will very easily bring their pack of cards tumbling about their ears. For evil-doers a reliable technique is more than a desideratum: it is a necessity. Not so with the *unco guid* who allow themselves a great many more off moments than their more satanic brethren, and who consequently expose themselves to certain kinds of flank attack. Indeed, if the virtuous forces of the world could unite with the same consistency and vigour as do their opposite numbers, and with the same determination to succeed, then the business of living would be for all of us an infinitely more happy experience.

Therefore, let him that thinketh he stand, take heed lest he fall! The study of the very natural laws that constitute the achievements of Magic, white or black, is the only prophylactic against attacks on his own mental safety.

The reader may well ask what the connection may be

between the elaborately constructive Thibetan Yoga hitherto enunciated and the practice of disintegration. The answer is simple. The one is but the obverse of the other. It is often enough the same force, in itself outside any moral argument, which can be used for constructive good or diabolical evil. So much depends on the motive and the integrity of the operator.

If this force is sufficiently strong to cause any change in the circumstances which surround it, our instincts will tell us that it is there. There is no need to be "psychic," to detect the smell of Mars in the ether! The hunch of the need for self-preservation or, better still, the recognition of some supernormal stability and confidence is quite unmistakable to one who has to live with his wits about him in the world. But whatever be the moral (or immoral) impetus behind this manifestation, we can be sure that it can never exist in any potency without a quite preternatural degree of control.

Now what, in the last resort, is Thibetan Yoga but an elaborate system of self-control? A control which is not self-subsistent in any narrow, isolated sense, but which harnesses to its star a multitude of aids and accessories, many gathered from other planets than this. A highly-developed Yogi controls not only himself but a whole cohort of powers and presences in his psychic vicinity. The fact that the most sure-footed and consistent control comes from the love of virtue by no means abrogates the fact that there is a very potent control which usually has as its starting-point the love of power for its own sake.

This is a vice from which people of psychic constitution are peculiarly liable to suffer. There is probably a higher percentage of megalomaniacs among occultists than among any other section of the population. The reason is not far to seek. When a sense of "difference" and imaginary distinction get the upper hand in a personality of no more than average moral fibre, and when this false idea of dedication is reinforced by the inevitable attendant isolation, then common sense and common decency frequently fly out of the window.

Unfortunately, these people are not always fools (at least as far as our sphere is concerned). They have the ability to frighten persons with less impudence than themselves, and the type often possesses a rather repellent but nevertheless very effective kind of *savoir-faire*, or low cunning, which not only protects them from the overshoot arm of the law in these matters, but also convinces the disciples they collect round them that they have in very sooth discovered the newest and best of new Messiahs.

The hold they actually exert on these unfortunates increases after the manner of a rolling snowball. From mouth to mouth is passed the word that the source of all wisdom is at hand; and the legend of omniscience grows in the telling. In a short time what there is of discrimination vanishes in the artificial light of Psychalia, and the mind of the student, become by now "a big, booming, buzzing confusion," is left open and suggestible to every whim of the Master's capricious will.

It should be evident that this kind of thing constitutes a very grave public danger; for the legion of the frustrated and the blasé, continually seeking "a new thing," is peculiarly open to the infliction on itself of a partly self-induced, partly dominatory fantasy. In other words, the dissemination of dangerous lies is not the least of the evils which may be laid down at the door of

the "magicians" who mistake the art of the knuckle-duster for the propagation of esoteric truth.

In truth, fantasy, though an invaluable weapon for cutting our way through some of the more unpleasant jungle undergrowths of this world, is the least fool-proof of any of the interior aids. Used as a temporary stimulant or soporific it can be invaluable; but interpreted as absolute truth it is the most effective way to hell. It is, of course, axiomatic that people cannot stand more than a certain amount of truth at once. The beverage must be taken in minute and homœopathic doses if it is to have any effect. In most lives there will have to be long rest-periods when the old lies are resumed as a palliative. A false idea of "romance," erroneous notions regarding individual destiny, take a long time to die. And there is usually no purpose served by trying to hurry the process.

But, sooner or later, each one of us has to face truth in its reality, and further, to realise that this perception constitutes the only happiness. Whether in one lifetime, or in several, we shall have to reach the one point towards which all ways converge. Before we get very far along the road we have to suffer greatly, to make a drastic revision of the nebulous staples to which we had formerly clung. Life has to be regarded as a testing-place for souls, not as a frolic-fun-fair for the exploitation of imbecile emotions and the following of the meanderings of half-baked "intellectual" systems existing at a very inadequate remove above a set of highly insanitary and unresolved emotional complexes.

Control can exist on different levels. There is the lofty variety which harnesses and disciplines itself so that the greatest good may be disseminated along its lines of direction. There is also a low kind which takes good stock of the gullible material it sets out to handle and sets its traps accordingly. It is this latter manifestation which is the bane of occultism, and which it is the duty of the wise sociologist to reveal for the foul thing it is.

Actually, not much control is needed to hoodwink and bamboozle seekers who are desperately beseeching someone to lead them by the nose. And, seeing that there is such a market for auto-intoxication it is little wonder that the voice of the quack is loud in the land. However, even for this ignoble "leadership" a certain amount of energy and drive is needed, and this equipment is often derived from sources which are Yogic enough in character. That is, they owe their existence to a perception of the laws of association and relationship which are the mainspring of psychic powers, and, guided by the requisite intelligence, can cause untold havoc among the unsuspecting.

Strictly speaking, no one has much to fear from an evil occultist if he keeps his eyes open. All that the go-getter magician can do is to bring to the surface the weakest and most timorous aspects of a man's nature and allow him to hoist himself with his own petard. There is a safety-clasp, a law of automatic protection here. To exert sufficient external pressure on another human being so that he becomes a mere projection of the other's will would be a task of such magnitude that it would demand not only occult super-prowess of an almost incredible order, but it would involve too such a lofty tensing of the moral will that the desire to do harm would itself cease. It is not without significance that the oldest of Thibetan apothegms says that there is nothing which cannot be accomplished by the human will, once the desire to accomplish has left us. In the last resort it is only the

corruptible who can be corrupted. The weak are more often than not protected by their innocence, than which there is no more effective rampart against evil.

The remarks we have made on the dangers of Western cupidity and malevolence, equipped with a little occult knowledge, apply in a rather different way to the more philosophical climate of Thibet. In this more spiritually favoured part of the world the darker magic is perhaps less perilous because its workings are more clearly understood, and also because there have been evolved a whole host of exorcistic rites and counter-measures which have been proved to be of singular efficacy and durability.

Also, it should be pointed out that many Thibetan necromancers and black sorcerers are given a professional status which curbs, maybe, what may otherwise have developed into a widespread malignity. When a natural magician is sponsored by the ranks of respectability it may be argued that his temperament takes on a more humane colouring. The Thibetans are so pantheistic in their outlook that they feel a pressing need to employ expert psychic conjurers to alleviate and control climatic moods and deficiencies. Acting on a well-established psychological principle, that like is amenable to like, they reason that the demons who bring famine and pestilence in their train can be best mollified or put out of action by personages who "speak the same language." Some of the best detectives have been recruited from the ranks of crooks!

Thus it has come about that for the banishing of drought, the modification of the sun's rays and the staying of storms, Yogis of an especial calibre are employed even by the most orthodox Thibetan centres. Usually a sorcerer is attached to a monastic establishment rather as a Poet Laureate is attached to a Court. His duties are not onerous, but he must always hold himself prepared to turn on his necromancy when occasion requires. In the case of smaller establishments this personage is not regarded as a member of the fraternity, lives outside the monastery, and is permitted, if he so wills, to marry.

It is extraordinary what a hold these rather dubious professionals exert over a large section of the Thibetan populace. Needless to say they frequently take advantage of their position to the extent of performing individual "turns" calculated to infuse the brains of the ignorant with a false notion of their prowess. These often take the form of knife-swallowing and fire-vomiting, exhibitions of legerdemain which startle the popular mind into acquiescence in more hypothetical revelations of virtuosity. One of the commonest feats of psychic "contagion" practised by the lower Yogis is the simulation of "possessions," a trick accomplished by a wild and whirling dance which is alleged, rightly or wrongly, to gather up into the limbs and nerves of the executant the baleful forces of the nether-worlds.

The particular usefulness of this accomplishment does not usually transpire. But it rarely fails to astonish and impress, and may, if genuine and not a shallow attempt to hoodwink the unsuspecting, be viewed like the balletomaniac exploits of the Dervishes, as a lesson in the undoubted vitality which can be drawn from the elementals of the soil.

It is to be noted that the Yogi magician has flourished since the days of the indigenous Bön religion of Thibet. Even Tsongkha-pa, the decorous founder of the Reformed Sect was unable to curtail either the activities or the appeal of these prestidigitators of the spirit.

It would appear that among orthodox Buddhist sects there is deference paid to the propitiatory accomplishments of sorcerers. For, according to the Paritta Rite of Exorcism in use among the Southern Buddhist schools, certain passages have for long past been assigned for delivery to those skilled in the black arts. A typical extract goes as follows: "Therefore hear me, all ye spirits here assembled! Be friendly to the race of men; for, every day and night, they bring you offerings. For this cause keep scrupulous watch over them."

In Thibet itself, as was the case at the University of Salamanca in Renaissance Spain, a few centres are set apart for the study of necromancy by those suitably equipped. The famous cloister at Lhasa is filled with Yogic aspirants to this branch of esoteric knowledge. This foundation dates from the seventeenth century, when the fifth Grand Lama Nag-wan organised "study-groups" of the most varied kinds and degrees. It is possible that the measure was taken *faute de mieux*; for it has been a hopeless task to suppress the deeper curiosity among the intelligentsia of Thibet. On the other hand, it can be argued that the more intelligent among the Lamas have always kept a completely open mind on the subject of the mechanics of the mind, and have sponsored any kind of research which may throw further light on the nature of the springs and releases of psychic control. Needless to say there are some protesting voices; but these are smothered in the unmistakable appetite of nearly all Thibetans for the elucidation of occult riddles.

The chief Yogi wizards are styled "Reverend Protectors of the Faith," and "Defenders of Religion." They are regarded as keepers of the balance between the agitated denizens of the nether-worlds and the more serene occupants of the interstellar spaces. They are said to be incarnations of a group of malevolent spirits known as "Kings," who are traced back to five brothers who once inhabited Northern Mongolia. To each of them is assigned a province of influence. The monarch who governs the North is called "he of the Deeds"; the Eastern director, "the Body"; the Western adjudicator, "the Speech," and the guardian of the South, "the Learning." The fifth brother dominates the centre and spins the web which resolves opposites into one skein.

The Lamas, like the ancient Romans, have always realised the benefits to their own rule involved in the keeping of a tight check on government officials by means of a strong line of priestly "Magicians." For this reason the highest of the established Yogic wizards, called Na-ch'un is employed as a greatly respected government oracle-in-chief. He it is who is consulted when things go wrong and when private individuals of sufficient cash and standing are worried about their future.

This very important state official traces his origin back to a God of the Turki tribe. His ancestor, introduced into the heart of the country by the illustrious Padma Sambhava, perhaps the greatest of Thibet's religious geniuses, was given the title of "The Religious Noble." He married and became the hereditary consultant on all matters of occult moment. His successor is guardian of the first established monastery at Sam-ya.

There is an interesting legend in connection with the original appointment of this dignitary. The story goes that the possessed spirit, eager for the experience of life, hit upon an ingenious method for attaining his objective. He selected a holy and unsuspecting Lama for his purpose. Walking in meditation one day, this good man was startled to hear a spirit addressing his

inner ear. The ghost was beseeching him to use his good offices so that he could be transported in correct and seemly manner to Udyana, the city of Padma Sambhava, and there take up his rest. But the Lama, horrified to think that his reveries had been disturbed by a spirit of ambiguous antecedents, shut up the essence of the supplicant in a box which he flung into the River Kyi.

The affair was not to be ended quite so easily. The Abbot of the monastery at De-pang at this moment received a "hunch." Following up the intimation, he gave out to his disciples that "a box will float down the river." An assembled company waited patiently on the bank for the prophecy to be fulfilled. They did not wait long. Very shortly there came bobbing down the stream a receptacle similar to that which conveyed Voltaire's Irish Saint to the shores of France. The imprisoned spirit manifested itself in a flame of fire which disappeared into a tree. The Abbot, skilled in these matters, re-transferred the soul to the body, and, on opening the box a very alert ex-corpse was discovered who begged to be given a "small dwelling" (hence the name Na-ch'un) where he could settle down to a life of useful service. The request was granted, and an infallible guide to correct magical procedure was forthwith instituted in the land.

The appointment proved to be thoroughly justified. On numerous occasions the mediation of the Government Oracle was extremely effective. Once, in the seventeenth century, a band of Nepalese merchants, impelled by motives of jealousy, attempted to poison the tea at the Grand Lama's court. In the nick of time the plot was frustrated by the assiduous Oracle, who divined trouble afoot and took appropriate steps to foil the conspirators.

At the present day the Oracle is invested with considerable wealth, an entourage of a hundred and one monks and a palace which houses an extraordinary collection of stuffed birds, leopards and other occult paraphernalia. He is regarded with infinite respect by the Chinese, and could claim to be surrounded by an indubitable odour of sanctity, if it were not for the reputation attached to himself and his myrmidons for an excessive indulgence in Indian hemp.

This charge happens to be true and it is noteworthy that the warlocks of Sam-ya nearly all die an early death. A word may be said here concerning the connection between occult development and the taking of noxious drugs. It is, unhappily, only too true that many members of alleged occult fraternities resort to this mode of communication with the overself as the shortest cut to a pathway normally difficult enough of access to the uninitiated. When the soul is not ready or unfit for the high discipline of the spirit it is sometimes argued that the Kingdom of Heaven can be taken by storm with the help of stimulating physical intermediaries. We all know that we can induce minor states of ecstasy in ourselves by the consumption of comparatively harmless kinds of food and drink, for instance strong Indian tea of the baser sort, or the return of the banished cigarette which brings the sensation of "port after stormy seas." How much more, it can be argued, may the psyche be elated by stimulants of a more hectic flavour?

But the essential point to realise is that this "gate-crashing" mode of ingress is from all points of view thoroughly undesirable. One can hardly expect to be welcomed as a visitor, still less

as a resident, when the usual formalities of introduction are not observed. To land like the late-lamented Mrs. Guppy without warning in the midst of the congregation of Saints is to run the risk of being ushered out rather more speedily than one had come.

There is no cheating permitted along the road of mental and spiritual development. There are many frontiers to be crossed and the passport examination is meticulous and searching in the extreme. Certainly there is no chance of deceiving the Guardians of the Gates as regards one's moral character and credentials. They may at times appear to wink an indulgent eye and to allow the rash spirit to rush in where only the pure of heart can take up their stance; but their latitude is calculated and purposive, and they know that the temerarious soul will issue from his sensational adventure not with the keys of the Kingdom in his pocket, but with the traditional flea in his ear. Thus can certain lessons be learned by those who have gathered enough wisdom to see that it is not always the bull who storms the fence, but (granted it is strong and safe enough) the fence which storms the bull!

But the Thibetan public have in the main no unfavourable criticisms to pass on the tonics which inspire the Oracle with his most sublime utterances. They are far too interested in the results of his prognostications to disturb themselves about theories of their origin. Everyone in Lhasa looks forward to the festival on the second day of the first month of every year, when the Oracle, clad in red robes and wearing a lotus-shaped hat, sallies forth through the streets of the city to a Temple specially prepared for the occasion, where he takes his seat on his throne and proceeds to deal with probabilities for the coming year. It is a spectacle which should turn our flourishing daily newspaper astrologers green with envy! The Dalai Lama himself and the highest state officials testify their approbation of his occult standing by sending representatives. Occupied as they are with questions of possible war, national sickness and invasion, they are glad to have recourse to an established mouthpiece of the chthonian gods who can foretell which way various winds are blowing, and suggest appropriate arts, if necessity demands, to change their direction. Forewarned is forearmed! It should be pointed out here that Thibet, in spite of its pacific philosophy, has been by no means free from militarisation. This can hardly be wondered at considering the large part played in the national occultism by ideas involving ab-reaction to contending concepts of Force. The Eastern province of Khan is notorious for the breeding of a particularly truculent type of marauding desperado.

The application to the Oracle is always made in writing. Normally, the applicant prostrates himself before the potentate and utters the following supplication: "To the all-powerful footstool, made of the dead bodies of the infidels on which rest the feet of the Great Defender of Religion, the soul incarnate of the Almighty Conqueror of the Enemies in the Three Worlds, the Receptacle of Wisdom!" The script containing the request is thrown at the great man's feet.

An extraordinary scene follows. The augur rises to his feet and summons to his aid a formidable demon from the nether-world, who is to possess his body for the time being. Several Thibetans testify to having seen this grisly apparition with the naked eye. It is described as a fearsome white monster, with three heads and

six hands, the whole form enveloped in flickering flames. In a few seconds the Oracle is writhing on the ground, the demon speaking through his foaming lips.

The declarations garnered in this way are apocalyptic in the extreme. Only those used to the symbolical and analytical mentality of the East could honestly claim to find them a good guide to the unravelling of life's thorny problems. Here are a few typical examples. "Father wolf seizes sweet flesh while sister fox gets blame." (This is intended as a warning against oversyness). "The prancing steed thinking only of himself falls over cliff. The fox will become greater than a huge elephant." (A prognostication of the rise to influence of a careful, insinuating person).

The State Oracle is run pretty close in popular favour by his brother-necromancer, known as the *Karma-s'an*, who functions at the Sera Monastery during the seventh month of each year. This sorcerer claims to be possessed by the spirit of the demon-king, Pe-har. Rather less theatrical in his mode of procedure than his rival, his utterances have a corresponding clarity of meaning. He it is who foretells where the successor of the Dalai Lama shall see the light. Before the Younghusband Expedition in 1904 he gave out this inspired sentence: "The English are like the ripples on water; here to-day and gone to-morrow!"

In Western Thibet flourish a sect of professional Yogic experts popularly known as "God's Mouthpieces," whose special province it is to control and harness these specific devils and elementals to the underworlds indigenous to Thibet. These beings who would otherwise make themselves a considerable nuisance to godly and ungodly alike, can be distracted from their dirty work and made to serve a useful purpose by being drawn up through the vehicles of the "Mouthpieces," and their energies transformed into healing-power and sage advice. By a process analogous to snake-charming or broncho-busting, the demons are first placated and then used.

The "Mouthpieces," although not always manifesting the ordinary forms of grey matter, take their job extremely seriously. It is by no means uncommon to find a candidate for this distinction immuring himself for as many as five years in some desert fastness, shut off from all human contacts, training his capacities for the domination of the demonic world. And although these enthusiasts are more often than not of a very primitive grade of culture, yet they make up in devotion to their cause what they may lack in discrimination regarding its morality.

Women figure largely in the ranks of the "Mouthpieces." When developed they live together in small colonies presided over by an elected "General" who directs operations both spiritual and temporal. One of their specialities is "The tapping of energy at a distance" and there are some nasty stories current of their prowess in this particular pursuit. They definitely claim to be able to use the activities of unbridled, licentious males as a channel for the propagation of psychic force, and there are cases on record where they have seized some hapless and unsuspecting Don Juan and, keeping him in strict captivity, have stoked up his body with subtle varieties of vitalism, so that they can draw on it for their sustenance, just as the water-carrier draws from the well. It would not be proper here to dwell on this appalling type of vampirism; but it is as well to know that "such things do happen" and that the battlefield of erotic relationship is strewn with the débris of psychic slaughter.

The more respectable of these dubious "Béguines" devote themselves to the arts of healing. They are, indeed, much sought after by the Thibetan peasantry in cases of disease and distress and undoubtedly possess great hypnotic gifts; for they can usually allay symptoms even when they do not remove causes. At times they have visited the capital and have been consulted by the highest in the land.

The calling up of the earth devils for the purpose of medical aid is a complicated business. A large drum and cymbals are again brought into requisition, presumably to deafen the sensibilities of the spirits and to intimate that psychic "dinner is served." (The judicious may here recall the fanfare of trumpets which heralds the approach of Miss Aimee Macpherson into the arena). The five bats of fortune; incense, which, like blood, collects large quantities of ectoplasm; the magic mirror which is placed on the head; the silk girdle and the offerings of cakes and wine—all these accessories are calculated to stir up some special function in the demon's being.

At last a divining-arrow is taken from a plate of flour and the blunted point placed on the affected area of the patient's body. The "mouthpiece" puts his or her mouth half-way down the shaft and sucks hard. On this a drop of blood shows itself over the painful part without any breaking of the skin. This is a sign that the disease-demon has been forced to repent of his malevolence and is either put out of action or is transferred to pastures new.

An important part of this ceremony is the correct invocation of the demon's name. Here Thibetan occultism joins up with the major schools of magic all the world over. Little control can be exerted over the denizens of Tophet unless the exact vibrations of the syllables which form their names are intoned so that projection affiliates itself with substance. Generally speaking, they are put into some kind of marching order before they appear on the scene: they are not permitted to fight their way in with any undisciplined, unregimental confusion. First, the tutelary demon of the countryside heads the rout, exerting as he does a coercive precedence over the "lesser representatives of the Law." It is only when he is held firm and fast that his esquires are allowed to issue from their dens in order of merit. The Dragon Demi-Gods, who are enveloped in a certain torpidity, give way to the Dré, the most malignant and hostile of those who seek to devour, only to be entrapped by the strongest conjurations.

While on the subject of invocation something should be said concerning the part played in Thibetan occultism by talismans and charms. In case any misconception should prevail it must be pointed out that these symbols are by no means always sentimental in character. Accustomed as we are to seeing these things manufactured by the gross for the delectation of those who have not sufficient confidence in their own charms to secure what they want, we may be tempted to relegate all such "superstitions" to the artificial paradises and sewing-bees to which they appear by right to belong.

Actually, the Thibetans put great faith in these aids to magical practice. Trained as they are in the perception of psychic facts, they know that force can, if desired, be constrained into the smallest compass. One of the supreme technical achievements of the ancient Egyptian magi was built on these lines. By the magnetisation of "ushabtis" and other images they protected

their dead against desecration. Or, at least, they raised a rampart round sacred things which could only be stormed with the direst results to the foolhardy materialist who sought to explore the mystery without the requisite equipment of reverence and godly fear. It is all very well to attribute the calamities which have overtaken these people to mere chance and coincidence, but we know in our hearts that these results have arrived inevitably from the taking of too perilous risks. What the Gods have put together let no man try to break asunder. The same procedure is adopted by Thibetan Yogis. They pour the energies of deities into small objects, and in this manner secure immunity for themselves and a certain clutch-hold on the actions of the Gods.

The construction of these emblems is a delicate and exact business on which we do not propose to dwell here. Sufficient to say that some of the charms have a great popularity and are much used by the professional Yogi healers as adjuncts to their work.

Talismans against plague and disease are naturally in great demand. Perhaps the most widely used is a figure of Garuda, King of the Birds, holding a snake in his mouth. To each of the feathered plumes is attached the text: "Vouchsafe to the wearer of this talisman that he be saved from all manner of evil spirits, from injuries and diseases, contagious and otherwise, including rheumatism, cough, sore-throat and all plagues of the body, speech and mind."

Another favourite charm is made in the shape of a scorpion, its mouth tipped with flames. The demon against whom special protection is desired is perched on its shoulder. The recitation of several hypnotic syllables makes the emblem incandescent and effective.

On occasion extreme measures are taken to ensure the full efficacy of the charm. The commonest of these is the eating of the paper on which the spell is written. Another mode involves the washing of the reflection made by the writing in a mirror: this is accomplished according to time-honoured custom with beer or grain-brandy. Afterwards the liquid is consumed in nine sips.

The most revered prophylactic in Thibet, however, is not a figure of a God or a demon, but an arrangement of objects in a diagram which is held to be both fool-proof and singularly efficient as a universal provider. This drawing, known as "The Assembly of Hearts of Lamas," comprises a series of concentric circles of spells edged with flames. In the four corners are representations of the thunderbolt "dorje," the three-cleft jewel, the lotus flower and the flaming dagger with the "dorje" hilt. In the middle we see an eight-petalled lotus flower, each petal carrying the appropriate mystic syllables. According to instructions laid down in the Manuals which deal with the correct manufacture of these charms the design is finished off by a circular space one inch in diameter in the centre of the lotus, in which is written a secret talisman, originating in the fourth or fifth centuries.

The services of Yogic wizards are employed not only for calling up demons "from the vasty deep" and harnessing their forces for the relief of pain and the conquest of lust, but for the reverse function of keeping the troublesome blades of the underworld "in their proper place." More often than not, this locality is anywhere out of the world.

The Thibetans are convinced that a country is troubled in proportion to the measure of unpoliced freedom attained by the malicious sprites, hobgoblins and leprechauns which attach

themselves to natural objects and speak with the voices of some of the most accepted phenomena of inorganic life. When these disturbers of the psychic peace get into their full swing there is no telling to what red hell of disruption their activities may not lead. For this reason the Thibetans argue that their country, and indeed, for that matter, the entire world cannot be in a healthy condition until some sort of damper is put on the "Earth-Masters" who infest rivers and streams, rocks and trees.

For the developed Yogi such conceptions belong, not to the domain of academic folklore but to the province of actual fact. He knows that the discreet mind must be much more wary of the powers and presences which are wafted through the etheric world than of any of the more obvious gorgons visible to the untrained eye. Given full rein, and employing suitable persons as their mediums, these unscrupulous entities can overturn the whole mental, spiritual, social and political life of the country which gives them house-room, and substitute for sanity and balanced vision an hysterical collapse of the mill-dams of force which may easily give the impression of inevitable strength.

The ceremony for "Barring the Door against Earth-Demons" is conducted by a competent sorcerer with the aim of shackling this type of malevolence. From the earliest times the Thibetans have regarded the Earth-Demons as living under the immediate domination of a beldame known colloquially as the "Old Mother." A witch of the deepest die, she is represented as wrinkled and scowling of visage, riding on a ram, and attired in robes of a golden-yellow colour. It is she who must be contacted before the operation can take effect. The opening move of "Closing the Door of the Earth" consists of an invocation addressed specifically to her.

Next, the skull of a ram is taken from the altar and pointed downwards in the direction of the earth. This is no ordinary piece of symbolical apparatus, but has been specially prepared to suit the occasion. On its forehead are painted in ochre (the earth-colour) the signs of the sun and the moon, while a large geomantic emblem is affixed to the centre of the head. A number of threads in geometrical patterns complete the decorations. Inside the head objects of gold, silver, turquoise as well as portions of wheat and rice are jumbled together in a profusion not so much wild as illuminating to the student of esoteric relationships.

Now the sorcerer takes up his chant. "You are known through all the nine planes of the Earth as 'The Old Mother.' To you is assigned the guardianship of the Gates of the Earth. Attentive to your desires, we offer you herewith the white skull of a ram. On its right cheek shines the burning sun; on its left, the gleaming moon. By this symbol we conjure you to keep far away from us any evil act of those who are your servants. Let the Gates of the Earth be closed." Here the sorcerer performs a subtle breathing-exercise on the head of the ram in order to charge it with a very powerful spell which will "put the stopper on" the machinations of the irrepressible fiends.

This ceremony is very often performed in order to counteract distress which has befallen some particular family or clan, or to protect intending partners to any contract, such as marriage, from the disruption which comes from the evil kinds of outside psychic influence. The usual conclusion is for the magician to clap his hands, emit the "banishing" mantra "Svaha" and say "Let all Evil be annihilated!"

The Demons of the Sky, that is to say, bad elementals, discarnate humans or fallen angels, are under the guidance of a being

called the "Old Father": he has snow-white hair, carries a wand of crystal and rides on "the dog of the Sky." These entities too can be placated and harnessed by a knowledge of the requisite ceremony. But in this case, even greater forces are set in motion, and the planets with all their astrological and chemical implications are brought to the help of suppliant man. In particular the aid of Saturn is solicited; for his grave melancholy can lead the soul into pleasant pastures.

During this intercession, the skull of a dog is used after the manner described in the Earth ceremony. "Pray grant us your favours so that your emissaries work for our benefit: send forth the planet Saturn as a kindly mediator," chants the magician. To a certain extent the two conjurations, pointing to Earth and heaven respectively, may be regarded as complementary. The first allays, the second calls down something which may be equivalent to virtue. In the eyes of Thibetans, and for that matter according to established Buddhist theology, devils are not entirely and irremediably bad; certainly not as bad as they are painted. The pictorial arts in Thibet are exhortatory rather than decisive: a warning is not to be regarded as a sentence. It follows that devils can inhabit purgatories as well as earth-planes, the astral and psychic worlds, and, mayhap, the very heavens themselves. These creatures, like ourselves, make and have made their own destiny. As they think so they are: if they endeavour to free themselves from corruption by the obvious and inevitable method of legitimate moral aspiration, they may shoot by the marvellous efficacy of constructive thought from bottomless pit to starry spaces. The mind is its own place!

It is for this reason that the pious Thibetans pray unceasingly for the "damned," for those "drowned in the deepest sea." Their love can go down to the most abject example of the crystallisation of man's baser impulses, and up to the beings who shadow forth his aptitude for his highest home. In a religion where all things will find peace at the last, there is no room for dogmatic departmentalisation of souls. We cannot condemn or ensky anybody: they can merely condemn or ensky themselves. "The Closing of the Doors of the Sky" should perhaps more logically be termed the Acceptance of the Lesson of Goodness from whatever quarter it may come. Even the partially arrived can help.

The human dead, in Thibet as elsewhere, frequently make themselves something of a nuisance to those sufficiently susceptible to their influence. Manifesting in the form of ghosts or in the still more gruesome aspect of vampires, werewolves and "poltergeist" they roam around places of ill repute and seek at times to replace themselves in a most disturbing manner in situations they have inhabited in life. It does not follow that "when the brains are out" the man will die. It is customary, therefore, in Thibet to employ the services of a wizard to ensure that the "dead" keep to their own part of the building and do not accentuate the woes of humanity by performing any impish or malevolent tricks from the vantage-point of "the other side."

The technique of ghost-laying is elaborate. For its successful completion it requires a full complement of lamas, observers and the usual officiating warlock. This worthy, spurred on by the solemnity of the occasion, exerts himself to the utmost to prove himself worthy of his reputation. In the dead of night with no landscape except that of the silent stars to divert the attention of the spectators from the matter in hand, the exorcism is enacted

amid the flickering lights of torches and the remote cries of solitary jackals.

First a magic circle is traced on a rude mud-altar erected for the occasion. Inside this a triangle symbolises the circumscription of energy. Slowly, and with the correct conjurations, twigs are laid along the outline of the triangle, one piled above the other until a pyramid is formed. Then, after a kind of circumambulatory dance to safeguard any attempt at escape by the ghost, the structure is set alight. When the pile is blazing merrily various kinds of ingredients, similar to those employed in the medieval witches' cauldron, are cast into the flames. As a final precaution a piece of paper on which is inscribed the name of the recalcitrant spectre adds its weight to the occult armoury. The ghost, convinced by now that his presence is regarded as undesirable, stands not upon the order of his going, but vanishes forthwith in an appropriate rush of wind.

It would be impossible to convince a Thibetan that he could ignore the dwellers in the shades. Life, which for him assumes the inevitable complexion of a struggle between the powers of light and darkness, is only to be realised to the full when the soul has come to grips with the beings who menace its safety as well as with the angels that promise it release. It may be difficult for a European to follow the rules of this conflict, involving as it does such a delicate balancing of the axis of the psyche; but until he sees and feels that the battles worked out in what may seem at first sight a piece of obscene and crude symbology is nothing more or less than the persistent contest enacted on the boards of his own inner senses, he will never understand even the surface of a psychism so profound as that of the Thibetans.

It will be for him "folk-lore," "primitive religion" and probably abracadabra. It will amuse his leisure hours as the vehicle of a new kind of thrill. But it is none of these things. It is the full-hearted and full-blooded attempt to conquer the only demon which really counts in this life or any other—the demon of *fear*. And this same bogey, even if he does not admit it, is at least as constant a visitor with the Westerner as with the Oriental, and, in the former case, more insidious in its workings.

The Thibetans, wiser in this respect than ourselves, give a great deal of thought to the methods necessary for conquering the incubus of terror attendant on the perception of the proximity of spirits of the more malign and mischievous cast. He knows that the most effective way to attract evil is to run away from it. He is not going to waste his time by burying his head in the sand; for that way ignorance and ultimate disaster lies. He prefers to face his enemy in the open field where he can gauge distances and measure steel on steel.

Far from denying the existence of the personifications of evil, the Thibetan Yogi trains himself to meet these dangers in the full light of day. There are very many practices current to destroy fear of the spirits that deny. Encounters with demons are deliberately sought in order that familiarity shall breed, if not contempt, at least an asseveration of the natural supremacy of good. Sometimes devils are summoned so that they may be given alms or regaled with a short sermon on the error of their ways. It is the constant endeavour of every pious Thibetan to do all in his power to allay the lot of the temporarily damned by promising them a fairer future through good works and repentance.

On a par with our intrepid ghost-hunters who volunteer to stay along in haunted houses, there are students in Thibet who

truss themselves up for long periods, leaving themselves open to the attacks of marauding jinns. By this means they hope to conquer all fear of what the malignant hosts can inflict on them. In the will of the Buddha is their safety. Evil shall not prevail over good. No matter how helpless they may be in the body, they cannot be mastered in the plains of the soul.

But it is time to call a halt in this description of occult marvels. Otherwise the reader may lose himself in a fog of phenomena, and will miss the point of all the illustrations quoted. The whole purport of such a dissertation is to link up the known with the unknown by a series of implications. These implications will now be restated in a more tangible form.

The sounding-board of all magical operations lies within the territory of the subtle self. The constructive power of the "holy wand of direction," the obverse power of the evil eye and the relentless malevolent will, owe any efficacy they may possess to a knowledge of the subtle differentiation of the "chakras" which are the mainstays of our vitality. As suggested earlier, a skilful application of the laws of ordinary psychology, of elementary suggestion and auto-suggestion, may well look like the workings of the deeper "magic" to an observer untutored in analysis.

To a large extent such an observer would be right. But he would be perceiving only half the truth. An intelligent apperception of other peoples' moves will show us what is the extent of their knowledge of the mechanism of the surface sheeting of the mind; but it is only by deep study of the foci of force which send out, maybe, only the faintest of tappings to the hull, that we can repair or ravage these chance breaches made in the wall of the secondary, etheric body.

For it is this etheric, "psychic," body which gives us our real life. Without its agency we could function neither as men nor as gods. It directs all our operations, mental, nervous and muscular: through this channel flow the forces that feed our tissues. To study Yoga without allowing for this subtle vehicle would be to waste one's time; for the miracles of Yoga occur not at all in the physical sheath, but entirely in the ectoplasmic body of force which uses the sheath as its temporary home.

It is the first business of the magician to isolate this subtle body (which is *positive* to the physical envelope below or around it) and see, not the material shape before him, but its projection in etheric terms. Actually this is a feat which can be accomplished by any trained clairvoyant, although such a person may not always know what he is doing. Once this first step is taken and the whole map of the psyche (with the chakras occupying the position of the plexuses and the endocrine glands in the physical body) visible before him, he can get to work on any experiment he may care to make.

Very few human beings exhibit in their subtle bodies a healthy and equable functioning of all the chakras. In most people a marked unbalance manifests itself in the size, shape and condition of these centres of radiation. From excess or disuse the chakras appear to the clairvoyant eye of very varying degrees of density and vigour. Some are atrophied almost to the point of extinction; others are flaming with an excessive, inordinate fire. It is only in the being healthy and co-ordinated in body, mind, emotions, and will that these beacons will be observed gleaming with an equal luminosity and working with a regulated rhythm.

It is only when the wheels begin to rotate that their mechanism can be said to be in functioning order. Before this

rotation commences the clairvoyant will observe a filament of light rush round the petals of the lotus and concentrate after the fashion of a vortex in the heart of the flower. When this happens, we are safe in assuming that the capacities associated with this particular lotus are in potential action: their outpost is primed for the reception and transmission of certain aspects of force.

Normally, in the average human being the lower chakras function at the expense of the higher. That is to say, the lower, more earthy nature has assumed a predominance over the possibilities of higher development. It is, for instance, very rare to see the centre between the eyes in a vital, emergent condition. Representing as it does the loftier reaches of the soul and spirit, it requires for its full "production-power" the capacity to live more energetically than most, in "the good, the beautiful, the true." Very often it is dried and gnarled in appearance, manifesting every sign of degeneration. It is interesting to note that a genuine transport of spiritual love in a nature which has accustomed itself for the most part to existence on the lower levels, will effect a remarkable transformation in the atrophied chakra.

We are not one body, but seven. And these various extensions of our being converge on the same ground. It is customary among occultists to describe the vehicles as rising in order of progression from the body of the flesh, through the psychic, emotional and mental manifestations to the body of the spirit which is free from division. On this reasoning a rather top-heavy structure is formed conveying a hint of Atlas bearing too many worlds on his shoulders. A more satisfactory image, we suggest, would be that of a series of concentric boxes of the Chinese pattern, ranging from large to small and finishing their course at the heart of the human anatomy. It is within ourselves that we discover the highest truth, not in the teeming world without us. The supreme spiritual realisation waits on our will; when illusion and false seeking are for ever cast off, then, and not till then shall we recognise our marvellous heritage.

The chakras of the separate bodies interpenetrate. Our ordinary concepts of spatial division must be abolished here. Each vehicle has its chakras, and the exterior edge of each of these rests at the surface of the body it serves. In one sense all the bodies function together at one place. It is the correct alignment of these extended and extensible forces which gives poise, vitality and health.

What the sorcerer does is to separate either temporarily or permanently one of the lower bodies from the rest, and play on it with the full force of the rays of his thought-power. The process is analogous to the technique of "bewilderment" resorted to by the worldly-wise when they wish to subjugate anyone to their point of view. These practical psychologists, realising the lack of conviction and self-confidence in the individual they seek to gull, play a rapid game of battledore and shuttlecock with the wits of their victim. Just when he feels himself on solid ground they pull his chair from under him by suddenly changing the subject and returning to it when he is least prepared for its re-emergence. Thus is the carriage shaken out of its fittings and anyone is welcome to the wreckage.

If we are sufficiently developed we can live in any of our bodies at will, and this is the best safeguard against the rape of a large part of ourselves by persons accomplished enough to attempt the task. There are few burglaries when the householder is at home. To be forewarned is, in this, as in any other case, to

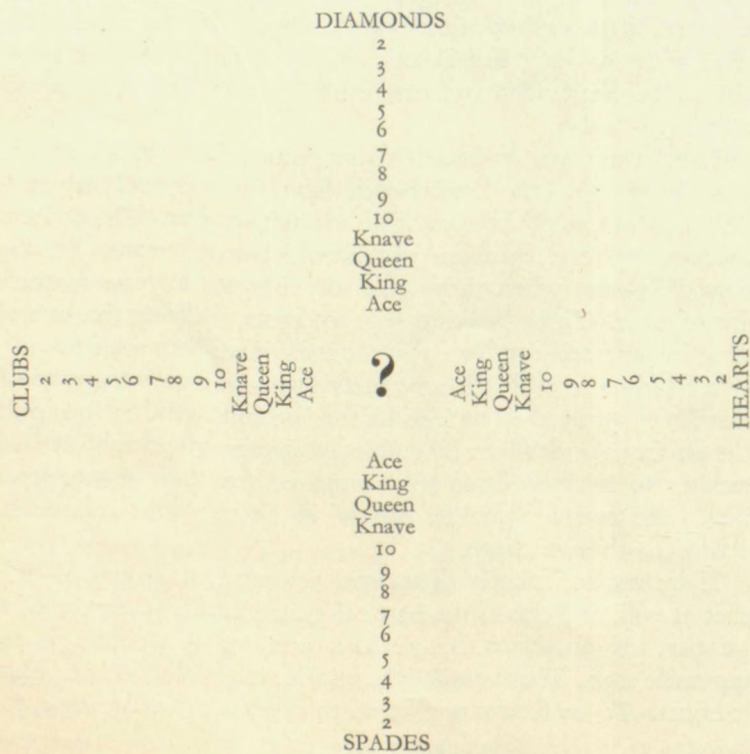
(continued in page 306)

The Cross of Cards

by Alan W. Watts

IT IS SAID THAT PLAYING-CARDS were devised by the ancients to hide a secret where those not "in the know" would never think of looking for it. For heresy-hunters are serious-minded people who would never think of looking for religion in a game. It is curious to think how men have gambled, fought and slain one another over these unknown symbols, and it is interesting to wonder whether the most accomplished "poker face" would fall a little on discovering that he was playing for lucre with emblems just as holy as the cross, the chalice and the crown of thorns. Probably not, for men have done things just as terrible in the name of symbols whose holiness they recognised. However, it is no less strange that the Puritanic mind should see in diamonds, spades, hearts and clubs the signs of vice, to be avoided at all times and more especially on Sundays.

To-day the forms of playing-cards are very different from the original Tarot, but an ordinary modern pack is not without significance, even though it may not be quite the same significance that was originally intended. What that was I do not know, but the *living* meaning of a symbol is what it means for each man personally. Therefore my interpretation of this particular symbol is not the result of research but of my own intuition and has no claim to be *the* interpretation. Like the often-quoted Topsy, the idea "just grewed" when I laid out the four suits of the pack and began to wonder what it was all about. It is said that "the ways to the One are as many as the lives of men," and as I worked at the symbol this became obvious not only from the symbol itself but also from the many possible interpretations that might be given it. However, we begin by laying out the cards in the form of a cross, thus :



To the North are Diamonds, to the South Spades, to the East Hearts and to the West Clubs, running inwards to the centre from the two to the Ace. The first question was to decide the meaning of the four suits, and at once the four elements of Fire, Earth, Water and Air suggested themselves together with the four faculties of the human mind, Intuition, Sensation, Feeling and Intellect. But which belonged to which? It was at once obvious that Spades belonged to Earth and Hearts to Feeling. Sensation is the avenue whereby we receive our impressions of material things, and so this was accorded to Earth and Spades. Feeling is a passive, feminine faculty, not usually well developed in men; we talk about "feminine intuition" but as a rule we generally mean feminine feeling—a certain sensitivity to emotional values, to psychological "atmospheres" and feeling-situations where men are apt to be "slow in the uptake." It was thus decided to place Hearts and Feeling under the feminine element of Water—that passive substance that always yields but can never be defeated. Opposite Hearts we have Clubs, and it was not at once easy to decide whether Fire or Air should be called the opposite of Water. Fire and Water are hostile, but Air and Water are creative, for in the beginning "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," and "except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." It was therefore decided to make the figure harmonious instead of hostile, regarding the four suits as complements rather than opposites. Thus as Air complements Water, being the active agent which shapes the passive substance into the forms of waves, Thought or Intellect, as Air, was put opposite Feeling, as Water. Feeling is passive but Intellect—a masculine quality*—is active and often aggressive, and so belongs appropriately to Clubs. Intuition and Fire remain to be classed with Diamonds, for Intuition is the spiritual faculty which complements Sensation, the sensual or material faculty. Fire is not hostile to Earth, but its lightness (in both senses) complements the soil's darkness and heaviness. To Buddhist philosophers the diamond (*vajra*) is the symbol of spiritual consciousness because of its strength and luminous clarity. It has been said that "a diamond is a piece of coal which has stuck to its job," being that which results from intense fire working upon black carbon. Therefore the four suits are understood as follows :

Diamonds (Fire & Intuition)—Spades (Earth & Sensation)
Hearts (Water & Feeling)—Clubs (Air & Intellect)

But what about the rest of the figure? We see that there is a progression of numbers and court cards from the extremity of each arm of the cross to the centre—four ways of approach to the Divinity at present represented by a question mark as He is unknown. Corresponding to the four faculties, the Hindus devised four kinds of Yoga for awakening man's understanding of his union with Brahman, the Self of the Universe: Karma Yoga, the way of Action; Bhakti Yoga, the way of Devotion;

* Philosophy, metaphysics and mathematics, intellectual sciences *par excellence*, are scarcely ever pursued by women. In all history there are not more than two women who have excelled in these sciences. Innumerable women, however, have been great mystics.

Gnana Yoga, the way of Intellect ; and Raja Yoga, the way of developing the higher faculties of Intuition. But it will be seen that in our figure each path is of a like pattern, running :

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Knave Queen King Ace.

This progression shows, among other things, each stage of man's path to supreme Enlightenment from the child and the primitive to the sage. From 2 to 10 the path seems to be going backwards, as will shortly be apparent, because it often seems that civilised man is further from spirituality than the child and the primitive. Actually this is not true, for in the parable of the Prodigal Son it is the prodigal for whom the fatted calf is slain and not the faithful son who had always stayed at home. Civilised man is the prodigal and primitive man the faithful son, for one has to be divided from union with the Father before one can truly appreciate it. To adapt a line of Kipling's, "He does not know Union who only Union knows."

We begin with the 2, for with every one of our four faculties the first thing of which we are aware, the very foundation of our experience, is the difference between that which we call our self and that which is not the self, between the thing which we call "I" and the outer universe. This is the first of all the pairs of opposites of which life is composed, the subjective and the objective. But these two things do not exist in our consciousness without a third factor, namely the relationship between them, which is shown by the 3. That relationship may be of attraction or repulsion, of love or fear, or of a balance between the two which is called indifference. Without trinity, duality has no more meaning than man and woman without child, and unless there is a relationship between ourselves and the universe we can have no consciousness of our existence—indeed, we could not even exist. To some things in the universe we react with love or attraction, and to others with fear or repulsion, and this is as natural as that fire should make us warm and ice make us cold.

But here the difficulties begin, because man does not stop with that basic reaction to life. It is not that he just likes some things and dislikes others ; he has also decided feelings about the state of liking and disliking, and so from 3 we proceed to 4. This stage marks the beginning of self-consciousness and civilisation, for man becomes attached to loving or liking and wishes to have about him only those things in the universe which arouse attraction. At the same time he becomes afraid of fear because it makes him ashamed, being a menace to his pride and self-esteem. But this does not get rid of his fear ; it only adds one fear on top of another. Thus as soon as man becomes self-conscious and self-esteeming and fully aware of his reactions to things, he starts trying to interfere with the processes of his soul. And this is called civilisation. He is not content to be the primitive who just loves and fears things without shame, thinking no more about it. He must now control his reactions and shape them in accordance with some preconceived pattern of character development. Fear must not exist in his vocabulary and so-called "love" must be cultivated under such names as ambition and happiness. But this interference with the natural processes of the soul (psychologists call it repression) removes us further and further from basic realities, precipitating us into a sort of tail-chasing procedure. Like dogs trying to catch their tails, cats running after their own shadows and lunatics trying to lift themselves up by their own belts, men try to make themselves what they think they *ought* to be—a form of self-deception which receives rude shocks when

the surface of civilisation is removed. This regression from basic realities is represented by the cards from 4 to 10, the latter being the point where man has completely forgotten his union with life, where his self-consciousness has reached the stage of utter isolation and where he is hopelessly bewildered by what the Chinese call "the ten thousand things"—or the manifold and apparently separate and chaotic objects and events of the universe.

This is the moment of crisis in human evolution. Man becomes acutely aware of his unhappiness and insufficiency, and realises, appropriately enough, that he is a Knave. What is he to do about it? Look at the next card, the Queen—the feminine, passive principle—and if you look carefully at the card you will see that each of the four Queens holds an open flower. The Knaves hold swords, spears and daggers, emblems of their hostility to the life from which they have so estranged themselves, but the flower which is open to sun and rain alike is the symbol of acceptance. The Knave has estranged himself from life by his pride and false morality, by fighting the natural processes of the soul and trying to make out that he is greater than he is. ("Which of you by taking thought can add one cubitt to his stature!") But the Queen accepts those processes, both the love and the fear and all the other opposites by which those feelings are aroused—life and death, pleasure and pain, good and evil. She knows that man must accept all the aspects of life if he is to be happy, and that if he would see the god in himself he must not deny the demon. "*Demon*," runs the Hermetic aphorism, "*est deus inversus*"—the demon is a god upside-down. Therefore the Queen stands for that acceptance and spiritual love which, like His sun, God "maketh to shine both upon the just and the unjust." As yet, however, this acceptance is incomplete, for the Queen is only the female or passive aspect of acceptance. The complete union and harmony with life which is the goal of all these four paths is not simply a quietistic state of spiritual *laissez-faire* in which man just allows life to live him. This is, indeed, a step on the way, but the very idea of allowing life to live you, of submitting to your destiny, to the will of God, or whatever it may be called, still implies a distinction between yourself and life, nature or God.

When this distinction is overcome there is no longer any question of yourself being ruled by life and destiny or of yourself ruling your life and destiny ; the problem of fate or free-will then disappears, for the ruler and the ruled are united, and you do not know whether you are living life or whether life is living you. It is as if two dancers were dancing together in such perfect accord that the lead of one and the response of the other were one and the same movement, as if action and passivity became a single act. In our figure this is symbolised by the King. In their hands the Kings hold swords and axes like the Knaves ; in fact, the Kings *are* Knaves but with this difference : that the Knaves are compelled to be Knaves and cannot help themselves, whereas the Kings are free to be Knaves. This is the difference between the man who is moral (who fights the dark side of life) because he fears evil, and the man who is moral because he knows he is perfectly free to be immoral. In the stage of the Queen we discover our freedom to be immoral, but in the stage of the King we discover our *freedom* to be moral instead of our *compulsion*. For when you feel that you are free to be as evil as you like you will find the idea rather tedious.

Thus in the Queen and the King we have the free, royal

(continued in page 308)

Basil Wilberforce: Anglican Mystic *(continued)*

by Ion D. Aulay



ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON, that of July 19th, 1873, Bishop Wilberforce, Basil's father, was killed by a fall from his horse whilst riding among the Surrey Hills. The son now stood without the ecclesiastical support of his father, "The full vigour of his ministry dated from that sad day." This event really started the younger Wilberforce on his now *individual* career. The death of the Bishop evoked much sympathy and regret, for he had friends in all parts of the country, and among all classes, and had been a conspicuous figure in Anglican ecclesiastical circles. Accordingly memorials to his character and work sprang up in various localities with which he had been connected; and in the case of Southampton Basil Wilberforce decided that the most fitting memorial to his father would be the erection of a new St. Mary's Church to replace the hideous Georgian structure then existent, with its monstrous three-decker pulpit, sixteen feet high, reached by a veritable staircase, which stood right in the centre of the chancel, blocking completely the view of the "Holy Table." This project however was not altogether feasible on the lines the junior Wilberforce wanted, and what eventually was realised was a new chancel and eastern portion joined to the old. The foundations of the new portion were officially laid by the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) on August 12th, 1878, "in memory of Bishop Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester"; and on June 19th, 1879, the church was re-consecrated by the new Bishop of Winchester, Edward Harold Browne, who had succeeded from the See of Ely, in the presence of the two Primates then in office.

This reconstruction of St. Mary's Church outwardly corresponded with a reconstruction inwardly of doctrine and practice, for Wilberforce began to make "developments" in the services. In 1871 he commenced the early Celebration of the Holy Communion, then practically unknown and unheard of. Also a "penitential observance of Lent" began to be the rule. And, although these changes were nothing like what is to-day called "High Church practice," they nevertheless met with the most unreasonable and bitter opposition. Also Wilberforce's theology began to undergo disturbances. His uncle, Cardinal Manning, must have been aware of this, for in a letter the latter writes to Basil on August 14th, 1877:

"It would give me much pleasure to see you all, though you are a sad medley of schism, rationalism, and ambition. This last is for Charlotte." At this period too, Wilberforce became a rabid supporter of the movement for Total Abstinence, known as the "Blue Ribbon Army" and the "Band of Hope." This was because Southampton qualified for third place in the "finals" of inebriation, the two first being Cambridge and Canterbury. He became one of the most forcible and popular advocates of what was euphemistically termed Temperance, but was in reality Total Abstinence. In this connection he founded the "Blue Cross Guild," and went everywhere preaching and lecturing in this cause. He remained a supporter of, and rigidly practised, total abstinence all his life. But his zeal provoked ridicule and

wrath, particularly from the Licensed Victuallers' Association. Had he had the power to do so, he would probably have legislated against the sale of alcoholic drinks. And on the part of the opposition to his efforts in this direction, all kinds of stupid rumours and base stories were circulated to explain this particular enthusiasm. This opposition to the use of alcohol, however, led to one curious feature. Wilberforce wanted to use unfermented grape juice for use in the celebration of the Holy Sacrament. And he twice consulted Bishop Lightfoot on this point—who saw no adequate grounds for its adoption, and his uncle, Cardinal Manning, who treated the matter theologically, writing to him thus: "Do not vex yourself on this question. All wine in the Old Testament had the quality of intoxication, and all refinements upon this point are dangerous. There is no more evil in the intoxicating power of wine than in the explosive power of Dynamite." For once the Church showed a sense of values. Eventually Wilberforce forbore to make any alteration, and adopted the usual practice of celebrating with the Mixed Chalice (of Wine and Water).

Basil Wilberforce and his wife were frequent visitors to the home of the Rt. Hon. W. Cowper-Temple (afterwards Lord Mount Temple), the second son by her first marriage of Lady Palmerston, to whose second husband, Lord Palmerston (who died in the role of Prime Minister in 1865), the estate belonged. "Broadlands," as it was called, was situated immediately to the south of Romsey, noted for its fine Abbey, on the River Test, and eight miles from Southampton. In 1874 Broadlands became the scene of a religious movement which influenced Wilberforce considerably. This movement started through the initiative of some Americans, originally Quakers, who, accustomed to attend camp-meetings in their own country, and now staying in London, wished to launch a similar movement in England. Making the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Cowper-Temple they broached their plan. Cowper-Temple was taken with the idea, and gladly lent them Broadlands for the purpose. The Americans seized upon the offer, and on July 17th, 1874, began the first "Broadlands Conference." "About two hundred persons assembled, forty or fifty as visitors in the house, others being accommodated in hotels or lodgings near; all came thirsting for an increase of faith and love, and more communion with God and one another." The conferences were repeated annually at Broadlands until Lord Mount Temple's death in 1888; with the exception of the year 1880, in which the scene was shifted to the Deanery, Southampton, Basil Wilberforce's home. Many well-known names of the period attended these conferences, and there was a variety of religious opinion. There was no quarrelling, and the mutual admiration was perfectly sincere. These conferences brought together people who would never have met elsewhere. Ritualists could approach Evangelicals, and the latter perceived that the former were not necessarily slaves to husk and letter. The eyes of orthodoxy were opened to the mysterious workings of the Spirit in regions far beyond the precincts of all organised religion. One of those who influenced Wilberforce at these

meetings was the third Lord Radstock, who lived close to Southampton, and who frequented Broadlands. He was a man of simplicity of character, at one time a fervent member of the evangelical party in the Anglican Church, but later a Plymouth Brother, and eventually ended as a Christian unattached to any denomination. Wilberforce was very much affected by Radstock's faith and practice.

Wilberforce, who hitherto had been in conflict with Non-Conformity, now began to extend the right hand of fellowship to sectarians of all descriptions. C. H. Spurgeon, Joseph Parker, and R. J. Campbell of the City Temple became his friends. He once wished that permission be granted to some German pastors to preach in Westminster Abbey, and he himself once preached in a Congregational Chapel in Southampton. If the effect of Broadlands was to "lower" his theological outlook, far more effective and important was its result of "broadening" it.

Another influence on Wilberforce at Broadlands was that of Father R. W. Corbet of Stoke, who in 1869 founded a "Society of the Holy Spirit, for Study, Converse and Devotion." Outwardly high church, Corbet was at heart a mystic, and what appealed strongly to Wilberforce in Corbet was "the keen sense of spiritual beauty, the habit of looking through the letter, to the inner meaning of Holy Scripture, and the deep conviction of the all-embracing and all-explaining love of the Universal Father." These features became eventually much more strongly marked in Wilberforce's ministry, and indeed formed the basis of much of his teaching.

About this time there raged a hot controversy between Dr. Farrar and Dr. Pusey (champion of high church orthodoxy) on the question of eternal punishment. Wilberforce entered the lists, and in the autumn of 1880 he delivered a course of lectures called "Instructions upon the After-Death State." His line of thought was that which is commonly called Universalism or Restitutionism, and while many were pleased, equally many were shocked. (It being held by all right-minded Christian believers that one of the delights of Heaven is the witness of the tortures inflicted on the damned in Hell!) Andrew Jukes, a theological scholar, who also visited Broadlands, urged Wilberforce to publish his discourses, and was evidently impressed by the author's power of expression, for he wrote: "They are far, far, the best addresses I have ever seen upon the subject, very far indeed beyond Farrar's *Eternal Hope*. He is very strong as a rhetorician; but your Instructions have been really instructions, quite as eloquent as Farrar's, and far more thoughtful and far more scriptural. Farrar's very rhetoric on a subject like that of future judgment grates upon my ears. His words are so strong—on this point one wants strong thoughts more than strong words." But perhaps the most significant personality of all that Wilberforce met at Broadlands was an old Scotsman, James Williamson Farquhar, styled by his admirers as "le Philosophe Inconnu." His beginnings were wrapped in mystery; he had been in turn a Presbyterian, a Swedenborgian, a Spiritualist, and had even "lectured on behalf of Atheism." In the end, he "came to rest in a sort of tranquil Universalism, believing there was something good in every positive opinion" and felt himself "able to worship anywhere." He published a book called *The Gospel of Divine Humanity* from which Wilberforce derived much inspiration.

The first result of the meeting of Wilberforce and Farquhar at Broadlands was an invitation issued by Wilberforce to some of his friends and neighbours. We quote it *verbatim* as given by Russell.

"PRIVATE.

"Deanery, Southampton.

"October, 1881.

"A series of conversations on the Philosophy of Religion will take place (D.V.) at the Deanery, on ten consecutive Monday Evenings, from 5 to 7, commencing October 31. The subject for each Monday will be introduced by a Paper, which will be read by Mr. J. W. Farquhar, after which free discussion will be invited.

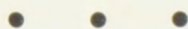
"The subjects and dates are as follows:

- Oct. 31. *God.*
- Nov. 7. *Revelation.*
- Nov. 14. *Faith.*
- Nov. 21. *The Prenatal Life, and Birth of Christ.*
- Nov. 28. *The Gospel.*
- Dec. 5. *The Atonement.*
- Dec. 12. *The Trinity.*
- Dec. 19. *The Sacraments.*
- Dec. 26. *The Divine Humanity.*
- Jan. 2. *The Last Judgment.*

"It is particularly requested that all who take part in these gatherings will make it a subject of earnest prayer, that the conversations may be guided by the Holy Spirit of God."

The subject nature of these conversations seems to have leaked out, and rumours of Strange Teachings went abroad to the shaking of clerical heads. Much that Wilberforce did and said was perplexing enough, even highly distressing, to his friends (as for example when he invited an "unbaptised" Hindu to preach in his church), particularly to those who "valued accurate theology and consistent churchmanship." What his opponents must have thought would be highly entertaining. A lapse into apostasy would probably be a mild way of describing it in their eyes. Nevertheless he had the courage of his convictions, and if he believed in the rightness of anything, however unpopular the cause, no fear for his personal reputation ever deterred him from saying what he thought.

(To be continued)



The Anthroposophy of Rudolf Steiner

(continued from page 294)

to root, root to stem and leaf, leaf to flower and flower to seed take place visibly on the physical plane, while human beings leave this plane of *becoming* from time to time when sleep or death transfers them to the spiritual realm of true *Being*, there to gather fresh impulses for the coming day or for a new life on Earth, which result in subtle or dramatic variations in the original plan.

The successive lives of plants, with slight local variations, adhere to the primal plan of the species, but human history, produced by the ideas and actions of sleeping, waking and reincarnating individuals, presents a picture of continual change rather than conformity to a fixed plan, so that the past is no more like the present than the present is like what the future will be.

(To be continued)

The Key to the Greek Mythology

by John H. Manas, Ph.D.

THE BASIC PRINCIPLE OF ALL ESOTERIC Schools, ancient and modern, as well as of all religions and religious denominations and cults, is the teaching of Truth. This forms the foundation of all these groups, large or small, in all parts of the world, in all times, and in all civilisations. And the question arises. *What is Truth?* Each and every one of these groups tells us a story, or it gives us a definition to suit our mental development, and to satisfy our curiosity according to the degree of our Cosmic evolution and the corresponding consciousness earned by the individual as its result. The endless differences and variety of human Cosmic consciousness is responsible for the variety of expressions, and for the multiform systems of philosophy, of esoteric Orders, of occult training and of all the religions, and of the religious denominations in the world. This is in accordance with the Supreme Law of evolution in Nature which is based upon diversification and differentiation.

In the Ancient Greek Pythagorean philosophy Truth is defined as the development and the perfection of the Soul of man to such a degree as to see all things in the Cosmos and in Nature as God sees them. This brings us to the realisation that Truth is a quality and a faculty of the Soul of a relative degree depending upon its gradual evolution through its own efforts. "Tois ponois polousin emin panta tagatha oi theoi," is the philosophical axiom of the Greeks, which means: "The gods sell all good things to men in exchange for efforts and for sacrifices."

The Origin of the Mystery Schools

Truth was understood and it was practised for many thousands of years in the first great civilisation on the lost continent of Atlantis. The kings-priests of the Atlanteans possessed all conceivable Cosmic knowledge and they taught this practical, true philosophy and religion to all those who were ready to receive it, and to put it into practice in their lives. This gave origin to the first Mystery Schools in which the laws of Nature, the scheme of creation, the evolution of man, and of the Universe were taught. Such schools of wisdom and of real knowledge were established in all the colonies of Atlantis, in Crete, Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, Babylonia, India, China, Mexico, South and North America.

However, a time came when the priests started to exploit this sacred knowledge for material profit, for selfish purposes and for personal aggrandisement. This condition brought about the practice of black magic. When people are spiritually weak and selfish, and they use knowledge in order to enslave their fellow-men, the masses, they create opposition and hatred on the part of the oppressed, the result of which causes wars and final destruction. Atlantis was destroyed and submerged under the Atlantic Ocean on account of such destructive causes.

That colossal catastrophe, in the history of Earth and of human civilisation, served as an unforgettable lesson to the remainder of the Mystery Schools in the remaining parts of the world, to

guard the secrets of this Wisdom and the teachings of this Truth against any unworthy person; and it forced the high priests and the Hierophants of those Mysteries and of the Temples to apply such restrictions and impose such trials to the candidates that only a very few, the really worthy, sincere and brave souls could have access to the Mysteries, and to receive their Initiations.

The Origin of Religion

This procedure necessarily separated the Esoteric from the Exoteric side of these Schools; the one, the esoteric, remaining exclusively for the priests and for the very few trained and tried ones; and the other, the exoteric, became the religion for the masses, whereby the rudiments of this divine Truth and of knowledge were given to them, the masses, in the form of parables, in myths or in allegorical stories.

This necessity and this practice gave origin to the Ancient Greek Mythology, which is nothing else but this sacred and sublime Cosmic knowledge of the Ages and of this Truth, brought down to us through centuries of time, in the form of myths or allegories, these are but the remnants of the oldest Mysteries under veil. Thus these myths, for the uninitiated, were merely beautiful stories dealing with supernatural powers, and with the exploits of the gods; but for the neophyte and for the initiated, to whom the explanation and the key were given, the Truth was revealed in all of its splendour.

The Greek Mythology

In this way we have the Greek Mythology which not only is not understood by our modern scientists, but, unfortunately, it is misunderstood in such a manner that they believe that the Ancient Greeks actually had the mentality of children to give credence to such childish stories and imaginations; although on the other hand acknowledgment is given of their superb development and achievements in the arts and in the sciences, upon which all modern civilisation and progress are built.

After the above explanation and introduction of the reader to the sublime mythological system of the Greeks, I will give you now the key to one of those great myths with which all of you are familiar, the myth of the God Cronos devouring his newly born children. The story of the myth is as follows:

The Myth of God Cronos devouring his children

In the beginning, the first Gods were Cronos and his wife Rhea. She presented him periodically with five children. Cronos devoured all of them one after the other. Rhea, in order to put a stop to this cruel destruction of their children, devised a plan by which she would fool Cronos, and save the children who were to be born to them in the near future. So when the time arrived and she gave birth to the sixth child, she offered to Cronos a stone dressed like a baby. The Father-God, thinking that this was the real newly born child, devoured it in his usual way. Thus Zeus,

or Jupiter as he is called by the Romans, was saved from his father. He was then sent by the Goddess Rhea, his mother, to Mount Ida in Crete, where he was placed in the sacred cave at the top of the mountain (Idaion Antrum, which name is preserved unto this day); there he was entrusted to the care and protection of the keepers of the cave, Couretes, who were three in number. They danced around the infant Zeus singing songs and making noises with their shields and swords; the cries of the baby were thus drowned out, and his father, the God Cronos, could not hear him nor find him in order to carry out the act of devouring him.

When Zeus became of age he espoused the Goddess Metis (Wisdom), who prepared a kind of potion which was given to Cronos to drink. This dazed the Father-God and caused Him to vomit out all five previously devoured children. Zeus now seized control from his father and became the supreme ruler of the world, and he with his wife Hera, had supreme jurisdiction in Mount Olympus and thus started the world, the rest of the gods and goddesses, and man, along the route of evolution.

The Key to the Myth

What is then the meaning of this myth? It deals with Cosmogony, with the birth of our Solar system, and of man. Erebus is the beginning, the Nameless One. Chaos is the condition of the unmanifested Universe, the "Pralaya" of the Hindus. This First Original Cause exists in Himself and by Himself as a Dual Principle, Father-Mother, Spirit-Matter (Cronos,—time; Rhea,—earth). In this Dual Principle the consciousness is first aroused to activity thence to material manifestation. Man on the material plane: when he is in a dreamy state his thoughts are not yet crystallised, they are not definite nor clear, but they travel around his mind, and go back again to the subconscious realm where they came from, and they are devoured, so to speak, in the thoughtless realm of man, because there is no "will" aroused as yet in man to force these thoughts into manifestation. In the same way in God's consciousness, at this initial stage of Beingness, all "dreams" in His Consciousness are not sufficiently clear nor definite nor strong enough, in the Negative Principle, as their scope and their final outcome are concerned, they therefore recede again to the previous "dreamless" state of Consciousness or they figuratively are devoured by their own Father-God (Cronos devouring his children).

After countless ages of this "dream" state, the second aspect of the Father-Mother Principle of God is developed, which is THE WILL or the SON OF GOD (Zeus or Jupiter). The stony baby given to Cronos by Rhea signifies that the state of God's consciousness has taken a definite form, has crystallised, so to speak. The same Cosmic Law applies to man since the will in man must drive every thought into action otherwise no thought will ever manifest. Zeus is sent to Mount Ida in Crete to be cared for and to be brought up by the Couretes, because he is too young and too weak as yet to take an active part in the scheme of creation and evolution. For the will to be applied successfully it must be governed and brought up by Love-Faith-Sacrifice (the three Couretes), the forerunners of Wisdom. When Zeus becomes of age he espouses Metis, which means wisdom (the Son of God co-operating and functioning through the Holy Ghost), and through her, the control and the leadership of creation and of evolution is assumed by the Solar Logos. Thus

the third aspect of God emanates from the Father, which is WISDOM or the HOLY GHOST. This myth gives an exact philosophical account of how the first Divine Trinity of Cosmogony or of the unmanifested Universe is formed and brought into being.

Myth versa Dogma


Who could express this great Truth of Divinity and of the Holy Trinity with such precision and in such an impressive manner, with such simplicity and clarity as is expressed through this Greek myth? This myth serves us also to solve the great problem which caused the schism of the Catholic and the Greek Orthodox Church in A.D. 858. The Greeks maintained that the Holy Ghost emanates from the Father alone; whereas, the Catholics persisted that It emanates also from the Son. From the above given explanation of this myth one can see that the Greek Orthodox Church is right in this century-long controversy.

In this First Divine Trinity of God, the plan is clear and definite into the minutest details for the evolution of the manifested Universe or of the birth of the material Universe.

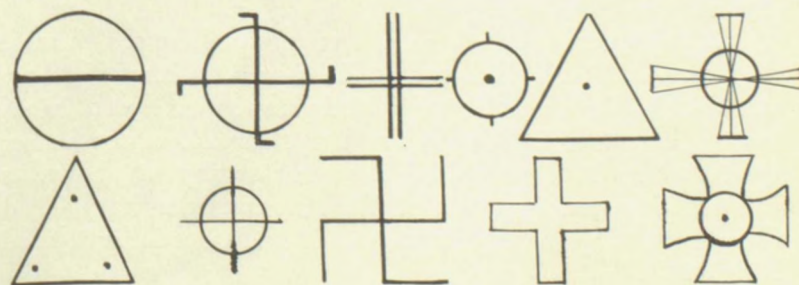
The Greek Cosmogony

The Father-God's Consciousness, The Life, The Spirit, starts. Its descent into matter which is provided by the Mother or the Negative Principle in Him, and thus the highest material plane is evolved and brought into manifestation, which is the mental Cosmic plane (dianoetikon). God activates and vitalises this plane by focusing His consciousness in it. In the same way and manner all the other lower Cosmic material planes are formed, i.e. the emotional (epithymikon); the etheric (ætherion), and the physical (physikon), by the law of diversification and differentiation.

All these four Cosmic material planes are imbued with the Consciousness of the Father, or the Spirit of God. This Truth and this fact is expressed in philosophy by saying that the Spirit of God is crucified in matter. This Cosmic Truth, the Greeks as well as all of the Ancient philosophical systems, represented by

the sacred symbol of the Cross inscribed in a Circle, thus .

In Crete in the temple of the goddesses of the serpents, at Cnossos, there has been excavated an equilateral marble cross, a sacred symbol of worship of the Ancient Cretans, dating many thousands of years B.C. From this first, sacred, cosmic symbol many others were formed, each one signifying a different cosmic law or Truth as the following:



In the manifested Universe the Logos or the Son of God manifests in all things as motion; and the Holy Ghost, as the

(continued in page 295)

Night over Angkor

by Paul Brunton

author of *A Search in Secret India*, *A Search in Secret Egypt*, *The Quest of the Overself*, *The Inner Reality*, etc., etc.*

AFTER I WRITE FROM THE SUN-STIPPLED ruins of Angkor, in languorous French Indo-China, to an Indian friend, he carries the news of my work and whereabouts to a certain Indian yogi, whose name and power I have made favourably known in five continents. The mystic smiles tolerantly and observes: "Brunton always carries a small notebook and a couple of fountain pens in his pocket. He travels to these ancient sacred places like this Angkor and immediately writes down his inner impressions. Later he collects these notes together and puts them into print to interest people. That is his destiny."

It is a true remark, although many of these notes will not become embodied in print for many years because there is always a right hour of all such revelations as those which fate has forced upon me as an unwilling medium to an unbelieving age. So I dip now into my records of Asiatic research and present the following pieces.

The spiritual side of Angkor is almost unknown to Europe, but the high Buddhist Lama who placed the key to its mysteries in my hands thereafter bade me give some hints of that side to waiting minds in the West.

I

It happens that I am travelling from Japan to China, where certain esoteric contacts are to be established, some information to be acquired and a few ancient sacred treasures are to pass out of that war-bitten land into my safe keeping. But China is not my ultimate destination, for I intend to hurry thence to the familiar surf-laden shores of Hindustan. There I foresee that the Rubicon of my spiritual life will have to be resolutely crossed and my boat burnt behind me; that the last tight-holding threads of an entire cycle of outer and inner life have to be cut and cut forever. The experience will not be a pleasant one, therefore I seek to get it over quickly.

I gaze over the ship's rail into the swirling sea, into those waters whose cold clasp is one day to give my wandering life its final peace, if the dark predictions of Oriental seers are to be credited. The propeller races around below the surface, vibrating the old hull. The sea charges on the steamer as fiercely as a sullen and resentful beast, but the vessel bears the attack with unflinching if groaning patience.

Imagine my surprise when a young well-dressed Siamese man who had come on board at Kobe presents himself at my side and, before the first lengthy conversation has ended, hands over a letter and bids me proceed to Bangkok where further orders await me. I realise in a flash that destiny has shown its usual sudden hand in my affairs. Thus my exit from danger-filled China is followed by my arrival, not in India but in canal-filled Bangkok.

There, as I have been foretold, His Holiness the Supreme Priest of Siam, aged ruler of 200,000 monks, receives me most graciously in his monastery, presents me with a signed and sealed certificate for past services rendered, entrusts me with a further

spiritual mission, and after a few more meetings sends me away with the gift of a heavy centuries-old bronze Buddha taken from his private sanctuary.

I continue my usual researches in Siam whilst awaiting the promised orders. Before long they come, in the most unexpected of places and at the most untimely of hours. It is midnight. A black starless sky winds a mournful shroud around the entire landscape. In a lofty candle-lit room, in a solitary building surrounded by deserted fields, the message is delivered to me phrased in the most imperative of tones. Meanwhile the unpleasant odour of roasting human flesh assails my nostrils from a nearby primitive crematorium.

A tall grey-bearded Buddhist monk sits less than a yard away from me, with his young disciple on the right. The old man is not a Siamese. He has been resident in the country for seven years, but received his initiation into the holy order forty odd years ago in Mongolia. His powerful voice resounds with a strength which brooks no opposition. He puts his curious little rosary, with a minute picture of the Buddha cunningly hidden inside one of its yellow wooden beads, into my jacket pocket and then commands me to journey to the ruins of the lost civilisation of Angkor!

The following day I begin my travels anew. Once the French Indo-China border is crossed, the autocar speeds for hours across flat colourless country until at last it follows a road cut through dense entangled forest. Monkeys leap from branch to branch and scowl irritably at our intrusion. Then night falls, the birds cease their short cries, the jackals end their long howls, the cicadae drop their brittle chirping and the foxes call no more to their cubs. All-embracing silence entombs the jungle's diurnal noises.

The quietude lengthens. In this darkness the wheels must run more slowly. And after the moon's arc rises triumphantly in the sky and countless stars have appeared to keep it company, there breaks suddenly upon my straining eyes the shadowy silhouettes of prodigiously-tall towered buildings. Their heads top the forest trees abruptly and are spread out over a wide area.

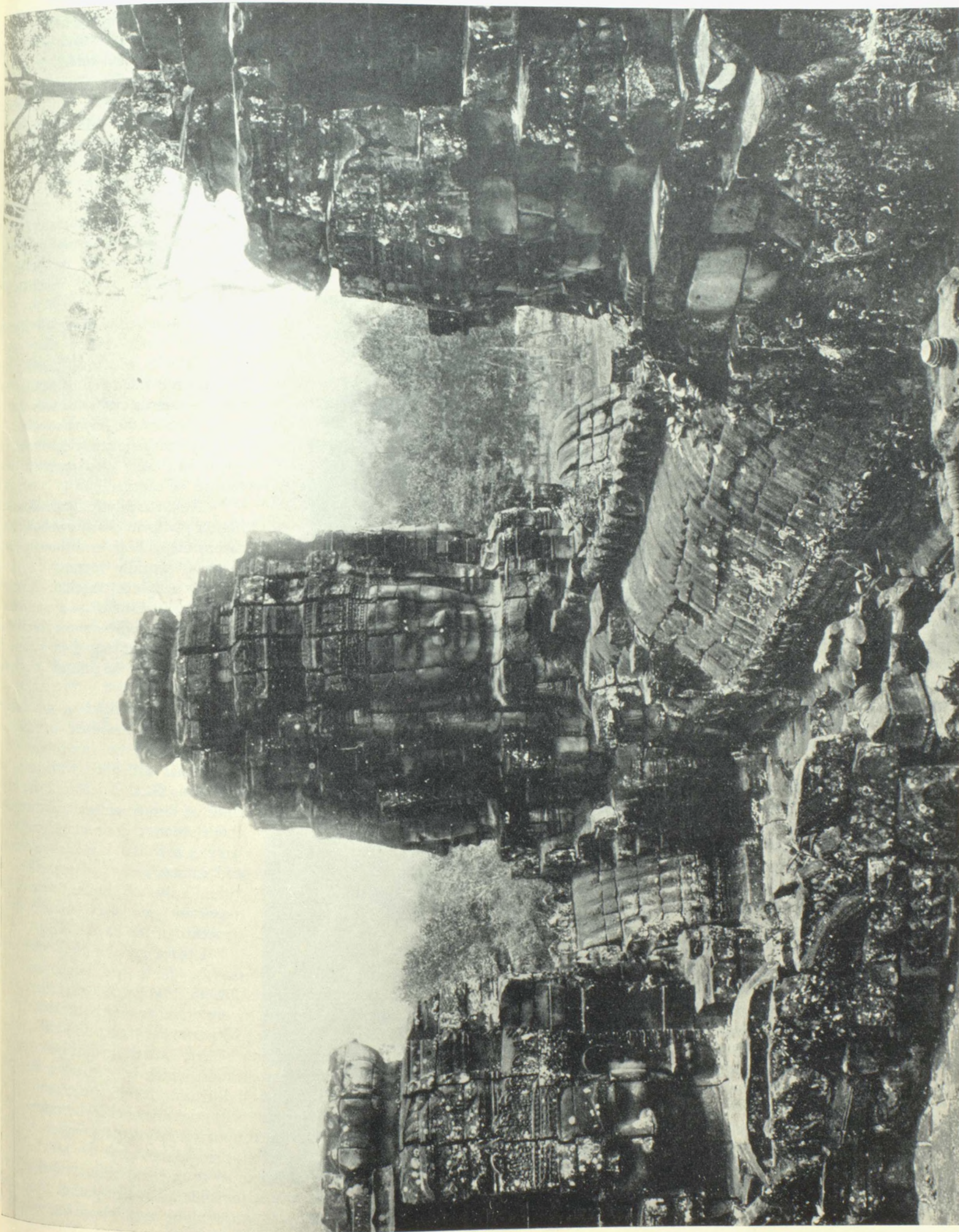
The lonely jungle road leads for miles through uninhabited and uncleared tracts, and then without warning skirts these vast deserted monuments of a dead city that once held a million living men and women. The whole scene grips my fascinated attention and involuntarily I apply the brakes and descend from the car.

I have reached the last relics of the lost civilisation of the Khmers and stand on the mysterious ground of Angkor!

II

In the cooler hours that immediately follow dawn, I begin exploration of these vast ruins which lay forgotten in their hidden lair amongst virgin vegetation until not much more than two generations ago. Then they were discovered accidentally by Mouhot, the French naturalist-hunter, whilst collecting specimens of tigers, leopards and apes for scientific purposes. Even so it was not till the opening years of the twentieth century

* See THE MODERN MYSTIC'S Bookshelf, page iii.



ANGKOR : The Temple of Bayon

that European hunters of lost Asiatic culture were able to set to work in real earnest. They dug out of their tombs in the soft red North Cambodian soil these dulled architectural gems which had been waiting for time and man to disinter them.

I turn my feet towards one of the oldest relics of Angkor, towards the most original and most artistic of all the hundreds of its still-standing monuments. Where the four main roads of the vanished town converged on a common centre, there stood and still stands the amazing temple of Bayon. Where on this world's surface exists another precisely like it?

Grim, grotesque, fantastic, monstrous ultra-primitive, benign, or beatific—each onlooker interprets at his will and carries away a different impression according to his taste, temperament and knowledge. For the first eye-arresting features of the Bayon are four titanic heads which are repeatedly carved on every one of the fifty domed towers which themselves rise about fifty feet into the air above the corridors they crown, except the central summit which is nearly one hundred feet higher still. Each of the four giants' faces varies but slightly from the other in its tremendously powerful expression.

The solemn eyes are half closed and gaze vaguely down at the surrounding scenes. The lids droop precisely to the same degree as the lids of the eyes of those yellow Chinese mystics with whom I sat in meditation but a month ago, their unseeing but unshut narrow slits holding provocatively fascinating mystery for the Occidental beholder.

The grandiose features are heavy, the full cheeks and thick lips, the large flat semi-negroid nose belong to a type of race which is neither Mongol nor Aryan but, to my mind, definitely Dravidian. The general effect of these domes with unfamiliar human visages is to bring me back again to Egypt, to set me down once more within the sandy precinct of the colourful Sphinx.

Forest, brush and creeper still half hold the Bayon in their grasp. I enter the sacred building through the eastern gate. As in so many other important Oriental temples, the side which greets the dawning sun is the most honoured; so here the entrance is wider, the stone steps more numerous, and a specially decorative setting of lion-guards and serpent-balustrades greets the visitor. The sandstone lions half-squat on their hind legs angrily and show their teeth. They are placed here—as were those other lions which I saw so often at the porch of the Temple of Dair-El-Bahari, in Upper Egypt—to protect the structure from evil spirits by some priestly magically-invested power. The monstrous serpents assist them in this work, as do the serpents painted on the walls in so many of the

dark Tombs of Luxor. I wander warily through its inner galleries and disorderly cloisters, climbing them here and descending them there, moving over broken stones and ruined floors and thickly tangled weeds.

Carvings are everywhere, on pillars, walls and porticoes. Life-like pictures represent the home, market-place, battlefield and sports ground; the pleasures and histories of kings and commoners—only the world of ordinary everyday life of a people whose close-cropped hair and distinctive features label them as Khmers. That there is a definite plan behind this arrangement of themes becomes clear when I ascend to the second storey, where the scenes change their character and unroll as beautiful tableaux of religious story and mythical incident from the sacred Hindu scriptures.

Six hundred years ago the Khmer sculptors stood before these sandstone blocks with mallet and chisel and incised hundreds of panels with these patterns which cover nearly every inch of the Bayon's surface. A little sympathetic study enables me to appreciate fully this primitive perfection of carving.

Thus the physical ascension to a higher platform clearly symbolises the ascension of heart and thought from material worldly interest to other-worldly religious emotion. I find an interesting bas-relief on a wall whose lower panel depicts some thin Brahmin yogis practising their system of mind control in the solitude of a dense forest.

A further flight of worn steps brings me to the third and highest terrace, which is lined with little sanctuaries and filled with scores of squeaking bats. I penetrate this labyrinth of dim corridors and triangular chapels until a door admits me into a large oval room. It is austere empty and mysteriously gloomy. For it is "the holy of holies," the most important sanctuary in the entire structure of the Bayon.

I place my shining pocket torch on the floor and squat amid the Indo-Chinese dust which lies thickly heaped all around. My mind, trained to work by intuitive as much as ratiocinative processes, leaps suddenly to a particular perception like a jungle tiger on a long-awaited prey. There is all the magnificent exhilaration, the intellectual intoxication which is born when the mind alights upon a newly-found truth. I know that subsequent examination, whether rationally scientific or clairvoyantly psychic, will but verify this truth, although it may require weeks where the intuitive faculty requires but a single second.

For I slip back in memory to the massive pile of the mighty Egyptian Pyramid, whose invisible malignant guards I had once braved throughout an entire night and whose unforgettable



A Four-faced Tower of Bayon

initiation brought a bitter aftermath of misfortunes along with its dramatic opening of the pages of the Book of Death. The King's Chamber, which constitutes the supreme sanctuary of the Pyramid, is placed architecturally highest, and is as ascetically free from image or ornament and as forbiddingly deprived of light as this holy of holies of the Khmer people, which was like-

wise the highest of the Bayon's chambers. Both rooms are thus well fitted for that difficult interiorisation of attention and rapt concentration of thought which are as superior to religious life as the latter is superior to mere animal life. Then again just as the King's Chamber stands exactly beneath the apex of the Pyramid, so the room in which I sit has been built exactly beneath the summit, the huge central domed tower which out-tops all the other towers of the Bayon. Finally I find that each storey of the latter structure decreases in length and breadth as it increases in height, thus roughly following a pyramidal plan. It is really an ornate Pyramid in three lofty stages crowned with domes.

The most ancient legends of Egypt have linked the Great Pyramid's origin with a race of vanished foreign builders who were instructed and guided in their efforts by invisible spiritual beings. Similar legends haunt the history of this unique Asiatic monument. For the native chronicle, still held in faith by the Cambodians of to-day, repeats the old statement: "The invisible genii built this temple, the Bayon, and made it their abode."

The highest purpose of the Pyramid was carried out in the darkness of the King's Chamber; the highest purpose of the Bayon was fulfilled in the room which surrounds me. And that was none other than initiation into the sacred Mysteries which represented the grandest knowledge of the ancient world.

Such initiations witnessed the transmission of both power and knowledge to sensitive candidates by the High Priest of the land. They have vanished to-day, except from Tibet. Their purpose varied according to the grade assigned to the



Banyan creepers attacking the Baphuon

candidate, but in every case they brought him within grasp of a diviner existence. The hierophant became but the selfless vehicle of the Universal Mind during these secret rites. The disciple, who was previously prepared for the experience through a long training, had to concentrate keenly until he was either lost in trance or else telepathically receptive to the hierophant's silent instruction.

What was learned during initiation constituted the most valuable part of a man's education. Even time itself can never antique the spiritual antiquities of these Mysteries. They are time-conquering because they contain eternal truths. They arise out of the enduring reality behind human life, and not out of mere momentary phantasy. Hence they can never become out of date, as the materialistic historian of our epoch arrogantly assumes.

I wander out of the sanctuary through a door which opens

on a high-vaulted passage and proceed thence through ante-chambers and porches till I find the friendly light in a carved stone window. Here I stand for a while to survey the forest and jungle remnants of the city wall and gates. The encircling road alone is about sixteen miles in length. A medieval Imperial Chinese envoy to the Cambodian Court estimates the population of the town as being not less than one million inhabitants. Caesar's Rome was smaller and less populous. The lightly-built wood, grass and mud cottages of the common herd have disappeared into dust to-day, under the attack of strong winds, rains and sun, but I see numerous relics of larger stone buildings profusely piled—palaces, temples, royal terraces and monasteries—which have withstood the action of time since the rest of the town was abandoned to the invasion of thick forest trees and thorny jungle bushes. Angkor is now a dead city and tropical torpor holds these half-buried monuments in its paralysing arms.

I make my passage around the picturesque terraces and suddenly find myself at another opening, confronted again by the most marked feature of the Bayon—the four



Side entrance to the Wat or Great Temple



Temple of Baphuon—a small chapel

gigantic mask-like faces which adorn each of the other domes as well as the central cupola itself, totalling two hundred heads and altogether appearing like an assembly of the gods. The men who conceived and carved these half-smiling, half-ironic visages manage to convey the atmosphere of sphinx-like remoteness which is undoubtedly their aim. Yet who dwells behind these cold masks? What do they mean? Archaeologists at different dates have named them Siva, Brahma, Lokeshvara and Buddha. All these have been honoured or worshipped in ancient Cambodia by turns and the attribution is therefore not incorrect.

But Western archaeologists rarely know more than the external rites, names and dogmas of religion at its most orthodox; they ignore or despise its innermost secrets and hidden history. Yet the latter are known by every Oriental, not rendered indifferent to his own culture by modern education, to have had a preciously-guarded existence.

Once again my mind flashes back to Egypt and to her sacred scripture, the *Book of the Dead*, wherein the soul during his ascension to the most sacred condition perceives the four points of solstice and equinox. Four divine beings are seated in front of these cardinal points. The soul prays to them: "O ye who send forth truth to the universe. . . ." The Ritual then declares that he is freed from his sins "after he has seen the face of the gods." Grateful and happy, he thanks these heavenly beings.

Not only in Egypt but in every ancient land where I have sought truth and studied her history has this strange tradition of the four gods who watch and guide the spiritual life of mankind appeared. The Chinese still adorn the vestibules of many temples with tall coloured effigies of "the four Protectors." The Hindus still tell me of "the four celestial Maharajahs" who guard the Tree of Higher Knowledge. The few Mexicans who still secretly cherish their pagan tradition hold "the four Holy Spirits" in the highest esteem.

Now I remember the last words of the native Cambodian legend which came previously to memory: "The invisible genii built this temple, the Bayon, and over it erected the towers with heads made in their own image."

The Bayon is an inheritance from a people whose initiated priests knew the tradition of the Sacred Four. It is therefore their masterpiece and unique among the monuments of the Khmers. Therefore too they paid it an honour denied to other temples. For they covered the head of its central four-faced dome in precisely the same manner that the prehistoric Egyptians once covered the heads of their own chief sanctuaries of the Mysteries, the Pyramid and Sphinx, that is, with solid gold!

III

The Angkor sky is tinted a resplendent sapphire blue the while my days pass in continuous research beneath this beautiful canopy. Wherever I wander the stone ruins mingle with a network of long banyan-tree branches or of liana-creepers which meander and twine themselves into patterns of dark-green decora-

tion for the grey walls and doorways. Here are twelve little laterite towers without windows or doors set along one side of the great grassy promenade, the Veahl, where the men and women of Angkor met to walk and talk both before and after the heat of the day. There, on a man-made hill is the battered and broken fragment of the main porch of a thousand-year-old pyramidal house of God—the Baphuon, which comes second in importance to the Bayon and therefore received much of the best efforts of Khmer artists and architects. Tchcou-Ta-Kwan, the Chinese scholar, visited Angkor during the thirteenth century and mentions the Baphuon in his diary as providing one of the most impressive views in the city. But fate and time brought medieval invading troops from east and west, from Annam and Siam, who, brutalised by the passions of war, desecrated the flower-filled gardens in its tranquil courts, and dismembered the stone blocks of its rising tiers and turrets. Yet enough of its charm remains to attract me inside.

This four-hundred feet long building is simpler than the Bayon and similar in possessing three lofty storeys, several towers and a central dome covering the chief sanctuary. But the motif of the faces of four gods is entirely absent here. I climb the ancient stone steps and make my passage along a terrace which leads to a broken gallery pathetically lined with leaning and half-tumbled columns. Little yellow lizards with long tails stuck upright in the air fix their quaint gaze at me. Blue and gold-coloured butterflies cross and re-cross the deserted thresholds. Vegetation has forced its way into the building, but its invasion now holds firmly together what the earlier human invaders had endeavoured to tear apart. Giant tortuous banyan and fig trees imprison floors and walls and terraces—even the summits of half-tottering towers—in their monstrously thick roots and creeping branches of white wood. Such is their tremendous strength and age that these tentacles cannot be pulled away and they appear to have embedded themselves in the very stones.

Thus both man and Nature have tried to squeeze and crush the body of the Baphuon like serpents attacking a defenceless beast. They have maimed it but the soul is still untouched, the majestic atmosphere remains, the superb carvings of the sacred epic of Rama, the divine avatar, done in low relief on plain panels are unforgettable, whilst inside the austere holy of holies the haunting echo of its best days withdraws my mind into a state of unearthly felicity.

Yet I leave the Baphuon with the depressing memory of that terribly significant verse penned by the poetic Tent-Maker of Naishapur:

"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshed gloried and drunk deep;
And Bahram, that great Hunter—
The Wild Ass stamps o'er his Head,
But cannot break his Sleep!"

As if to impress the lesson of these lines I find the adjoining ruins to be those of the vast royal palace, which is enclosed within a

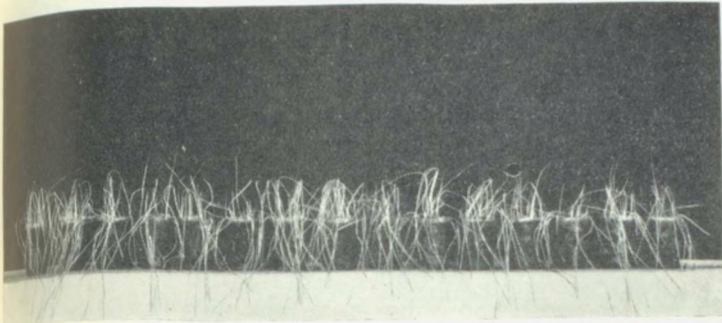
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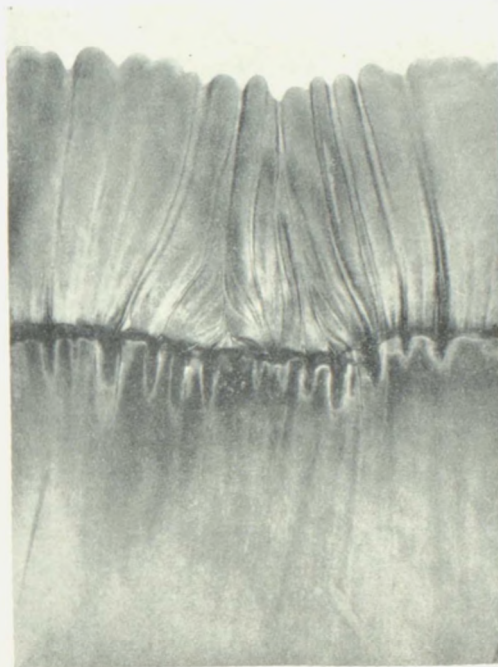
Ruined shrine in the Bayon

Astro-Biological Calendar for August

by Mrs. L. Kolisko



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



Silver nitrate 1 per cent.
Characteristic picture for the month of August

LOOKING AT THE WHOLE SERIES OF plants, we find not a single pot produces leaves standing in an upright position. This means that all the plants have grown much larger than in the previous month, but, growing in complete darkness, they are too weak to stand upright. Last month the maximum-growth appeared at the first metre, this month the maximum-growth has retrograded to the fourth metre.

Metre	Length of leaf	Length of roots	Temperature
1	28.6 cm.	15.9 cm.	12° C.
2	29.2 "	16.0 "	16° C.
3	29.4 "	17.0 "	15° C.
4	29.9 "	17.5 "	15° C.
5	25.8 "	16.3 "	14° C.
6	24.8 "	14.6 "	13.7° C.
7	25.6 "	16.9 "	13.3° C.
8	25.2 "	16.8 "	13.0° C.
9	24.8 "	19.6 "	12.2° C.
10	23.8 "	17.3 "	12.5° C.
11	23.1 "	17.9 "	12.5° C.
12	23.7 "	17.0 "	12.5° C.
13	24.3 "	16.9 "	12.5° C.
14½	23.0 "	16.5 "	12.4° C.
16	21.9 "	14.5 "	12.0° C.

We find the maximum temperature at 2 metres,
the maximum growth at 4 metres,
the minimum growth at 16 metres,

but not corresponding to a minimum in temperature at 16 metres.

First and sixteenth metres both show 12° C., but 28.6 cm. growth on the leaves on the one side, and a considerably smaller growth of 21.9 cm. on the other side. So we find again and again that the progress in growth is not entirely due to the increasing temperature.

Waning quarter : Tuesday, August 8th.
New-moon : Tuesday, August 15th.
Waxing quarter : Monday, August 21st.
Full-moon : Tuesday, August 29th. Seeds may be placed in the soil Saturday, August 26th.

Planetary constellations :

August	Conjunction	Opposition
5th.	Moon -Jupiter	
7th.	" -Saturn	
8th.	" -Uranus	
13th.		Moon -Mars
14th.	" -Venus	
14th.	" -Mercury	
18th.		" -Jupiter
19th.		" -Saturn
21st.		" -Uranus
26th.	" -Mars	
28th.		" -Mercury
29th.		" -Venus
10th.	Sun-Mercury	
14th.	Venus-Mercury	



"The heights of the Spirit can only be climbed by passing through the portals of humility. You can only acquire right knowledge when you have learnt to esteem it."

—Rudolf Steiner.

The Anthroposophy of Rudolf Steiner as seen through English Eyes

by George S. Francis

VI. SPIRITUAL SCIENCE AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE (I)

RUDOLF STEINER ALWAYS SPOKE OF Anthroposophy as a spiritual science that was destined to complete the body of knowledge about the universe, earth and man, that had been begun by the investigations of physical scientists some two or three centuries ago. In other words spiritual science has come not to destroy but to fulfil. For this reason Rudolf Steiner not only employed his highly developed clairvoyant faculties for the purpose of bringing accurately observed spiritual facts and phenomena to the notice and intelligence of non-clairvoyant humanity, he also directed his clairvoyant gaze to the physical world as well. Early as it is, some of the information he has been able to impart with regard to the fundamental nature of matter or substance, already shows signs of developing into fruitful extensions of existing scientific knowledge (medical, agricultural, etc.) under the direction of the few who have up to now been able to accept and work with this information; much of which is nearly as difficult for normal, materialistic humanity to accept as his information about spiritual worlds, and the nature of the spiritual beings that live and work therein.

The Dominant Position of Physical Science

Physical science has been consistently developed for over 300 years, therefore it is quite natural for the present age to be dominated by the outlook of physical science together with the habits of thought and practice it engenders, for the nature of the scientific method is such that it not only reigns supreme in the realm of material investigation, to which it rightly belongs, but it also exercises its domination over the realm of living nature and even projects its influence into our methods of thought, until our views of life and the world have become so materialistic that they are one-sided, distorted and therefore fundamentally untrue.

The technical excellence of scientific thought within the realm of lifeless, mineral substance, has blinded our eyes to the fact that all substance is not of this nature. The real nature of living organisms, for instance, cannot be rightly understood by ordinary scientific thought, for its very materialistic outlook practically compels it to study living organisms as though their vital processes were merely more complicated extensions of the chemical processes of inorganic matter which can be isolated, copied and studied in a laboratory.

We have now reached a point when our scientific knowledge, with its specialisation (the fine sub-division of its knowledge into watertight compartments that have little or nothing to do with each other), stands in urgent need of some great unifying idea capable of embracing the specialised divisions of the physical knowledge we possess within one comprehensive whole. Such an idea is especially needed by those who try to understand living nature, which cannot disclose its true reality to a form of know-

ledge that depends upon methods of analysis and the use of weights and measures for its accuracy. Naturalists, biologists, and investigators of living nature in any field need forms of perception that will enable them to discern the creator behind the creature, the spiritual within the physical, the unity that gives purpose and meaning to its separate parts.

It must not be assumed, however, that the spiritual science known as Anthroposophy is in any way hostile to physical science. Rudolf Steiner always paid great respect to the devoted labour, the careful research and the honesty of purpose of the physical scientists who have built up an exact and useful knowledge of the mineral substances of the Earth. True anthroposophists have a very high appreciation of the extensive range of facts that have been disclosed by the patient investigations of scientific workers. But while they accept the facts, anthroposophists do not so readily accept the theories of science, which they often regard as based on insufficient data, for since the Earth and its varied inhabitants (plants, animals, mankind) are alive, theories based solely upon material investigation are bound to be inconclusive.

The Law of Evolution

Anthroposophists, like scientists, accept the idea of evolution as an explanation of the manner in which life progresses, but the scientific theory of evolution, as postulated during the nineteenth century, was practically compelled by the physical nature of the only evidence then available, to assume that evolution was a process that steadily ascended from the lower to the higher. Matter from chaos, life from matter, highly organised life from lowly organised life, man from animals, etc.

The people of earlier ages had, of course, quite other ideas concerning the origin of man. To them man was a child of God, a spiritual being a little lower than the angels, an idea which, at that time, naturally had to depend on faith. But at the turn of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Francis Bacon was proclaiming the notion that real knowledge, in place of mental speculation, could be developed by means of sense perception, i.e. by close and exact observation of the physical world around us and by logical reflection upon the impressions thus received. This marked a new departure in the history of human thought and turned the attention of at least some sections of humanity from the contemplation of their personal selves to the study of nature. But the earlier followers of the Baconian line of thought tended to treat all facts of nature as though they were of equal value and importance, thus in their outlook there was little emphasis and even less perspective.

The Limitations of Physical Science

The above result was largely due to the fact that exact knowledge of the physical world had to be limited to things that could

be accurately measured and weighed—physical science is *quantitative*—while the *qualities* of things, which could not be measured and weighed, were largely ignored or left completely out of account. But it is just the qualities of things that have the greatest importance for life. Three men might be approximately equal in size and weight, but one might be an idiot, another a scientist and the third a saint though these *qualitative* facts are not likely to be disclosed by any method of *quantitative* measurement. Here we arrive at one of the limits to the usefulness of mere material knowledge, which needs to be reinforced by spiritual knowledge if even the material facts of man and nature are to be properly understood. It is at this point that the spiritual investigations of Rudolf Steiner, which have been described in great detail with scientific exactitude, can help us to unravel many of the mysteries of even the material universe.

As a result of his clairvoyant investigations, Rudolf Steiner has steadfastly maintained, and to some extent has demonstrated, that the Universe is really composed of spirit, soul and matter and of these three, matter is much the least real, being no more than a deadened deposit that has been precipitated by soul and spirit in the course of their living activity. But while matter can be perceived by the ordinary physical senses, soul and spirit cannot, we can certainly realise something of their nature by the effects they produce in the material world, but they themselves can only be directly perceived by those higher faculties of direct clairvoyance which have to be personally developed by the technique described by Rudolf Steiner.*

(Furthermore, it is an elementary fact of clairvoyant observation that no living physical bodies exist on Earth except as the physical vehicle of some kind of spirit-being or entity that creates, sustains, and subsequently forsakes them, when they just fade away and die. In the case of plants and animals, while their bodies appear on Earth, the spirits who create and maintain them do not, they guide their bodies from the world of spirit. It is only human beings who possess spirit, soul and body in intimate association here on Earth.)

The Script of Nature

No one can read the simplest book or manuscript until a knowledge of the individual letters and the ability to group the letter into words and the words into sentences has been acquired. In like manner, if we wish to extract the real meaning of nature from the phenomena we are able to observe, we have to acquire the faculty of separating the less significant from the more significant facts, and of grouping them into combinations that convey intelligible meanings. The proper arrangement of the facts of nature is just as important as the proper arrangement of letters in a book. Everybody knows what the letters D.O.G. imply, but change the arrangement of the same letters to G.O.D. and they convey a totally different meaning. It is therefore highly necessary to get the facts of nature in the right order, but while the human eye can see the surface facts of nature, higher faculties are needed to select and assemble them correctly.

Closed Systems

Another rather significant difference will be found between the anthroposophical idea of the universe and the idea presented

by physical scientists. Because of their preoccupation with lifeless matter, physical scientists present us with a picture of the universe as a "closed system," a universe containing a fixed and constant quantity of matter and energy, which they assume can be combined, re-combined and transformed in a variety of ways, but which cannot be increased or diminished, in fact the whole universe is believed by scientists to conform strictly to the Laws of the Conservation of Matter and Energy.

The mental ability to imagine or to create "closed systems" is highly developed in this age. We insulate things and persons from each other, we adopt political policies of "splendid isolation" complete with fortified frontiers, passports, visas, tariffs, quotas, prohibitions and similar nuisances, in fact, while we seem to have spent most of the nineteenth century in inventing and constructing railway systems, steamship lines, telegraphs and telephones, etc., for the purpose of conveying ourselves, our goods and our news about the world as quickly and as cheaply as possible, we are now spending the twentieth century finding political reasons why we should not use them, and devising political devices for actually preventing their use.

Now, living nature is not a bit like this, *within the whole realm of nature the only "closed systems" that exist at all are corpses, or other things equally dead.* We ourselves, and all other living organisms, are obliged to maintain vital and constant interchange with the whole surrounding universe as a primary condition of life. We build our bodies by means of nourishment drawn from the Earth, we vivify our blood by oxygen drawn from the air, we nourish our souls by impressions of the surrounding universe received through our senses, which we proceed to transform into mental concepts and ideas. In like measure we react to the universe, and this interplay, this circulation, is the central fact of our existence. Neither man, nature nor nations can be understood or expressed by thinking that works with the notion of "closed systems."

There are, however, frontiers between matter and spirit, points of contact where the process of the one becoming the other can actually be observed if we know what to look for and have overcome the mental habit of thinking in "closed systems." We have, in other words, to develop the faculty of perceiving the connecting links between apparently unrelated conditions, for without this faculty, without this super-fineness of perception, neither man nor nature can be rightly understood.

Matter and Non-Matter

Most of the phenomena of living, i.e. the phenomena of weather and climate, the phenomena of the plant, animal and human kingdoms, are associated with the transformation of non-material or quasi-material elements into solid, ponderable matter, and its transformation back again. Students of Steiner will be acquainted with the names and the nature of the four etheric conditions which lie behind the three observable conditions of matter—solid, liquid, gaseous—and will also know that Rudolf Steiner and his pupils have frequently described or demonstrated the way in which interactions between these etheric conditions act as the primal causes of the physical phenomena we are able to observe with our physical senses.

If it were possible, which it is not, to get the etheric and the physical worlds into a static condition, the relationships between them would then be roughly as follows :

* See *Knowledge of Higher Worlds and its Attainment*, by Rudolf Steiner. Price 4s. 6d.

Light Ether is the primal cause of Airy conditions.
 Chemical Ether is the primal cause of Watery conditions.
 Life Ether is the primal cause of Solid conditions.

Heat-Ether never appears in material form at all, but acts as one of the etheric agents for effecting changes from one condition of matter to another.

By adding heat to water we can turn it into vapour, by subtracting heat from water we can turn it into solid ice. The solid, liquid or gaseous condition of water is therefore determined by the presence of more or less heat. This rule applies to other substances as well, for example there are the metals, which are solid at normal temperature, but which can be melted or even vaporised by applying sufficient heat, or substances such as air, which are gaseous at normal temperatures, but which can be liquefied or even solidified by the removal of sufficient heat. We know of many processes under the control of man that can be employed to transform matter up or down within the limits of the three physical conditions, but we have no technique for transforming matter into ether and ether back again to ponderable, perceptible matter. What we cannot do, however, the spiritual powers that rule in nature can, and the moment we are able to accept this fact we can begin to understand the phenomena of nature in a way we never did before.

Take, as an example, a natural phenomenon that is fairly common to those living or staying in mountain regions. On a clear, cloudless day it is possible to stand on one of the slopes of a mountain valley and watch the gradual formation of little fleecy bundles of mist out of perfectly clear air. These bunches of mist cling to the mountain sides like patches of down, but gradually they become bigger and denser and begin to draw together until the whole valley is covered with a roof of cloud, which grows denser and darker until, finally, it falls to the earth as rain, after which the air slowly or quickly becomes clear again.

In cloudland, matter in the form of water vapour is continually being created out of apparently nothing and re-dissolved again. The heat of the sun vaporises the water on the Earth and sucks it up into the air, but in the upper levels of the atmosphere cosmic forces come into play and dissolve this water vapour into its appropriate ether or spiritualised, non-material condition, then imbued with spiritual forces, it is re-condensed again into vapour and rain for the refreshment of life on Earth.

This transformation is of vital importance, as water that is unrefreshed by spirit is incapable of supporting life, an elementary fact that can easily be demonstrated by observing the debilitating effects produced on plants that are kept exclusively dependent on water that has been successively vaporised in a retort and then turned back again to water in a condenser. The visible physical facts can be performed by man, the vital, but invisible facts, cannot.

In the realm of living nature events are continually occurring either as the result of human thought and action, such as agriculture, irrigation and the like, or the influence of super-earthly powers. Such events do not always conform to the simple law of cause and effect for from time to time something quite new occurs, something that has never happened before and which cannot be traced to any previous earthly cause.

If we could just observe events without thinking about them, we should find ourselves living in an interesting but chaotic world in which all kinds of things continually occur, some bright and pleasing, some dark and terrifying, but all without

apparent reason. The human mind, however, cannot content itself with mere observation, it can only satisfy itself by discovering or imagining reasons for things, so it is always at work trying to compose the facts and events it is able to observe into some kind of order or system. Any theory or system that offers a reasonable explanation of known facts or events is usually accepted, but if the facts and the events thus explained are only a partial selection of the whole range of pertinent facts, it will clearly be seen that while such a theory might appear reasonable, it by no means follows that it will be true.

Cause and Effect

A simple example of such a theory is the "Law of Cause and Effect" which is regarded as providing an adequate explanation of events that occur in the physical world. The operation of this law is usually illustrated by describing the behaviour of moving billiard balls colliding with each other. On this simple plane it is perfectly easy to connect some of the events into a logical sequence of cause and effect. A billiard ball will move in a certain direction at a certain speed because it has been struck at a certain angle by another ball moving in a definite direction at a known velocity. The second ball moves as it does because it has been struck by a cue, the cue struck the ball because it was moved by an arm, the arm moved because it was impelled by the intention of a person, and here we begin to leave the plane of observable fact.

As long as we stick to the realm of the lifeless matter it is perfectly easy to produce chains of events which can be linked together as causes and their effects. Within the purely physical world such successions have a measure of validity, but the moment we step into the living realms of plant or animal biology, or the still more vital realm of human history, the rigid law of "Cause and Effect" becomes more and more unreliable.

Being and Becoming

It is just in these realms of the living that Goethe's concept of "Wesen und Werden"—Being and Becoming—provides much more help than "Cause and Effect," for by its aid we are able to get closer to a real understanding of observed events.

Imagine a man setting out to build a house or a ship. He first conceives the idea, next he collects his helpers who shape and assemble the requisite materials. But although the idea is clear, the process of bringing it into manifestation is not fixed or rigid, for at any moment, under the impulse of fresh ideas or the discovery of new needs, modifications can be introduced into the process which will result in corresponding differences in the final result. The real movement is from the invisible idea (Being) to the finished produce (the Become) and at each stage in its becoming, the invisible idea becomes increasingly visible as it gradually takes form and substance.

It is ideas such as these we must learn how to use if we wish to enter with sympathetic understanding into the living phenomena of the physical world, for Rudolf Steiner has clearly stated, and in some ways demonstrated, the fact that in the realm of life the invisible ideas, which later grow into visibility on Earth, are first formed by Creator Spirits in the spiritual world. In a growing plant we can actually witness the invisible idea gradually becoming more and more visible. Plants, however, differ from human beings in the fact that all their successive changes, seed

(continued in page 283)

The Key to the Greek Mythology (continued from page 285)

Laws of Nature, which for this reason are all wise, immutable and eternal, as being the harmony that rules between Consciousness and Will, Father and Son in God's manifested Universe.

Christians versa Pagans

This Greek myth shows us the great knowledge and the Supreme wisdom of the Ancients. It proves to us beyond any doubt that the Ancient Priests and the Initiates of the Mystery Schools of Greece knew more about God, more about the Cosmic Christ, more about the Holy Ghost and the birth and the evolution of the Universe and its Laws and Principles, and about man than our best minds, professors and materialistic scientists of to-day. It also shows us conclusively that those people, the Ancient Greeks, were more Christian, in the real meaning of the word, than most of our present-day followers of the Christian religion. Then, the question arises as to whether it is more appropriate and more just to reverse the names used now in our text-books, in our Colleges, and in our Libraries, and thus call the Ancient Greeks, the Christians: and the prejudiced, ungodly and selfish nations, peoples and individuals of to-day, the pagans or heathens, by virtue of their works and of their deeds, because as the great Master of real Christianity taught and said twenty centuries ago in the hills of Galilee, "Ye know the good tree from the fruit that it brings forth."

**Night over Angkor** (continued from page 290)

wall two thousand feet long. Its one-time luxury is now mocked by the few cows and buffaloes which wander lazily to feed on the grass that grows around its fallen stones. Almond-eyed Tcheou-Ta-Kwan saw window frames made of solid gold when he sat in the palace audience chamber nearly seven hundred years ago, but I, alas! perceive only crumbling grey walls and aimless wandering ghosts.

I have not yet seen the half of the ruined Khmer capital, when I return in the evening to ponder over the sight of its largest temple, the Wat, so large that the enclosing wall is nearly two and a half miles in perimeter. The reign of the sun has ended; the reign of the moon has begun. The first soft starlight twinkles down upon stone and vegetation alike.

Night has fallen over Angkor. Here and there the walls are ominously cracked; mutilated statues of the Ramayana's gods strew the ground; lichen and creeper lace themselves around the panels of carved goddesses; thorns flourish thickly around me as advance-guards of the invading jungle; lizards crawl blasphemously over the calm faces of fallen Buddhas; bats coat the holy shrines with their excrement; gone are the proud glories of the Khmers; but the sacred truths taught by sage and priest of Angkor still remain though their lips are dumb and their bodies annihilated by time. Highest and holiest of these verities is that which was whispered in the penetralia of the Mysteries, that which is most needed by blinded man to-day:

"THE SOUL OF ALL IS ONE."

(To be continued)

London Fog

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

"PREDICTION" is a very profound magazine, dealing with "deep" subjects. . . . "So Max Baer lost his fight with Lou Nova, and forfeited the right to box again for the World Championship! I don't know whether you are interested in boxing. Probably, like myself, you are not.

But I am sure you would be interested in meeting Baer, who simply teems with pep and personality. I saw him last summer when he was training for his fight here with Tommy Farr. Baer then told me of a clairvoyant vision which nearly lost him one of his vital contests. To understand the story, you must go back to Baer's early days—to the time when he fought Frank Campbell. There was a terrific climax. Baer landed a punch that sent his opponent reeling to the canvas. . . . Campbell died from the after-effects of that staggering, sledge-hammer blow. Baer's vision flashed up when, years later, he was fighting the renowned Max Schmelling. 'I was right on top of my form,' he said, 'and was tearing away at Schmelling, who was practically out on his feet, when suddenly I saw before me the figure of Frankie Campbell.'

"Immediately there was a sensation. Baer swung round to the referee and cried, 'For God's sake, stop the fight.' Did the spirit of Frank Campbell come back to avert another tragedy?

"Max Baer does not know. But there was no doubt that the vision pulled him up, just as he was about to stage a smashing, knock-out blow.

"A few seconds later, Baer was his normal self. The referee had taken the hint and stopped the fight. And thus Schmelling was saved further punishment."—The Editor of *Prediction*, our "profound" contemporary.



"Drake was playing a rubber of bowls," her husband reminded her gently, "when the Great Armada came."

"Nonsense and stuff!" cried Mrs. Proteus. "Be a rabbit! Abracahatchsnatch!"

"Abracasnookums to you!" responded Mr. Proteus. The spell came out as a high-pitched scream; but it did the trick, and Mrs. Proteus was mortified to find herself transformed into a pygmy shrew, which naturally made her feel rather small. She immediately countered by changing him into a dog-faced ape. Mr. Proteus countered by inviting her to take on the form of a sooty mangabey or woolly monkey. This kind of argument went on for some time, until, the postman having come to the door with a parcel from the Occult Book Club, a truce was called, and the pair regained their human shape.

But a few days later, hostilities broke out again over a matter arising from the colour of the dome of the Capitol at Washington, which neither of them had ever seen, but which Mr. Proteus said was probably green and Mrs. Proteus declared was certainly pink. On this occasion transformation succeeded transformation with bewildering rapidity, till finally Mrs. Proteus changed Mr. Proteus into a dumb ox in the same instant as Mr. Proteus changed Mrs.

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The World of Henry James

A Psychological Study

(Continued from the July issue)

by Denis O'Neill

WITH REGARD TO THE SETTING of the novel it might have been expected that more would be made of the background and side-scenes in a story whose action goes on chiefly in Rome and Florence. In a short fantasy published in the same year as *Roderick Hudson* James had written:

"The world has nothing better to offer to a man of sensibility than a first visit to Italy during those years of life when perception is at its keenest, when knowledge has arrived and yet youth has not departed. . . . The cardinals, the princesses, the warm southern tide which seemed the voice of history itself—these and a thousand other things resolved themselves into an immense pictorial spectacle, the very stuff that inspiration is made of."*

But although James laid the fortunes of his hero in this clime where, as Dante said "non men che saver, dubiar m'aggrata"† he never permits himself to become expansive in description of the changing face of nature. As we have pointed out earlier in this essay James refrains with almost stoical firmness from any indulgence in rhapsodies over the beauties of the external world, even in his early work.

An interesting technical expedient which has its inception in this novel, is the introduction of a "confidante" (for this person is generally a woman) for the purpose of throwing a greater light on the action. This role, which was to be filled in later days by such subtle spirits as Fannie Assingham of *The Golden Bowl* and Maria Gostrey of *The Ambassadors* is here given to the cousin Cecilia, who, in the first few chapters of the novel, discusses with Rowland Mallet the character of the young sculptor before he appears on the scene, and this prepares us for the irruption of the temperamental Roderick into the placid atmosphere of Northampton, Mass.

Looking at the book as a whole it leaves on us the impression of a mosaic, whose countless minute pieces are fitted together with so much skill and ingenuity that a real picture is presented, but with an absence of richness and relief, of all that is vivid and salient; there is a pervading lowness of tone and flatness of tint. Mr. Arnold Bennett, with characteristic candour, finds the novels of Henry James "tremendously lacking in emotional power" and says that they reveal "an attitude towards the spectacle of life conventional, timid, and undecided."‡ If he had been thinking only of *Roderick Hudson* we should find it difficult to disagree with the strictures of this critic.

The charming story of *The American* (1877) was the first of James' long novels to deal with the theme of which he was to become such a noteworthy exponent—the clash of the American and the European temperaments. It was, as he subsequently explained,

"the situation, in another country and in an aristocratic society, of some robust, but insidiously beguiled, some cruelly wronged compatriot, the point being in especial that he should suffer at the hands of persons pretending to represent the highest possible civilisation and to be of an order in every way superior to his own."*

But when the opportunity for vindication came, the American, as James conceived him, "in the very act of forcing it home would sacrifice it in disgust" out of so great a contempt for those who had wronged him that he was unwilling to touch them, even in a rich revenge. Nor does the plot at large fall in its romantic qualities below this instigating gesture. Christopher Newman, intensely self-made and American, with robust health of mind and body, is in love with the widowed daughter of the intensely ancient and French house of Bellegarde, which, though the daughter loves him in return, snubs him, snatches the lady from him, and drives her into a convent. Then, though Newman has found out that her mother and brother murdered her father, the American, making his large gesture, refuses to let the axe descend. James admitted later in his Preface to the N.Y. edition of the novel that the mother and brother in real life would have been remarkably careful to get hold of Newman's money—though marrying Madame de Cintre to him if need be—before showing him too much scorn†; but this acceptance of probability would have ruined the scheme of a story which depends to a far greater extent than the later novels of James on the element of drama for its interest.

The book is filled with an intense appreciation of the attractiveness of the life of cultured leisure in the French capital, of "the worship of privacy and good manners, a hatred of all the new familiarities and profanities."‡ James, who, in the case of Gaston Robert in an earlier tale had shown that family feeling in the French aristocracy was "not a tyranny but a religion,"§ takes a delight in conveying the atmosphere of the stubborn traditions of an ancient and honourable social caste. Even the unscrupulous Madame de Bellegarde and her elder son, the Marquis, embody the "grand manner" to perfection, the magnificent sense of breeding, the product of centuries of exclusiveness which endows its possessors with something of the grace and distinction of noble works of art. Claire de Cintre is described as having

"passed through mysterious ceremonies and processes of culture, been fashioned and made flexible to certain deep social needs"

her rank giving her "a kind of historical formation."||

This keen interest in the family traditions of great aristocratic

* *Benvolio* (N.Y., vol. xxiv, p. 352).

† *Inferno* (Canto xi, l. 93).

‡ *Books and Persons* (p. 188).

* *The American* (N.Y., vol. ii, p. vi).

† *The American* (New York, vol. ii, p. xix).

‡ *The Reverberator* (Secker, p. 250).

§ *The Reverberator* (Secker, p. 86).

|| *The American* (N.Y., vol. ii, p. 165).

houses we may ascribe, in a measure, to the influence of Balzac, of whose work James was a devotee. He had written in an essay on the French novelist :

"Nothing would in fact be more interesting than to attempt a general measure of the part played in total comedy, to his imagination, by the *old families*."*

But although people of high social standing figure largely in the pages of both novelists, there is an essential difference between the French aristocrat as portrayed by James and the similar type in the *Comédie Humaine*. James, as Mr. Hueffer points out, by reason of his distinguished connections, his considerable private fortune, and even because of his nationality, found easy means of access to the most exclusive circles of European society. A wealthy person of American birth to a large extent baffles definition and classification, by the code which decides the question of "social" acceptance or rejection; unless he reveals any grossness of manner or vulgarity of perception it is inaccurate to dub him a plebeian for he belongs to a country in which explicit titles which testify to purity and antiquity of breeding are non-existent. As Valentin de Bellegarde puts it to Christopher Newman :

"You couldn't help it after all, if you had not come in for a dukedom. There were none in your country, but if there had been it was certain that with your energy and ability you'd have got the pick of the honours."†

James had, in short, a far better opportunity than Balzac of coming into personal contact with members of the favoured classes. Balzac who, all his life, "loved a lord" with something of the unreasoning enthusiasm of the typical democrat, died without having entered the magic circle where the aristocrat lives and moves and has his being. In depicting the habits of a class whose temperament and outlook he does not fully understand he makes several *faux pas* which would have been impossible to the American writer. One remembers, for instance, the young man of high fashion who, after Madame de Bargeton had been a fortnight in Paris (having come very ill-dressed from Angoulême) proceeds to compliment her on the "metamorphosis of her appearance"; or Madame de Rochefide, a person of the highest condition, who has, by way of decoration of her drawing room, a series of ten water-colour pictures representing the different bedrooms she has successively slept in!

Technically, *The American* shows a further use of the device inaugurated in *Roderick Hudson* by which the story is rendered for the most part through the medium of one consciousness, here that of Christopher Newman. But the book is distinguished from the later and more characteristic works of James by reason of the occasional intervention of the author to elucidate subtleties of development which the brain of the protagonist is not quite quick enough to grasp.

Viewed purely as a character-study, James does not appear to have taken any special pride in the picture of his retired magnate. He admits :

"Before the American business man, as I have been prompt to declare, I was absolutely and irredeemably hopeless, with no fibre of my intelligence responding to his mystery."‡

* *Notes on Novelists* (p. 97).

† *The American* (Nelson, p. 187).

‡ *The American*.

But this has not prevented him from giving us a portrait of a peculiarly attractive personality, whose only possible drawback is that it gives the impression of being a rather idealised embodiment of the sterling qualities of honesty and guilelessness which are undoubtedly a feature of the best type of American temperament. Certainly it is impossible, after reading *The American*, to labour under any delusion as to the affection with which James regarded the land of his birth. The portrait of Newman has, indeed, something in common with that of the immortal Daisy Miller, the young American *ingénue* who embodies so exquisitely the intangible charm of uncalculating innocence. Both characters, too, share a somewhat similar fate, the one that of death, the other the utter annihilation of his hopes. Both are the unwitting victims of an old and cunning civilisation which has little sympathy with or even understanding of any qualities which are not adapted to the needs of a cynical and worldly-wise system of social conventions.

But occasionally one feels that the author is inclined to over-emphasise Newman's ignorance of the fine tact necessary for intercourse with members of the most exclusive aristocracy in the world. Even an open-minded American business man must have felt a certain degree of awe when confronted with such a perfect specimen of the beau-monde as the veteran Madame de Bellegarde. But James represents his hero on one or two occasions as being not only perfectly at ease with this formidable lady but even as allowing himself to add flippant comments to her remarks. For instance :

"'It's a very good project, but I never made a match in all my life,' said Newman's hostess with her odd mincing plainness.

"Newman looked at her for a moment and then, all sincerely, 'I should have thought you a great hand,' he declared."*

To revert to technical considerations, *The American* like *Roderick Hudson* is differentiated from the greater novels of James by the author's habit of inserting vivid pen-portraits of subsidiary characters into the book, irrespective of their importance for the development of the main "idea" of the story. For instance, the Nioche family, father and daughter, whose machinations occupy a considerable portion of the novel, are mere excrescences. The festive and unprincipled Néomie is a clever sketch for a gallery of modern French portraits but she has wonderfully little to do in the galley which Newman is so manfully striving to row against the current of aristocratic prejudice; and she and her contemptible father not merely lower the tone of the book but confuse its action by drawing our attention away from the chief actors.

Another symptom of technical immaturity is the presence in this novel of several scenes which are distinctly melodramatic in tone and which were doubtless responsible for the dramatic version of the book. Nothing could be further from James' practice in the novels of his maturity than this introduction of incidents whose chief merit is their theatrical effectiveness. In his most characteristic work the primitive emotions which come to light in the heat of dramatic climax are carefully ignored. Just when these emotions surge up in the complex bosoms of his creatures to cause an explosion James escapes with us under his wing and does not lead us back until the crisis is over—until

* *The American* (Nelson, p. 163).

the results, the to him so much more interesting results, may be quietly examined. But in *The American* there are passages which might have been written by any author with a leaning towards a merely theatrical intensity of situation. We may instance the scene in the opera box in which Valentin de Bellegarde quarrels with his rival for the hand of Néomie Nioche* ; or the incident in the Parc Monceau where Newman threatens the Marquise and her elder son with his incriminating evidence.†

There is a further use in *The American* of the technical device of the "confidante" to which we referred in considering *Roderick Hudson*. Here the part is played by Mrs. Tristram whose influence is felt throughout the book. She is, indeed, a necessary figure to the scheme of the novel, for she helps to prepare Newman for possible disillusionment by initiating him into the manifold wiles of Parisian "social" diplomacy and by consoling him at the end for the tragic downfall of his hopes.

The next three long novels by James, *The Europeans*, *Confidence* and *Washington Square* were excluded by the author from the standard New York edition of his work on the ground of their lack of distinction ; and as none of these books reveal any further development of his genius, but instead, in one case at least—*Confidence*—show a retrogression from the standard of *Roderick Hudson* and *The American*, we shall proceed to a consideration of his next work, *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881). This novel, which James held to be "the most proportioned of his productions"‡ after *The Ambassadors* is notable not only for its architectural interest but for the implicit revelation in its pages of what one may take to be the author's own attitude to life.

In his Preface to the novel, James acknowledges his technical indebtedness to Turgenieff :

"I recall with comfort the gratitude I drew from his reference to the intensity of suggestion that may reside in the stray figure, the unattached character, the image *en disponibilité*."§

He then points out how his novel has evolved, not by a process of accretion, but, in accordance with the practice of the Russian writer, by first picturing some character with deep natural capacities for life, for suffering and enjoyment, and reflection, and then placing this person in circumstances which will reveal his native temperament in the strongest light,

"situations most useful and favourable to the sense of the creatures themselves, the complications they would be most likely to produce and to feel."||

The character in *The Portrait of a Lady* which is revealed in this manner is that of Isabel Archer. Although she belongs to the line of those American girls whom James subtly traces through their European adventures, she is more important than any who had gone before her. She is but incidentally American, made so for the convenience of a creator who chose to display her as moving across a scene already lighted by his imagination and familiarised by his art. James saw in her the type of youth advancing towards knowledge of life ; of youth at first shy and slight in its innocence but flowering under the sun of experience to the fullest hues and dimensions of a complexity which might under different circumstances have lain dormant.

* *The American* (Nelson, p. 294).

† *The American* (Nelson, p. 412).

‡ *The Portrait of a Lady* (Macmillan, p. xviii, vol. i).

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

|| *Idem*, p. viii.

Had James belonged to another school he might have preferred a young man for protagonist ; as it was he preferred to watch the more subterranean alchemies which, with the fewest possible external incidents, gradually enrich this sort of woman to maturity. The method of his narrative was suggested by his theme : he would scrupulously keep the centre of his subject within Isabel's consciousness, careful to reveal her qualities by his notation of the delicate refraction which the scenes and personages of her career undergo in passing through her.

The one thing which the book is not is what it calls itself. There are several portraits of subordinate ladies—of Mrs. Touchett and Miss Stacpoole, both of which are admirable pictures in the early manner of *Roderick Hudson* and *The American* and which have the merit of being more essential to the scheme of the story than were the minor figures of the earlier novels. The portrait of Miss Stacpoole, the correspondent of *The Interviewer*, who comes to Europe half with the intention of watching over her friend and more than half with the determination to fathom the inner life of England, especially in the homes of the great is, we feel, a somewhat defiant proof on James' part that he is not afraid to take up even the conventional American of commonplace satire and make her captivate and charm the unbelieving. Her perfect boldness, combined with a modesty and purity so complete that we are ashamed even of the thought that it is necessary to give her credit for qualities so innate and self-evident, are made delightfully comical by Henrietta's own unconsciousness of anything odd in her perfectly dauntless proceedings—her roamings about the world with Mr. Bantling in attendance, her free movements and still more free speech.

But of the heroine, upon whom the greatest pains have been expended, we have no portrait, nor, even with the considerable amount of material supplied by James, do we find it easy to put together anything which will serve to supply the omission.

"Her head was erect, her eye brilliant, her flexible figure turned itself this way and that in sympathy with the alertness with which she evidently caught impressions. Her impressions were numerous and they were all reflected in a clear still smile."*

This is James' description of his heroine and it is about the clearest physical view we get of the young lady. Isabel's aspect from outside is conveyed to us only in the raptures of her adorers. She is a study quite in the manner of the later novels, where the presentation of exterior is regarded as quite insignificant in comparison with the revelation of the unseen, the unsaid, and the unacted—the vast quantity of mental life in highly civilised beings which makes no outward sign, the invisible drama upon which most of James' predecessors had hardly raised the curtain.

Isabel comes to Europe with something of the intention which James had already illustrated to some extent in *The American*, that it, to get everything she can out of her life and its opportunities, all the sensation, the information, the variety of experience which it is possible it can convey. But there is this difference between the young and visionary girl and the mature man, that whereas James' first hero wanted practical satisfaction for his desires, and to get possession of all that was best, including as the most indispensable article of all, the fairest and most costly flower of womanhood which was to be found or purchased anyhow—Isabel prefers not to have anything but the sense of

* *The Portrait of a Lady* (Macmillan, vol. i, p. 18).

having, the wealth of spiritual possession. For this reason she likes to retain a hold upon the lovers whom she will not marry. The English lord with all his fine qualities—and it cannot be said that the American author and heroine do not do full justice to those qualities with a refined sense of the importance which attaches to so curious and desirable a specimen of humanity—gives her the most agreeable consciousness of power, though all his advantages do not tempt her to marry him, and she is sorry for vexing him—almost as sorry as she is agreeably excited by the incident altogether. Indeed it would appear that this accompaniment of homage is natural to the young American woman, and that she would feel herself to be treated unfairly if at least one English lord, besides innumerable other candidates of different descriptions, did not attest her power. This is very different from the more vulgar conception of the American young woman, who is bent on securing a title for herself. The young ladies of Henry James are never made in this mould. Their curiosity about the English aristocrat is fresh and eager. They contemplate him attentively as the greatest novelty within their reach, and like and admire him as one of the wonders of the world; but they do not care to go any further. Isabel Archer passes through this phase very serenely, liking the new interest it puts into her life. But she does not really care for anything much except new interests. The adventures, or rather encounters, through which we are permitted to accompany her, are in reality but a small part of her career. There are gaps in which she travels far and wide—rapidly, eagerly, arduously. “She was like a thirsty person draining cup after cup” but always coming back again to the old investigation—the earnest study of all new phenomena—the consideration of how everything affected herself. Her desire for new experience never fails even when she comes to the dead pass in which her perpetually increasing circle of enlightenment and sensation ends. “Take things more easily,” her cousin advises. “Don’t ask yourself so much whether this or that is good for you. Don’t question your conscience so much; it will get out of tune like a strummed piano. . . .”

“What you say is very true,” Isabel went on. “I am absorbed in myself. I look at life too much as a doctor’s prescription. . . . I try to care more about the world than about myself but I always come back to myself.”*

It was inevitable that such a heroine should end unhappily. She marries the artistic dilettante Gilbert Osmond only to find out finally that she had been coldly tricked into the marriage by Madame Merle, whom Isabel has thought her best friend, when the woman is, in reality, Osmond’s mistress, anxious to get money for their illegitimate child. Something in the intricate fibre of the heroine sends her in the end back to her husband for the sake of her stepdaughter, thinking, it seems, that she hereby encounters her destiny more nobly than in any previous chapter of it. The conclusion consistently enough rounds off Isabel’s chronicle, revealing her at the last as the possessor of what the *fin de siècle* school would have called “a finished life-pattern,” a thoroughly self-investigated individuality.

It will be seen that there is much in this study of a girl’s personality to enrapture the most thorough-going advocate of the “aesthetic” life; and a study of James’ work as a whole reveals a strongly marked bias in the direction of an aesthetic interpretation of existence, of an apotheosis of the philosophy of

carpe diem, of the worship of beauty and delight for their own sakes. It will not be out of place here to attempt some estimate of our author’s “philosophy of life.”

In a fascinating short novel, *The Figure in the Carpet*, he depicts, for criticism, what he would have called his own “case.” He presents there, among various intensifications of interest, Hugh Vereker, a master-novelist, head and shoulders above his contemporaries; so that even his most devoted admirers and his most studious critics miss the thing that he has written his books “most for.”

“Isn’t there,” he says to one of them, “for every writer a particular thing of that sort, the thing that most makes him apply himself, the thing without the effort to achieve which he wouldn’t write at all, the very passion of his passion, the part of the business in which, for him, the flame of art burns most intensely? . . . There’s an idea in my work without which I wouldn’t have given a straw for the whole job. . . . It stretches, this little trick of mine, from book to book, and everything else, comparatively, plays over the surface of it. The order, the form, the texture of my books will perhaps constitute for the initiated a complete representation of it. So it is naturally the thing for the critic to look for. It strikes me,” Vereker adds, “even as the thing for the critic to find.”*

The thing, in our opinion, which James hoped chiefly that his critics would some day recognise, is not that he is a great stylist and craftsman, or a learned historian of manners, or even a master of psychological analysis. The thing which he, as the high priest solemnly ministering before the high altar, implored someone to observe and to declare and to explain is that he adored beauty and absolutely nothing else in the world. That is his romance, that is his passion, that is why, when he discusses his own creations he talks veritably like a soul in bliss.

Professor J. W. Beach, in his chapter on James in the *Cambridge History of American Literature*, points out the similarity between the mentality of James and that of Walter Pater. The American novelist is indeed like Pater in his aversion from the world, his dedication to art, his celibacy, his personal decorum and dignity, his Epicurean relish in receiving and reporting the multiplicity and intensity of his impressions, and in the exacting closeness of his style. There are distinctions in plenty to be made by anyone curious enough to undertake the comparison, but on the whole there is no better sidelight on James’ “philosophy” than Pater’s conclusion to the *Studies in the Renaissance* and his *Plato and Platonism*; no more interesting “parallel” to his later novels than *Marius the Epicurean* and *Imaginary Portraits*.

The reduction of all experience to the aesthetic level James himself recognised as a hazardous adventure. At the conclusion of his searching criticism of a fellow adventurer, Gabriele d’Annunzio, he raises the question whether it can ever hope to be successful. D’Annunzio’s adventure he pronounces a dismal failure—that is, of course, an aesthetic failure; for in the quest of the beauty of passion, the Italian, he declares, has produced the effect of a box of monkeys, or as he periphrastically puts it,

“The association rising before us more nearly than any other is that of the manners observable in the most mimetic department of any great menagerie.” “But,” he continues, the question is whether d’Annunzio’s case is “the only

* *Portrait of a Lady* (Macmillan, vol. i, p. 281).

* *The Figure in the Carpet* (N.Y., vol. xv, p. 229).

case of the kind conceivable. May we not suppose another with the elements differently mixed? May we not in imagination alter the proportions within or the influence without and look with cheerfulness for a different issue? *Need* the aesthetic adventure, in a word, organised for real discovery, give us no more comforting news of success? . . . To which probably the sole answer is that no man can say.*

This last sentence is modest but cannot have been wholly sincere; for James must have known that his own works answer all these questions in the affirmative. His own case is an altogether different variety of the species; his "news" is infinitely more comforting than d'Annunzio's. The particular ugliness, the morbid erotic obsession, on which d'Annunzio foundered, James, like Pater, sailed serenely by. His aesthetic vision had a wider range and a higher level of observation than that of almost any of the Latin votaries of "art for art"—Gautier or Flaubert, for instance. And yet it must be frankly admitted his representation of life sometimes offends the whole-souled critical sense on what is fundamentally the same ground as that on which these others offend it. His representation of life is occasionally an aesthetic flat; it sins against the diversity and the integrity of life. Its exquisitely arranged scenes and situations and atmosphere are not infrequently "ugly," as he would say, with the absence of moral energy and action. In *The Awkward Age*, for instance, in that society which lives for "the finer things," which perceives, and compares, and consults, and so perfectly masters its instincts, the situation fairly shouts for the presence of at least one man conceivably capable of bursting like Lochinvar through the circle of intriguing petticoats to carry off the heroine.

When this discrimination against the blindness of the aesthetic sense has been made it remains to be said that the endlessly stimulating virtue of Henry James is the white-hot ardour of his passion for beauty. One feels it, for instance, in the words of the novelist in *The Lesson of the Master*, who says he has missed "the great thing," namely

"the sense which is the real life of the artist and the absence of which is his death, of having drawn from his intellectual instrument the finest music that nature had hidden in it, of having played it as it should be played."†

The ultimate controlling principle in Henry James' imaginary world is neither religion nor morality nor physical necessity nor physical instinct. The controlling principle is a sense of style, under which vice, to adapt Burke's words, loses half its evil by losing all its grossness. Even in the early "international" novels we witness the transformation of Puritan morality, of which the sanction was religious, into a kind of chivalry, of which the sanctions are individual taste and class loyalty. Madame de Mauves, the lovely American married to a French nobleman, in the short novel which bears her name, is not exhibited as preserving her "virtue" when she rejects her lover; she is exhibited as preserving her "fineness." Her American lover acquiesces in his dismissal not from any sudden pang of conscience, but from a sudden recognition that if he persists in his suit he will be doing precisely what the vulgar French world and one vulgar spectator in particular expect him to do. As early as 1878 James had begun, with *The Europeans*, his criticism of the intellectual

dullness and emotional poverty of the New England sense of "righteousness"—a criticism wonderfully culminating in *The Ambassadors* (1903) in which the highly perceptive Strether, sent to France to reclaim an erring son of New England, is himself converted to the European point of view.

The aesthetic ideal in conduct, inspires, in the later novels, ideals of behaviour beyond the reach of the conventional imagination. It is astonishing to observe how many heroes and heroines of the later period are called upon to attest their fineness by a firm, clear-eyed mendacity. *The Wings of the Dove*, for instance, is a vast conspiracy of silence to keep a girl who knows she is dying from knowing that her friends know that she knows. To lie with a wry face is a blemish on one's character.

"I lie well, thank God," says Mrs. Lowder, "when, as sometimes will happen, there's nothing else so good."*

The works of James, like those of Pater, throb with this fine passion for the aesthetic ideal in conduct. Criticism's favourite epithets for him have been "cold," "analytical," "scientific," "pitiless." But he is not pitiless except in his exposure of the "ugly" which to his sense includes all form of evil; in that task he is remorseless whether he is exposing the ugliness of opportunist journalism as in *The Reverberator*, or the ugliness of a thin, nervous, hysterical intellectualism and feminism as in *The Bostonians* or the ugliness of murder as in *The Other House*; or the ugliness of irregular sexual relations as in *What Maisie Knew*, or the ugliness of corrupted childhood as in *The Turn of the Screw*. The deep-seated ugliness in the last three cases is presented with a superlative intenseness of artistic passion. If the effect is not thrilling in the first case and heartrending in the last two, it is because Anglo-Saxons are not accustomed to having their depths of terror and pity, their moral centres touched, through the aesthetic nerves.

Of any definitely religious interpretation of the universe, the works of James show no sign. Nothing could be more wholly of this life, without hint or doctrine of a second, than these novels. James was too cautious and critical an artist to be contented with the usual arguments adduced in support of spiritual eternity; he himself confesses that he had little contact with practical religion in his youth, and it is obvious that he had little interest in it in age. His spiritual attitude is perhaps as well summed up in the following passage as anywhere:

"I don't know *why* we live—the gift of life comes to us from I don't know what source or for what purpose; but I believe we can go on living for the reason that (always, of course, up to a certain point), life is the most valuable thing we know anything about."

Of Balzac, whom he so greatly admired, he says:

"His sincerest personal beliefs may be reduced to a very compact formula; he believed that it was possible to write magnificent novels and that he was the man to do it."†

Again:

"Of what is to be properly called religious feeling we do not remember a suggestion in all his many pages."‡

We may apply these words to James himself. Like the Brownings, he "never put on the livery of the creeds."

In one short tale James has revealed his lack of sympathy

* *Notes on Novelists and some other Notes* (Dent, p. 232).
† *The Lesson of the Master* (N.Y., vol. xv, p. 69).

* *The Wings of the Dove*.
† *French Poets and Novelists* (p. 85). ‡ *Idem* (p. 86).

with the "religious" spirit (using the word in its narrower sense as implying a social worship of some particular embodiment of God). In *The Altar of the Dead* we are introduced to one Stransom who, wandering into a church on an afternoon of winter, makes the discovery that "it is good there should be churches." * He gazes at the lighted altar, he sets to work to name and group the candles after his departed friends. His feeling intensifies: "he almost caught himself wishing that certain of his friends would now die that he might establish with them in this manner a connection more charmingly." † But, interesting as this theme is, it is soon merged in the restricted personal region, concerning only Stransom and the living woman who shares the altar he has bought. Presenting Stransom to us in churches and before altars, the author has given us no "religious" atmosphere. For artistic purposes, he might as well have been set in a parlour. That which to the most everyday minds a church in some degree stands for has been unfelt. To most people, however unorthodox, to buy up an altar, would not be to "raise" or consecrate one, but to commit a sacrilege, to destroy a bridge with the unseen. The normal mind, apart from and outside theologies, envisages a church as a community—a way of escape by communion; the lesson that Coleridge conveyed at the end of *The Ancient Mariner* where the dream of peace of the haunted sailor is "to go together to the church with a goodly company." But James views his imaginary church not as the temple of the Eternal Spirit but as a place of aesthetic refuge from the mob, where the tenderest of memories can be evoked in peace.

But this discussion has taken us some distance from *The Portrait of a Lady*, which remains one of the most remarkable specimens of literary skill which the critic could lay his hand upon. Praise can hardly exaggerate the skill with which James at first warily investigates as from without the spirit of Isabel Archer, gradually transfers the action to her consciousness and thenceforth, with almost no appearance of art, reduces his story to the terms of her realisation of her fate. "'Tis surely a graceful, ingenious, elaborate work," James wrote of *The Portrait* to Stevenson, "with too many pages, but with, I think, an interesting subject and a good deal of life and style." ‡ The "pages" might have been considerably curtailed by the suppression of some irrelevant details concerning the early life of Ralph Touchett and by the elimination of some incidents which serve to reveal the manoeuvres of minor characters like Mr. Bantling and Mr. Rosier; but apart from this slight stricture the book shows a strong adherence to those ideals of compactness and relevance which were to become so characteristic of the latest novels of James.

Omitting *The Princess Casamassima* which we have considered earlier, and *The Bostonians*, a comparatively insignificant novel, we come to *The Tragic Muse* (1890) which has for its theme the perennial conflict between art and "the world." James writes in his Preface:

"To do something about art—art that is, as a human complication and a social stumbling-block—must have been for me early a good deal of a nursed intention, the conflict between art and the world striking me thus betimes as one of the half-dozen great primary motives." §

(continued in page 308)

* *The Altar of the Dead* (Secker, p. 18).

† *Idem* (p. 24).

‡ *Letters of Henry James* (edited Lubbock, vol. i, p. 134).

§ *The Tragic Muse* (N.Y., vol. vii, p. v).

America—Past, Present and Future (continued from page 271)

the written traditions. These oral traditions tell us that there were three great migrations of nations from the east of Asia to America." Are these records not the key to the origin of the Indian nations?

But these influences are not due to Atlantis: they must be due to an earlier epoch—namely to the so-called Lemurian continent. This continent seems to have extended much farther East than I had previously imagined, and to have included a great part of the Melanesian archipelago. The Easter Islands and their culture also belong to this intermediate stage.

So the Pacific side of America has always been more under the influence of Lemuria; which also prevails so largely throughout the whole Orient.

Europe really represents a region where for a certain length of time in history these two magical pre-historic continents were excluded from ordinary consciousness. In California the extremities of these two influences merge into one another. This explains, to me, the extraordinary "something" which is still unfinished on the one hand and on the other points with no uncertainty to great future possibilities.

In California there is present a kind of "dream" of some future mission; but I think this should not be interpreted in a mere local sense, but as the outcome of their dim awareness that the shifting over of the world-centre to the West only coincides with the realisation that the Earth is one complete globe and humanity one entire life.

Much more will be said about the contrast between the Atlantic and Pacific sides of America. Now, I only want to mention the central part.

Chicago is the middle point of this region. There, the urge towards the Wild West first began. If America is a country of contrasts, then Chicago is the apotheosis of contrasts. It is the *moto-perpetuo* of the machine age. Although it lies in the midst of the continent, it is one of the greatest "sea-ports" of the world, situated at the end of Lake Michigan, where the waters of the St. Lawrence and all the lakes have their concentration. On the other hand, the system of the Mississippi passes through a tributary river in the state of Illinois, of which Chicago is the capital. A canal between these two enormous water systems would, if constructed, divide America into two parts, and Chicago would be the indisputable centre of the whole northern and southern commercial life.

This idea led to the original foundation of Chicago and is even now still the dream of her enterprising spirits.

I look at Chicago and see it as the concentration point of America's nervous system. Sometimes the whole of North America appeared to my imagination like an enormous human head, its eyes and face turned towards Europe, but the back of the head, like another and darker face of this Janus-being, looking towards the Pacific and its vast forests of primeval coniferous trees. And the point where thoughts are concentrated behind the eyes, where the optic nerves cross—and the eyes become seeing—that is Chicago.

(To be continued)

Washington, D.C.

(Continued from the July number)

by the Editor

IN THE REPRODUCTION OF THE OBVERSE of the seal of the United States accompanying last month's article there is, above the eagle, thirteen stars in the shape of a six-pointed or double triangle representing the macrocosm. We have no hesitation in thus explaining their presence in the design, for contrary to the general impression, the lines composing the symbols of the Kabalists had nothing to do with their esoteric significance. Originally, it was the colour of the symbols that determined it. Again, the interlaced triangles which are really inherent in the design stress the basic "trinity in unity" which was the philosophy of the ancient mathematicians. Factually, Spirit and Matter are here incorporated as part of the national emblem, proving beyond possibility of doubt that the originators of the Declaration were fully conscious of the spiritual implications of all that they did. It may be a superstition, we do not know, that precludes both the number "two" from the Kabalistic interpretations and from the geometry of the Pythagoreans on the ground that it is impossible even in symbology to make a figure constructed of only two straight lines, but it is a curious fact, and no one knows its origin, that the modern American citizen does not like the two-dollar bill and gets rid of it as quickly as possible. Further, this symbolism is as universal as the *spirit* which animated the founders of the American republic. It was not the sole property of the Jewish Kabalists, it is found all over the East from whence Pythagoras took it.

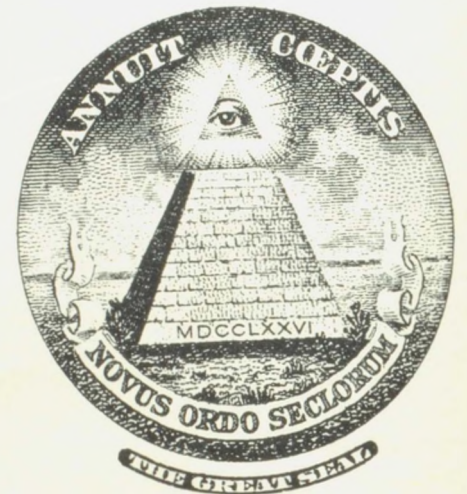
The "glory" that surrounds these thirteen stars in the form of a double triangle may or may not be decoration. But it could represent quite well the new order of government intended by the founders, bursting through the darkness of world affairs as they then appeared, and this, most probably, was the intention.

We have already referred to the horoscope of the United States, and a curious thing is that a horoscope correctly set up and inlaid in mosaic is embedded in the floors of the entrance halls to many government buildings. By the average visitor, and by the natives, to say nothing of the members of Congress who daily tread over them, these zodiacs with signs of gold are accounted, if they are noticed at all, as mere ornaments. We have not been able to discover who was responsible for the perpetuation of the obviously original intention of preserving the horoscope, for many of the buildings containing it in the form described are of comparatively recent origin.

The reverse of the seal of the United States, like the obverse, contains much that is masonic, and more besides. It has not the beauty of the obverse, and it has apparently been borrowed by the society known as the "Federation of British Israelites" to serve as their crest, for it appears in identical form on their note-headings! So far as we know the Federation of British Israelites would hardly acknowledge their sign as being strictly masonic, and we may conclude that those who consider the reverse of the seal of the United States as of purely masonic origin are mistaken, it is more frankly mystical than masonic, and this writer looks

upon it as a symbol of the strictly esoteric beliefs and hopes of the founders of the republic.

As in the obverse, the frequency of the number thirteen is characteristic. We noticed in looking at the obverse that there are in it thirteen stars, thirteen stripes, thirteen arrows in the eagle's talon, thirteen letters in the motto. Again, thirteen letters compose the motto on the reverse, *Annuit Cœptis* (He has prospered our undertaking). The significance of the reverse lies obviously in the pyramid. Now the pyramid has given rise to more futile speculation and cranky theories than anything else in



the world. We do not propose to add to their number. We should like to say, however, that in our view the pyramids are of much greater age than is usually supposed—an assumption which if correct entirely invalidates nine-tenths of the theories woven around them—and that the inclusion of a pyramid in the seal of the United States is of entirely esoteric and not of exoteric significance. It is however our opinion, offered for what it is worth, that the pyramid appears on the seal of the United States because Franklin and others shared the view that it symbolised something which actually had its origin nearer to the American continent than to Egypt—in Atlantis.

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London Fog (continued from page 295)

Proteus into a mute duck. In this condition neither could give utterance to the spell which would result in the other changing further. They therefore had to remain as they were; and both lived much more happily ever afterwards.—The climax of a short story, "Deadlock," by Basil Collier, in the *Spectator*.

• • •

"... To read the collected statements of his close friends is to flood the mind with radiant benevolence."—From a review of Fredicka Beatty's "William Wordsworth" in the *Times Literary Supplement*.

How to Control Life by the Breath

II (Continued from the July number)

by M. E. J. Semadeni

WHEN THE BREATHING OUT IS sufficiently emphasised it will counteract and reduce all activities, either physical, mental or emotional, which interfere with restful sleep. In other words, by indulging in a regular rhythmic emphasis of the exhalation, leaving the lungs empty and inactive between each breath, it will be found that reasoning becomes impossible, that emotions are lulled into submission and that bodily disturbances will be reduced to a minimum. By observation of animals asleep, one will soon convince oneself of the truth of the above statements for animals (let it be admitted to our shame) seem much more able to profit by the laws of Nature, than man with all his learning. This is why it behoves us to study, in order that we may get understanding and thus be enabled to reach a status of harmony with Nature that can but greatly profit us.

2. Laws peculiar to the individual.—Apart from the general rules stated above, the individual is subject to his own rules regarding his performance.

These cannot be so clearly delineated as they are peculiar to each individual. A man should therefore adapt his breathing to:

- (a) The particular condition of the moment, both in himself and in what he is encountering. This is a matter for him to determine, for he alone can judge of the value with which he credits the incident he witnesses and also the extent to which, according to his own characteristics, he is capable of dealing with it, i.e. the effort demanded of him.

For instance, it is evident that a given weight would not require the same effort to be made by a strong man as by a weak one, so that the inhalation should be more emphasised by the latter than by the former.

Again a hot-tempered individual will do well to exhale more than usual when faced by an opportunity for ire; whereas a timid man should brace himself up with adequate inhalations when he does not feel equal to handling a difficult situation.

- (b) The degree of either in- or out-breathing necessary for achieving his set purpose. The purpose is known only to him and only he can regulate it. According to the quality and period of a particular form of breathing which he devotes to an end, so the job in hand will be more or less carried out. It may also possibly be overdone, as it is possible to put too much force into grasping a delicate object and thus break it, so the mental or emotional activity can overshoot the mark with unwanted results. Only practice and keen, interested observation of one's reactions to events will bring the desired expert knowledge.

The more complicated life is and the more manifold the activities to which civilisation has opened the door, the more need of expert handling and the more elasticity and capability of

adaptation should be cultivated. This explains why the breathing of civilised people shows, when recorded in graphs by sensitive apparatuses, different characteristics to that of their less evolved brothers.

The mind and the body should work in unison. Their respective behaviour should result in co-operation. The means of uniting the performance of both into a happy partnership is given to us by breathing. Thus we can not only prevent disharmony, but also counteract circumstances which would otherwise overwhelm us.

The Causes and Cure of Respiratory Disorders. How to Counteract the Effect of Dust, Fumes, Catarrh, etc., etc.

From the foregoing it is very evident that a close relationship exists between

1. The individual's functions, mental and physical.
2. His surrounding and circumstances.
3. His breathing, or regulator of the relationship of the two other factors.

Any change that takes place in either of the three factors must necessarily have an effect upon the others. A proportionate compensating of the three should occur under all circumstances either outside or within the individual, otherwise unbalance follows. This is brought to the consciousness as inefficiency of function in some part or sphere, gradually increasing to discomfort, then to pain and eventually complete disability or death.

It is impossible, and it would also be inadvisable to enter into very deep philosophical consideration in this short treatise. Enough it is that our daily life should be improved by the methods advocated and the spirit that it endeavours to awaken, to allow us to think more freely and therefore more clearly. Thus will it be rendered easier for us to become aware of what life really is meant to be, by giving us examples of the benefits that harmony and unity of purpose can bring.

Respiration is the link between :

- (a) The circumstances of which we are aware.
- (b) The individual functions.

And reversely between :

- (c) The "need," of which we must be rendered aware.
- (d) And the function necessary to allow the supply.

In other words : Breathing joins up the "Conscious" and the "Subconscious."

For instance :

- (a) The necessity for strenuous action is realised.
- (b) Brain and body require more air (inhalation results. Breath intake).
- (a) When action appears superfluous or undesirable.

- (b) The mechanism slows down (exhalation results. Sigh of relaxation).
- (c) The need for more air after a copious meal.
- (d) Feeling of shortness of breath and the resulting deep inhalations.
- (c) The need for more air after running.
- (d) The feeling of suffocation resulting in the taking of deep breaths.

The same principle which applies to a temporary condition such as are quoted above also apply to :

1. Chronic states and also
2. the abnormal surrounding conditions which civilisation has brought about.

Whenever a habitually badly-balanced breathing or constantly ineffective functioning of an organ has brought about a chronic diseased condition, the breathing reflects it.

For instance : The habitual preponderance of inhalation over exhalation will gradually bring about a shortage of elimination and a corresponding inability to breathe out, as in asthma. This will be attended with discomfort and an imperative desire to exhale. But as the mere desire to swim does not save the non-swimmer from drowning, the asthmatic will be well advised to learn to breathe in a manner suited to the needs of his body BEFORE an attack takes place.

A cough is a method adopted by Nature to counteract a condition and the method amounts in effect to emphasised breathing. The different kinds of cough show the various techniques used and they also are an indication as regards the organs which are functioning abnormally and in which the cough is endeavouring to re-establish efficiency. Thus a cough may clear phlegm which is an obstacle in the air ducts ; it may set up an inflammation which is bringing the extra necessary blood supply where repair should be effected. It may cause an extra intake of air, as in hiccough or a mixture of cough and hiccough, suggesting stomach disorder. Sneezing comes under the same category, when the obstruction cannot be dealt with by coughing, etc., etc.

On the principles given it is up to the Student to observe and make his own deductions. Then he can co-operate, instead of grumbling at what is, after all, Nature's way of endeavouring to guide him.

As a general rule, those disorders which are accompanied by a cough can be very materially helped by judicious and adequate breathing, when the trouble is evidenced. In a case when the breathing is not alterable according to the individual's volition, it is very advisable to guard beforehand against the attack which various symptoms generally prophesy. For instance the need for sneezing will often be obviated and an occasional sharp and short exhalation through the nostrils and thus hay fever will not be so necessary.

Congestion of the lungs will be effectively prevented if congestion of the body as a whole is dealt with previous to the "attack" and lung elimination generally encouraged. Alternatively the improper working of the skin may cause congestion in the inner organs and the fever that accompanies the complaint is an indication that relief is afforded by hyperactivity of the outer covering.

The fact that fresh air, especially at high altitudes, is beneficial against tuberculosis suggests that the inner organs do not assimilate efficiently either quantitatively or qualitatively. In and around Sanatoria the purity and freshness of the air is an automatic inducement to more intake and if this principle is recognised and acted upon on the lines previously suggested, consumption will be effectively prevented or checked.

While these general rules regarding the breathing can easily be adapted to various cases with the help of judicious observation, the individual causes of the trouble must also be considered and will guide towards the kind of breathing especially suited to the particular condition. Experience teaches ; let us profit by the opportunities for gaining it.

As individual conditions in the inner man are a factor to be taken into account, so particular circumstances in our surroundings must be noted and acted to accordingly. Dust, fumes and all the impurities in the air which are the result of our civilised life must be dealt with according to individual capability of adaptation and also according to their effect upon the organism.

First of all prejudice should be abolished. In this respect it is worth noting, for instance, that statistics prove that workers amongst clay-dust, dustmen and many apparently unhealthy trades show a high standard of health. (Note that the dustman requires an intake of breath for carrying the weight of a dustbin ON HIS BACK, while he exhales when relieved of the load on emptying it IN FRONT of him.)

Most people are allergic to one thing or another. People's breathing will automatically be regulated by their individual temperament. If one objects to a smell and feels like holding one's breath, he should temporarily emphasise the exhaling, but NOT hold the breath IN.

Catarrh will be successfully treated by abdominal breathing which induces more efficient elimination in the bowels and by simultaneous, sharp, and, afterwards, prolonged exhalation through the nose.

Above all, don't say—"It is impossible to play the piano," just because you cannot do so the first time you try.

Sensible and Healthy Living Made Easy and Effective by Simple Breath-Control.—Influence on Daily Life.

Owing to the individualistic needs already so frequently referred to throughout our previous considerations, it is of course quite impossible to lay any hard and fast rules regarding how one should breathe, daily and from minute to minute. In order to establish method according to circumstances one should be in a position to diagnose the situation both inside and outside, at any given moment.

Nevertheless certain rules apply to all human beings, inasfar as most people in a community indulge in the same habits and follow a similar course of action daily in similar sequence. We will therefore review the daily activities more or less common to all and thereby lay down a simple and effective foundation for guidance in practice. Thence the adaptation of the mode of breathing to suit individual conditions will gradually and automatically follow.

We will base ourselves on the health standard which mostly prevails, neither very good, nor very bad ; we take a standard

human being with the average vitality, weaknesses and handicaps, which most people think is the result of the conditions which civilised life imposes.

ON WAKING in the morning, activities may not appear too desirable. Up to a dozen inhalations and holding in of the breath will materially assist the transition from a sleepy state to wakefulness. Rising should then take place on the intake and this emphasis should be continued with zest until breakfast, when a normal appetite should ensue.

DURING BREAKFAST breathing should be even, slow, and peaceful and so also the act of eating.

AFTER BREAKFAST, especially if there is need of some rush, inhalation should prevail. A short walk will help to establish a rhythm regulated by the steps taken :

- 2 steps intake,
- 2 held in,
- 2 out,

followed immediately by 2 in and so on, will fulfil the standard purpose.

The holding in should be increased *pro rata* with the energy put into the walk.

This is generally followed by a period of rest. During this time the ratio of 2 in, 2 out, 2 nil (or left out), 2 in, and so on, can be indulged in with advantage.

When "left out" the breath should not be held out but this should be a period of simple relaxed non-breathing. The rate, counted for practice, should be such as suits the individual. During this time a restful frame of mind will thus be induced and it should be used to review peacefully the occupation ahead, namely a relaxed sorting out of the day's plans.

When action or WORK is due to begin, a few inhalations, held, up to 6 or 8 seconds, should take place accompanied by some stretching and bracing up of the limbs and body. Thereafter a routine even breathing should set in to suit the individual, broken now and then by inhalations when special mental or physical effort is needed.

LUNCH time will be met in a similar way to breakfast. Inhalations should begin some 15 minutes beforehand. This meal should be followed by some 15 minutes of exhalation and rest, thereafter meeting work or walk with the intake.

TOWARDS EVENING more frequent intakes will be required, especially if the day has been somewhat strenuous.

The JOURNEY HOME from work should be one of exhaling similar to the after-breakfast journey to work. If tired the ratio of 2 in, 2 out, 3 nil, 2 in, etc., will be resorted to with advantage.

Before the EVENING MEAL a sharp walk with breathing at the ratio of 2 in, 3 held, 2 out, 2 in, etc., will be found of benefit, but should be followed immediately before the meal by some 5 minutes' restful exhaling.

AFTER SUPPER, the breathing must of course vary according to the evening's occupation, but a period immediately preceding bed-time should be set aside for inhalation which will contrast sharply with the breathing suited to restful sleep when the time to lie down arrives.

When LYING DOWN and even during a few minutes previously, exhalation should prevail. When a degree of relaxing has been mustered, the ratio should gradually be regulated as follows :

- 2 in, 2 out, 2 nil, 2 in, etc.

Then later (1 minute to 5 minutes) :

2 in, 2 out, 3 nil, 2 in.

Then :

2 in, 1 out, 3 nil, 2 in.

Then :

2 in, 1 out, 4 nil, 2 in.

At this point (or before) sleep will have come and after adequate practice, when the habit is established, one will find that this ratio of breathing will still prevail in the morning after a restful sleep when it may possibly be broken by a desire to stretch when waking.

During a BATH (in plain water, which should be tepid, not hot) inhalation should prevail. The bath should be short, otherwise a feeling of tiredness will follow.

During GAMES, inhalation with the breath held in at the ratio of 4 to 16 according to effort and enthusiasm will serve the purpose well.

When inclined to IRRITABILITY, a few inhalations followed by a period of exhaling until peace is re-established.

When in a TEMPER, exhaling with lengthy intervening periods of non-breathing (the worse the temper, the more lengthy these periods) will give control. The old idea of counting up to ten when in a temper before acting has the same foundation, as the breath should be left to go OUT up to ten. The reason why it may fail is because the counting then takes place on the intake and, of course, the result is mostly unsatisfactory.

As regards feelings of DESPONDENCY, a mere word representing a constructive idea, repeated between inhalations, with the breath held in and the body well expanded, will efficiently break the spell, if indulged in without prejudice.

Thus much can be gained from such simple breath control.

Influence on Habits, Disposition, Success, Voice, Etc.—The Occult and Hidden Significance of the Breath.

We are "creatures of habit"; so much so that the average individual will automatically put his right or left shoe on first and find it very difficult to reverse the order.

Habits are formed by conscious performance in the beginning until a certain course having been adopted as desirable, the act thereafter gradually becomes subconscious. Hence it is very advisable that not only due care should be exercised in the forming of a habit, but also that those already formed should be periodically revised. This in order to find out whether they fit circumstances which may have altered since the habit has been established.

The function of the organs of the body as well as of the mind is deeply affected by habit. It may be said that only that which has become a subconscious action affects permanently the working of our body and brain. This subconscious interference is, as a matter of fact, the method used by Nature for the alterations effected in us, whereby growth and development as well as hindrance and decay can take place.

It behoves us, therefore, in a life when we think that surrounding circumstances are capable of unduly affecting our well-being, to consider how such influences can be counteracted. By

(continued in next page)

Thibetan Yoga—(continued from page 279)

be forearmed. To be sure of our stance in our own territory is to be able to ignore the most cunning machinations of any diabolist and to snap our fingers at those would-be figures of evil who know enough to trade on the weakness of others, but who are insufficiently schooled in occult common-sense to realise that they and not their dupes are the losers.

In Thibet is written both in practice and parable the history of those undertones and overtones of life which beset us and reassure us in our own daily round. If we can bring ourselves to see continuity and coherence where we have formerly, perhaps, imagined nothing but "no nonsense" on one side and "archæology and anthropology" on the other we shall have advanced some distance along that necessary intellectual path which cuts a way through misconception and folly to the land where the spirit enjoys a safe, abiding peace.

(The next article will deal with *The Rites of Thibetan Yoga*.)

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In Defence of Fatalism

by Starr Daily

Must it be true that when a nation sleeps
Her fretted genius in frustration weeps?
We think of Coleridge, Burns, we pause at Poe
Whose second sight we would, but little know.
Cast out by donkeys, and to donkeys fed,
Poe's soul in fatal melancholy bled.
The least of him was sought, the purple More
In little minds became a running sore
That oozed and festered as he drew aside
The musty cloak where pallid plagiarisms hide.
Where vision fails to entertain the dream,
As lice it picks and irritates the theme;
And where the Dreamer best proclaims the muse
Is ever least, while those who must abuse
The lofty theme are first to flashy fame
And feed without upon an inner shame.
But this, in candour, we may be assured,
True genius is to blandishments inured.
By Providence, or if you will, by Fate,
The genius-soul must labour on and wait:
His gems that for the moment nations spurn,
Like purging fires on future altars burn;
Temptations swirl and all about him burst;
The easy path is offered for his worst;
The present need would to soft Logic seem
A noble compromise; the altered dream
In lieu of gold by Reason justified—
The Revelation stabbed, the soul denied:
But genius to the popular demand
By Fate is deaf; the soul is in command;
And from neglect and brief rejection slips
She moulds a pap and inspiration sips.
And though Her gems in melancholy hue
Are cast amiss, the Poe's of earth imbue
The race-soul with the vision, and the aim
To-day rejects will by To-morrow claim.
Though Fate to superficial sight appears
A worthy subject for laments and tears,
Who seemingly denies the Will a voice,
Has granted to the soul the right of choice.
Small men to the smaller will subscribe:
While great men by the soul's commands abide.
The first by Trial and by Error find the way,
And donkey-like they kick and loudly bray
Down at the heels of those who driv'n by Fate,
Are born to work and suffer and to wait.

How to Control Life by the Breath

(continued from page 305)

virtue of its direct effect upon our bodily functions and owing to the facility to establish the habit of breathing in certain ways, this method commends itself very highly to our attention.

The "IN" and the "OUT" breath is the first thing to be mastered. When the habit of using these to fit circumstances both outside and within is established, control can be achieved. The whole of the individual nature will gradually alter in proportion to the degree of efficiency mustered. One's disposition will change. By fitting in wholeheartedly and wholly in this wise success will replace failure. Confidence in oneself will be discovered as the capability to fit in the performance to the aim will assert itself. Clear thinking will naturally follow and assurance will be evidenced in one's manner of speaking. This will eventually result in a change in the tone of voice and the timbre will also be affected by the realisation of the acquirement of poise. The ease for self-expression will also be reverberated in our countenance.

Body and mind will then function normally as a whole unit, and the elasticity to adopt further finesses of breathing in an individualistic manner will soon follow. This adaptability consists in being able by constant practice to fit the degree of the "in" and the "out" breathing in an easy and expert manner to the sequence of events which we call our life. The need for training, so fully recognised as necessary to keep in full suppleness our muscular movements, is also a necessity in this instance. So that training of the breathing, aided by the awareness of its effect upon us in order to acquire the habit of adaptation, is an obvious necessity.

Our natural disposition has naturally to be considered. When it is known that temper or apathy is liable to overcome us, we should make a special effort to master it by calling to our help a method of breathing which, as already indicated, will either quieten or enliven, as required.

Success depends in the first instance upon self-mastery, as we cannot hope to master other difficulties until we have learnt to deal efficiently with those under our direct control, namely those in ourselves.

This capability we have to adapt ourselves to circumstances and to fit in with the new surroundings which the changes in us and in the rest of the world have created, constitutes growth. The result of the process is evolution to a new cosmic condition or age, such as succeed each other throughout history. There is no limit to the power of adaptation of which we are capable. That which is in the future and of which we have not yet found out the means of putting to practical use, we may call "occult." By an understanding of the great regulator of Life which we call the "Breath" it is possible to increase or decrease our physical or mental activities at will. This, of course, entails study and practice, especially when expert knowledge is desired.

On the other hand civilisation has unfortunately taken away, owing to the worries we have allowed it to be instrumental in creating, much of the efficiency which an intuitive mode of living brings in its trail. Re-education through a revision of the natural laws can enable us to recapture that "balance" that so many of us have lost to our sorrow. The way, therefore, lies through an understanding and practical application of the factor which acts as a controlling link between Mind and Body: The Breath of Life.

Book Reviews*

THE INITIATION OF THE WORLD. By Vera Stanley Alder. (*Rider*.) 7s. 6d.

This book is almost entirely worthless. Just how stuff of this kind gets itself published is beyond us. The inside front cover and fly-leaf are taken up by a map—innocent of authority and without acknowledgment—that bears a strange resemblance to one of Lewis Spence's which is included in his work on Atlantis. The text is a hodge-podge of bits based largely upon the *Secret Doctrine* and corroborated here and there by snippets of twentieth-century science. In a short appendix the author divulges the sources of her ideas. Blavatsky was obvious enough, but when Dr. Rudolf Steiner is dismissed in a few words in the text and acknowledgment made in the appendix to Max Heindal we raise our surprised eyebrows. The author obviously is unaware that Max Heindal lifted all he ever knew, lock, stock and barrel, from Rudolf Steiner. And when Dion Fortune is offered as the chief authority on the Kabbalah—well, we have nothing more to say.

N. V. D.

THE BOUNDARIES OF SCIENCE. By John Macmurray. (*Faber & Faber*.) 7s. 6d.

It would be impossible to imagine a more able exposition of the *impasse* at which science finds itself than is here presented to the reader. On many occasions we have paid tribute to the work of Professor Macmurray, and this book, based upon the Deems Lectures on the "Philosophy of Psychology" delivered in the University of New York cannot but find approval among all thinking people. Professor Macmurray points out, and indeed develops the idea as the principal theme of the work, that science has passed into the field of human behaviour, and, as such, becomes part of its own subject-matter. Of great interest to students of occultism are the chapters, "The Limits of Science," "Theory and Practice in Psycho-Therapy," and "Fact, Motive and Intention." Whether the author intends it or not, the book is final testimony to the transition of science from empiricism to metaphysics. A truly valuable document. Fully indexed, 268 pp.

H. K.

THE LIFE OF THE BUDDHA. By L. Adams Beck. (*Collins*.) 2s.

There are countless lives of the Buddha. For obvious reasons those recommended by certain occult societies and orientalist are often unreadable, so heavily laden are they with "scholarship" and reeking of pedantry. This is a delightful little book, beautifully printed and produced, written by an experienced author who is better known under her pseudonym of "E. Barrington." Mrs. Beck has travelled widely in the East but can claim much greater authority than that for offering this book, which was published originally in 1927 under the title *The Splendour of Asia*. The story of the Buddha like the story of Christ is essentially a simple story, meaning all things to all men, and for that reason "speeds best being plainly told." Considered as a piece of writing, this is perhaps the best "life" in English. To whatever "school" of occultism he may belong a life of the Buddha should be on the shelves of every student. This one we recommend with enthusiasm.

H. L.

THE SECRET SCIENCES. By Hans Liebstoekl. (*Rider*.) 18s.

We live in queer times. The publisher's sense of values is no more certain than John Smith's. Worthless trash is ballyhooed via the "blurb" out of all proportion to the merit of the book, but sometimes a work of infinite value slips through entirely unheralded and apparently thrown in as make-weight. *The Secret Sciences* was published in Austria some years ago, but this translation by H. E. Kennedy, B.A., brings to English readers a volume of real importance, and we believe that students of the life and work of Rudolf Steiner will thank us for bringing it to their notice. It is significant that it is

* All books reviewed in this journal may be obtained from the Modern Mystic's Bookshop, 6 Bear Street, London, W.C.2.

issued by an independent publisher and not through the Anthroposophical Publishing House. This fact will at least ensure the book's reception by a wider public than would otherwise be the case, and in these days it is impossible to bring the work of the great Austrian to the notice of too many people. The plan of the book is excellent and calculated to make an immediate appeal to the English mind by reason of its complete freedom from verbiage, and for this, we doubtless have to thank the translator. Despite the fact that it is a fairly large book (just over 300 pp.) the price is high, quite ten shillings too high for the work it could do. There are a few places at which we think the "purists" of Anthroposophy may shrink, but they are few and in no way affect the high general level maintained throughout. There are many annoying references to Blavatsky's "The Occult Doctrine" where obviously the "Secret" doctrine is meant. These are small things to quibble at, and had it not been for the real excellence of the book we should not have referred to them. They will doubtless be corrected in any future edition. At page 36 we are told: "Steiner's *Outline of Occult Science* and his *Theosophy* are the only really fundamental books in European occult literature, the only usable and steady bridges between the East and the West. . . ." This of course is pure, undiluted nonsense. It isn't true. Had our author said that Steiner's books were probably the most important in their genre we could have agreed. The book is in a sense a review of world-history in the light of Dr. Steiner's teaching, and as such, as we have already said, it could hardly be bettered. Chapter 3, "The Mysterium of Golgotha," probably catches the true spirit of Dr. Steiner more ably than has been done before in the medium of English and is a thoroughly satisfying experience. "The Occult Sciences in the First Four Centuries A.D." and "The Philosopher's Stone" are excellently done, while the final chapter, a sort of epitome of Anthroposophy, is masterly. Not the least important part of the book is an Appendix which gives a summary of occult science "as conceived by Rudolf Steiner and his school." To our many readers who have come to a knowledge of Dr. Steiner and his work through the efforts of the MODERN MYSTIC and who are not members of the Anthroposophical Society we heartily recommend this introduction to the work of one of the greatest men who ever lived, and suggest that it should be read and studied along with the excellent synthesis of Anthroposophy by our valued contributor Mr. George S. Francis, now appearing serially in this journal.

EDITOR.

THE HISTORY OF MAGIC. By Eliphas Levi. (Translated by A. E. Waite.) (*Rider*.) 12s. 6d.

All occult students know, or should know, the works of Levi. In the opinion of the MODERN MYSTIC all Levi's (and indeed all other works and teachings based on magic) are out-moded. This is not to under-estimate the author, for Levi in his day was a considerable figure. But all occultism of this kind has a shady side, and a study of Levi leaves a taste in the mouth that is not "quite nice." And further, Levi was not always as truthful as he ought to have been, and no one knows that better than the excellent translator Arthur Edward Waite. The day is fast approaching when all such works as this will be more or less objects of curiosity. Rightly or wrongly, we have always felt that while German occultism of the last century especially was cluttered up with all manner of Rhine-ish undines and dainty goblins, that of France had a much more sinister background. Nevertheless the value of Mr. Waite's new translation and his (as usual) scholarly preface, lies in the undeniable fact that Levi is worthy of a conspicuous place in the history of occult literature, and, so far as English occultism is concerned, he could not have asked for a more knowledgeable or respected *compère*.

H. L.

SOME UNRECOGNISED FACTORS IN MEDICINE (*Theosophical Research Centre*.) 5s.

This book is the result of regular discussions, held over a period of ten years, by a group of three fully qualified medical men and two lay psychologists. The latter had had experience of unusual therapeutic methods; one of them was naturally gifted and trained for clairvoyant investigation. No names are given. Some sort of unity between Eastern knowledge and Western science is attempted, and

the authors try hard to approach the Eastern terminology of etheric, astral and mental bodies via the latest findings of biological and physiological research. Naturopathy, osteopathy, homœopathy, psychological treatment and other methods are fully described and discussed in a way with which scientific procedure could find no fault. The book presents a clear picture of the state of medicine to-day and helps us to realise that, however slowly, the bridge between orthodox medical science and modern therapy really is being crossed. Very valuable is the information disclosed in the synopsis of the cases treated, providing conclusive evidence of how much can really be accomplished by a right collaboration between the methods referred to. All the same, I do not quite feel that a real synthesis has been reached in the attempt to identify Western anatomy and physiology with such occult terms as etheric, astral and mental bodies. The two languages are still distinct and run in more or less parallel lines, and in this regard I think that the fully documented works of Rudolf Steiner and his school could have been consulted with profit, for Steiner really does succeed in unifying the medical-scientific and occult sides, together with the science of "correspondences" as between various remedies, plants, minerals, etc., and the human being. Nevertheless, the present book (there are very valuable footnotes) is quite excellent and is a clear epitome of the progressive trend of medical, philosophic and physiological practice and research during recent times. The student of medicine as well as the student of occultism will be greatly helped by it.

K. E.

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 OCCULT ENIGMAS. By J. Michaud. (*Uma Press.*) 7s. 6d.

The "enigmas" here discussed are a mixed bag. Some of them, no matter what the reader's predilections may be, succeed only in making confusion worse confounded; other chapters betray a wide reading, a laudable desire for rationality, and in some cases an altogether misplaced sense of humour. The author is well known in certain occult circles, and his own beliefs are of a very catholic variety. He presents us with the spectacle of an ardent reincarnationist with no belief whatever in Karma, thus belying the dictum of Mrs. 'Arris that "there ain't no such a person." The confusion created by this idea is made even more difficult by occasional references to "our Order." If, as is possible, the "Order" referred to is the Rosicrucian Order, then the denial of Karma is entirely inexplicable, for we have every reason to believe that Karma is one of the central doctrines of that fraternity. So we have the spectacle of a propagandist with no belief in what he propagates. There is a great deal of rhetoric and the writing in many places is careless, even sloppy. For instance: "He had, what people call, the artistic temperament, and, consequently, he was highly sensitive and a dreamer of dreams and strange visions." The punctuation is of course faulty, but no dreamer and certainly no occultist *dreams* visions. On the other hand the chapters on Alchemy and Magic are good, and for the reader whose acquaintance with the literature of these subjects is limited, they could serve as introductions and reliable guides to generally accepted sources. The impression left by this book is that its author's acquaintance with the literature of the occult is extensive if one-sided. He could without doubt make a solid contribution to it were he to devote himself to the scientific side of investigation, for his talent does not lie in metaphysics. Any neophyte could dispose of the chapter on Karma. No matter how it is viewed, the "Dedication" of the book is a mistake, and should have been omitted. The book has value, and the value lies in its chapters on science.

H. K.

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The World of Henry James (*continued from page 301*)

The novel tells how Nick Dormer resigns his seat in Parliament to become a mere portrait-painter, to the ineffable horror of his very political mother and fiancée and patron. Parallel to his career is that of Miriam Rooth who, without at first being a lady, contrives to become, with the help of genius, a great actress, incidentally refusing, for the sake of her art, a rising diplomatist who proposes to make her the most brilliant lady in Europe.

The conflict between art and life had governed and shaped James' own career and in this novel he produced an important document on the artistic life of his own immediate days. But it is clear that he limited himself deliberately by recognising in his study of the relations of art to life only two forms of art, the pictorial and the histrionic. He needed two because he needed both Nick Dormer and Miriam Rooth; and some of his happiest interpretations of the entire theme are in the glimpses which he gives of Nick Dormer's attitude towards portrait-painting. Once, at least, also, he throws in a fine illustration from the art of writing, when Gabriel Nash says:

"Life consists of the personal experiments of each of us and the point of an experiment is that it shall succeed. What we contribute is our treatment of the material, our rendering of the text, our style."*

(To be continued)

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The Cross of Cards (*continued from page 281*)

pair, symbols of spiritual liberty—liberty to love and to fear, to fight and to yield, to resist and to accept and—yes—to be free and to be compelled, for freedom is not absolutely free unless it is also free to be bound! Therefore the combination of these two is represented in the Ace, symbol of the union between oneself and life which arises from this complete acceptance of life. Here the four paths meet, but an uncomfortable empty space is left in the middle of the cross and something seems to be needed to tie the whole figure together—shall we say to make it holy? We have reduced the many, represented by the 2, to the One, represented by the Ace, but a Buddhist problem asks, "When the many are reduced to the One, to what shall the One be reduced?" For as the figure stands it would seem that there is a difference between the many and the One, that in going along the path from the 2 to the Ace you have actually acquired something which you did not have before. Spirituality, however, is not *acquired*; it is only *realised*, because union with life is something we have all the time even though we do not know it. Our seeming loss of union in the civilised, self-conscious stage is only apparent, only something which occurs in Time but not in Eternity. From the standpoint of Eternity every stage in the path is both beginning and end and middle; there is neither coming nor going, gain nor loss, ignorance nor enlightenment.

What shall we put in the middle? I think we have forgotten a card—the one we usually leave in the box. What about the Joker? A profane symbol? Not at all, for the joke about the whole thing is that wherever we stand on the paths we are really at the Goal—only we do not know it. It is like looking all over the house for your keys only to find that you are carrying them in your hand, whereat you sit down and laugh at yourself. But the Joker makes an appropriate centre for another reason: in games he is allowed to represent any other card in the pack. So also in this figure he is the 2 and the Ace and all that lies between—"Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending . . . the first and the last." Indeed, as Chesterton said, there is a closer connection between "cosmic" and "comic" than the mere similarity of the words.

* *The Tragic Muse*, vol. vii, pp. 172-3 (New York Edition).

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