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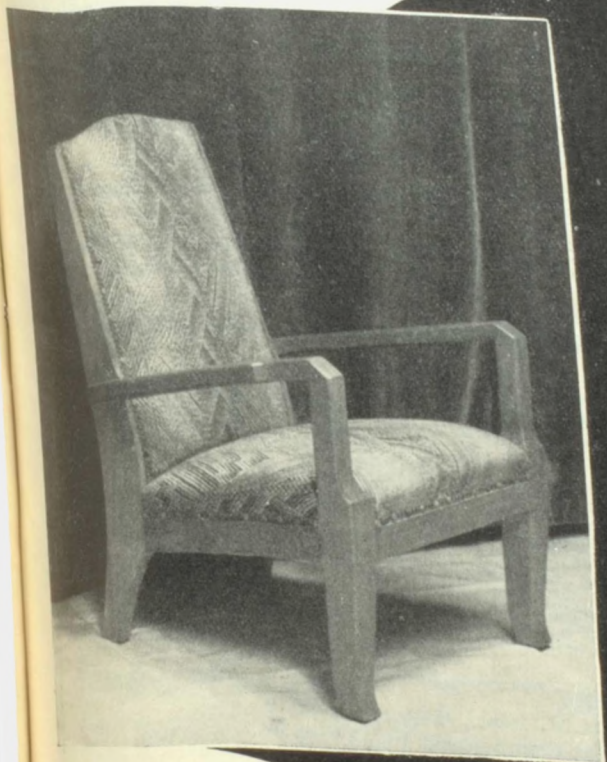
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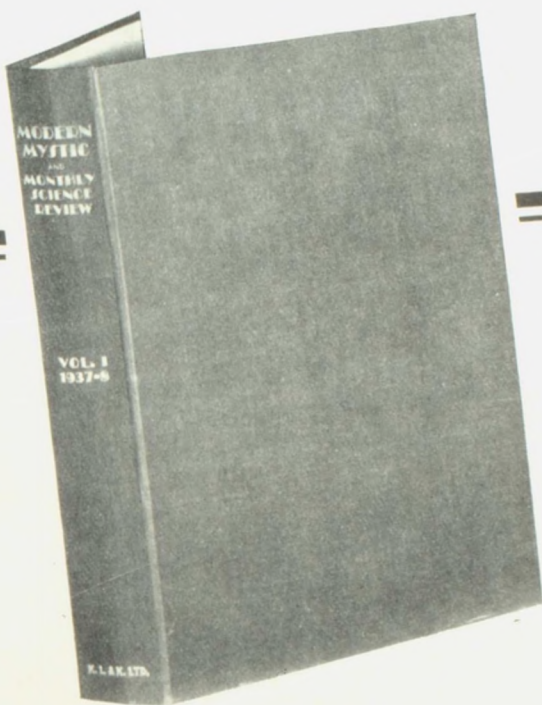
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“Two persons took trouble in vain, and used fruitless endeavours—he who acquired wealth without enjoying it, and he who taught wisdom but did not practise it. How much soever you may study science, when you do not act wisely, you are ignorant. The beast whom they load with books is not profoundly learned and wise; what knoweth his empty skull whether he carrieth firewood or books?”

SÁDI.

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THE MODERN MYSTIC AND MONTHLY SCIENCE REVIEW

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE STUDY OF MYSTICISM & THE OCCULT SCIENCES

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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

WHAT EVERY CIVILISED MAN AND woman has dreaded for a long time has come to pass. In conformity with our set policy, no politics will be discussed in these pages. If we are to hold fast to the principles which we trust have guided this journal through very difficult periods and continue so far as our poor powers permit to keep alive the life of the spirit in days that will be given over to forces of senseless destruction, we must be careful to allow no national or personal feeling to sway us. The future is entirely unpredictable, an act of one man's free will has arrested momentarily the natural course of world development. And we must not forget the very real misery of the German and Austrian who, because of his dislike of the present government of Germany came to reside among us until such times as he felt that he could again take his place in the cultural life of his own country. Fortunately, we English seldom become the victims of passion. Nor can we leave this subject without feeling for the German people themselves, who, equally with us are the victims of a state of things brought about by powers beyond their immediate control.

At this time we feel it essential in order to prevent any unnecessary correspondence, to disclose the status of the individuals connected with this journal. The editor of the MODERN MYSTIC AND MONTHLY SCIENCE REVIEW and of the MODERN MYSTIC'S LIBRARY and manager of King, Littlewood & King Ltd. and without any share-holding is Mr. N. V. Dagg, a British subject by birth. Mrs. E. C. Merry is a British subject by birth, daughter of a late headmaster of Eton. Mr. Ion D. Aulay is a British subject by birth, as are also Mr. G. S. Francis, Mr. Raymund Andrea, and Mr. Bernard Bromage, M.A. Mr. J. H. Meursinge is an American. Dr. Eugen Kolisko and his wife, Mrs. L. Kolisko were Austrian subjects, but came to this country a few years ago at the invitation of the Anthroposophical Society in Great Britain, which Dr. Kolisko afterwards left in order to devote himself to the Rudolf Steiner Institute, of which he is the Principal. Dr. Kolisko refused to renew his passport a long time ago and applied for British naturalisation after the *Anschluss*. "Heinz Walther" hides (for obvious reasons) the identity of an Austrian who escaped from a Nazi concentration camp.

We feel sure that we do not have to underline the statements made by our Premier and the Opposition leaders that this war is waged not against the German people but against a system which revolts every civilised human being. Nor do we have to ask for what we know will readily be granted by our readers, an even warmer sympathy for our three ex-Austrian contributors. The joint endeavours of our British and Alien friends should be held as symbolical of the goodwill which should exist between all men in all places at all times. The sooner the war is over the sooner will men have an opportunity of readjusting their existence on this good earth. And the whole future of life on this planet

will largely depend on the use that is made of the opportunity.

We propose to publish the journal as in the past, but readers will realise that in the event of paper-rationing we cannot guarantee that the journal will adhere to the usual size and quality of production. Readers' attention is called to the important announcement in another part of the journal referring to our war-time addresses. We also crave the indulgence of book-buyers living abroad. In some cases there may be slight delay in fulfilling post orders.

More than ever we feel that this journal is needed. Of necessity, the activities of many spiritual institutions in Europe will be curtailed. War-service of all kinds is being done willingly by men and women in Britain and France, and for many, the MODERN MYSTIC will provide the only link with active spiritual work. To our American friends we would say that we stand in need of all the help they can give us towards a contribution to a world culture which would, by its very existence, wipe war from the face of the earth. Our immediate object is to keep burning the light of the spirit and hasten as quickly as may be the day when the hideous futility of war will be apparent to all men. Our American and Canadian readers can help most by recommending the journal to their friends.

Hereafter, we propose to make no further references to the war, but we should be failing in our duty as citizens not only of our own freedom-loving country, but as potential citizens in the new world order which will arise after the peace, did we not declare our belief that this war is a necessity if we love freedom. We are fighting not only the menace to freedom in Europe, but in the whole world.

The Editor

The Rudolf Steiner Institute

WE are asked to state that in view of the fact that some of the teachers and many of the pupils of the above Institute are now engaged in some form of National Service, the Institute is unable to carry on in its present form. Smaller classes may be arranged at a different address and the Principal would be glad if students and interested friends will note the undermentioned addresses:

Dr. Eugen and Mrs. Kolisko, 100a High Street, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8 and The Biological Institute, Bray-on-Thames.

Mrs. E. C. Merry, 51 Rossmore Court, N.W.1 and c/o The Old Mill House, Bray-on-Thames.

The Secret Doctrine of the Khmers

by Paul Brunton

LEAVE THE THORNY JUNGLE AND mount a frail bamboo ladder. The few wooden steps lead to a large grass-roofed hut. The latter is built on timber piles some six feet from the ground—a mode of domestic architecture which prevails throughout the interior villages of Cambodia. In the regions where a feeble effort to cultivate the land is made with the help of the River Mekong, both dwellings and dwellers would be overwhelmed by the great annual floods were it not for this elevated style of living. And in the large forest tracts it is equally efficacious as a protection against fierce tigers, which do not hesitate to claw their way into the lightly built huts.

This little clearing amidst thick trees and undergrowth was made by monks who have lately returned—after hundreds of years' absence—to settle near the shadow of the Wat, the great temple of Angkor. They have put up a tiny village and to-day, after waiting for the oppressive heat of the afternoon sun to abate, I enter it as their guest.

The bonzes squat smilingly around the floor, their eyes narrow as slits, their Mongoloid cheek-bones set high, their slim short bodies wrapped tightly in cheerful yellow cloth. Some hold fans in their small hands, while others bend their shaven heads over palm-leaf books. Copper spittoons are placed here and there for their relief, because the moist hot climate creates asthmatic tendencies. A wild-looking man approaches me and mutters something unintelligible. Long ago he gave himself the title of "King of Angkor" and now everyone calls him by the name in good-humoured derision. His mind is half unhinged, poor fellow, and he illustrates in its wreckage the serious dangers of incorrectly practised yoga.

On the ground outside a boy heaps together a pile of dead branches and sets them alight. Another servant fills two round vessels at a pool close by, ties one to each end of a flexible pole which rests across his shoulders, and then bears them to the hut. The first boy pours some of the water into a black iron bowl and rests it over the fire. Before long he appears among us with tea. It is a fragrantly-scented milkless infusion which we sip from tiny bowls. The life of these men is primitive indeed, for they have hardly any possessions. They are the historic descendants of the Khmers who had built Angkor, but my repeated questions reveal that they now keep but a pitiful remnant of their old culture. It consists of a few scraps of tradition mingled with an imperfect knowledge of the Hinayana form of Buddhism which was brought to the country from Ceylon not long before the Cambodian empire approached its final fall. The oldest of the bonzes tells me some more of their curious lore:

"Our traditions say that three races have mixed their blood in Kambuja [Cambodia]. The first dwellers were unlettered savages, whose tribes still live in parts where no white man's foot has trod. They are guarded by poisoned darts stuck all over the ground, let alone by the huge tigers, rhinoceros and

wild elephants which fill their forests. Our primitive religion survives among them in the form of ruined temples which are cherished as mascots. This religion together with a government was given us by the great sage-ruler Svayambuva, who came from across the western sea. He established the worship of BRA, the Supreme Being.

"The other races who settled here were the Indian and Chinese. Brahmin priests became powerful and taught our kings to add the worship of the gods Siva and Vishnu, and to make Sanskrit a second Court language. Such was their power that even to-day, after our country has been purely Buddhist for many hundred years, their direct descendants conduct all important ceremonials for our king according to Hindu rituals. You have seen in the royal palace at Phnom-Penh a sword made of dark steel inlaid with gold. It is guarded day and night by these Brahmins. We believe that if the slightest rust appears on the blade, disaster will come to the Khmer people. That sword belonged to our great king Jayavarman, who built the grand temple of Angkor, spread the limits of our empire far and wide, yet kept his mind under control like a sage. He knew the secrets of both Hinduism and Mahayana Buddhism, which dwelt in friendship side by side in our country. Indeed, the Mahayana was spread among us even before it reached China."

The afternoon passes. The magic of the evening sun begins to work. A stream of reddening light pierces the grotesquely tiny windows and plays upon the uneven floor. It reveals the teeth of the smiling monks; some glittering but most betel-stained. We adjourn to a larger structure for the evening rites. While joss-sticks burn freely before the gilded image of their faith, and long litanies are softly chanted, I leave the assembly and settle down in the great Temple of Angkor to savour its sanctified darkness.

I hold to the modern attitude, which has proved so significant in science, that the era of mystery-mongering is past, that knowledge which is not verifiable cannot be received with certitude, and that overmuch profession of the possession of secrets opens the doors of imposture and charlatanry. He who is unable to offer adequate evidence has no right to the public ear. I have generally followed this line of conduct in all my writing, even though it has compelled me in the past to leave undescribed that which I consider the most valuable of personal encounters and to record the minor mystics as though they were the highest sages. If therefore I now reluctantly break my own rule, it is for two reasons: that it would be a pity to withhold information which many might appreciate, and that political enmity has put my informant's head in danger. Let it suffice to say that somewhere in South-east Asia I met a man who wears the High Lama's robe, who disclaims any special knowledge at first, but who breaks his reticence in the end. A part of what he tells me about Angkor is worth reconstructing here, but the statements are his and not mine.

"You are the first white man to prostrate himself before me for many years. I am deeply moved. . . . The key which unlocks understanding of Angkor's mystery needs to be turned thrice. There is first a secret tradition which has combined and united Hinduism, the religion of many Gods, and Buddhism, the religion without a God. There is next an unbroken line of sages who held and taught this doctrine as being the real and final truth about life. There is thirdly a connection between Angkor and, on one side, South India, on the other side, Tibet. In all three lands there was a time when both faiths even dwelt outwardly together in complete harmony, with interchangeable rites, symbols and dogmas. The tradition itself was limited by the mental incapacity of the masses to the circle of a few sages and their immediate disciples. Vedanta and Mahayana are corruptions of this pure doctrine but of all known systems they come closest to it.

"Its chief tenet was the demonstration to ripe seekers of the existence of a single universal Life-Principle which the sages named, 'The First' or 'The Origin.' In itself it has no shape, cannot be divided into parts, and is quite impersonal—like a man's mind when in the state of deep sleep. Yet it is the root of every shaped thing, creature, person and substance which has appeared in the universe. Even mind has come out of it. There was no room or necessity for a personal God in the Khmer secret doctrine but the popular religion accepted diverse gods as limited beings who were themselves as dependent on The First as the weakest man. Apart from these gods, the sages gave the people symbols suitable for worship. These symbols had to represent The First as faithfully as possible. They were three in number. The sun was chosen because everybody could easily understand that it created, sustained and destroyed the life of this planet. From the tiny cell to the great star, everything is in a state of constant growth or decay thanks to the sun's power. Even substances like stone, wood and metal come into existence through the workings of sun force. The sages knew also, however, that even the human mind gets its vitality from this same force, causing it to reincarnate again and again upon the earth. The people of Angkor worshipped Light as a very god and the rite of sun-worship was carried on in vast stone-paved courts which were open to the sky and faced the temples.

"The second symbol was the male organ of sex. It appeared as a cone-like tower on some temples and as a tapering single column set up in the centre of the building. To Western eyes it is a strange and unsuitable symbol. But the people were plainly taught to look upon it as a picture of the Source of Life. Orientals in general and primitive people everywhere feel less shame about natural organs and functions than Westerners. Anyway the temples of Angkor never linked this symbol with the worship of lust. Its existence never degraded them. The Khmer people were so pure-minded that Sulayman, an Arab merchant who wrote an account of a voyage in which he ventured as far as China during the year 851, wrote of his visit to Cambodia: 'All fermented liquors and every kind of debauchery are forbidden there. In the cities and throughout the empire one would not be able to find a single person addicted to debauchery.'

"The third symbol is also thought of in the West as connected with evil, but the adepts of Angkor held a different view. They gave the previous symbol because hardly a man escapes seeing the miracle of sex, whereby a tiny seed slowly grows into a fully-matured human being composed of different parts, thus

teaching the possibility of The First becoming the Many. They also gave the serpent as an emblem of worship for three reasons. In the course of a single lifetime its skin periodically dies and is thrown off, permitting a new skin to appear each time. The constant transformations, reincarnations and reappearances of The First as Nature are thus represented. And when a snake lies in its hole, it usually coils itself into the shape of a circle. It is not possible to mark where and when a circle begins. In this point the reptile indicates the infinity and eternity of The First. Lastly there is a strange mesmeric influence in the glittering eyes of the snake which is found in no other animal. During the operation of the Mysteries, which have now been lost to the Western world, the adept initiated the seeker into the elementary stage by a mesmeric process which enabled him to get a *glimpse* of his origin. Therefore the carvings of every temple in Angkor showed the serpent, while on the lake of Pra Reach Dak near by there is an islet on which a small shrine stands entirely encircled by two great stone snakes.

"The line of sages which had penetrated into the secret of The First and gave these symbolic religions to the masses has shifted its headquarters from epoch to epoch. From the sixth to the thirteenth centuries it flourished in Angkor, but for seven hundred years before that period it flourished in South India. Reminders of this earlier centre exist in plenty in the architectural forms and sculptural details. Even the Sanskrit alphabet used by the highest Brahmin priests in Cambodia is of Pallava (South Indian) origin. But the wheel of Karma turned, the Cambodian empire declined and disappeared with a rapidity which outran the fall of the Romans. The rulers were dazzled by wealth and conquest and failed to heed the advice of the sages. The latter withdrew and migrated to Tibet.

"You ask me if they are the same adepts as those spoken of by H. P. Blavatsky? When she was a girl and fled from her husband, she accidentally met a group of Russian Buddhist Kalmucks who were proceeding by a roundabout route on pilgrimage to the Dalai Lama of Tibet. She joined the caravan as a means of escape from her husband. One of them was an adept. He took care of her and protected her and brought her to Lhasa. She was initiated in due course into the secret tradition. She visited other parts of Tibet and also India. Before the existence of Angkor ruins was known in the West, she was sent there to continue her studies and to receive a certain contact by meditation in the temples. H. P. B. went but experienced great difficulty in travelling through the uncleared jungle; however she bravely suffered all the discomforts like a man. Later she was introduced to a co-disciple, who eventually became a High Lama and a personal adviser to the Dalai Lama. He was the son of a Mongolian prince, but for public purposes took the name of "the Thunderbolt," i.e. "Dorje." On account of his personal knowledge of and interest in Russia, he gradually altered it to "Dorjeff." Before their guru died he instructed Blavatsky to give a most elementary part of the secret tradition to the Western people, while he instructed Dorjeff to follow her further career with watchful interest. Dorjeff gave her certain advice, she went to America and founded the Theosophical Society. Her guru had forbidden her to give out his name. Moreover she knew much more of the teachings than she revealed. But she was always fearful of saying too much, so she constantly created what she called 'blinds' and wrapped her truthful secrets in

(continued in page 378)

What is a Modern Mystic?

by the Editor

SOME MONTHS AGO WHILE TAKING TEA with Arthur Edward Waite, he suddenly asked: "Anyhow, what *is* a Modern Mystic?" The question is entirely valid, especially coming from one who for over half a century has devoted the whole of his time to mysticism and the occult, and who has illumined the literature of the subjects with volumes that are looked upon more or less as standard works. It is true that "truth" is a constant and has nothing to do with modernity; but the ways of approaching it are not constant, and must be aligned to third things, e.g. the state of consciousness of the student, and/or the peculiarities of the age in which he is living.

It may be true that the method via rituals is constant—and it may not. But we can say with some certitude that the present-day state of Masonry (which, so far as mysticism is concerned, is no state at all) and the disquiet with which ritualistic fraternities are viewed by students of mysticism are coincidental with the present vogue of psycho-analysis. Allowing for misconceptions on the part of practising analysts, the new cult is slowly taking the place of what formerly was (in its best sense) a form of religion and a therapy. In short, science in this age is throwing open a system which formerly was occult. This, in its turn, means that for the student of occultism rituals are redundant; that the "modern" mystic has progressed beyond them. Eliphas Levi was the last important Kabbalist, and in him the signs of decadence were obvious enough; now, all ritualistic formulæ are decadent.

To-day there are far more mystics and students of the occult than there are members of societies devoted to its study. The spirit of an age is always reflected in the activities and health of its "secret" societies.

But we can never arrive at anything approaching a definition of a "modern" mystic by scanning the programmes of sects. Mysticism is a state of consciousness which descends where it lists, and without regard to education, knowledge, or aspiration. Only the fool imagines that his membership of a society is evidence of his *experience* of mysticism. And it is here that we should be most careful of the distinction between the occultist and the mystic. All scientists are potential occultists, only the limitation of the intellect stands in the way. But not all scientists are necessarily potential mystics. Occultism proper appeals direct to the intelligence; the mystical experience has nothing to do with the intellect. There are many, far *too* many, egotistical occultists; an ego-centric mystic is a contradiction in terms, for the mystical experience is the death of pride.

One of the things upon which we must insist is that there is a definite limit to the intelligence and beyond which it cannot go. The ego-centric invariably tries to carry his often abundant intelligence into spheres that belong solely to the religious instinct. Any such procedure is eminently unscientific and unallowable. It is a matter of observation that the ego-centric occultist is often unmusical to the point of being "tone-deaf," or entirely minus the poetical faculty. When you meet the man who has pretences to mysticism and discover that music and

poetry are closed spheres to him, you will understand at once that he is no mystic. For neither of these (in common with all the true arts) makes its appeal to the intelligence. Indeed, it would be almost possible to classify existing occult and mystical sects into two groups; those that dwell solely upon the intellectual, i.e. the scientific method, and those that dwell entirely on the emotional. The first classification fight among themselves like the devil because of divergencies of opinion which rest on the intellect; the second in time disappear altogether because of their profound vacuity.

It is the task of the "modern" mystic to find a *rationale*, a norm which discloses and segregates material for the intellect from the kind of knowledge which properly belongs to the religious instinct. He has got to remember that the development of the intellect is not an end in itself, very much more is required by the man who would feel "complete." The development of the intellect is at last only the development of a faculty—perhaps the business of this present cycle—but most certainly not the ultimate aim of humanity. Knowledge gained at the expense of integrity is not worth the acquiring. There are many of us for whom the word "Karma" has ceased to be a law and is merely an *alibi* to excuse conduct that would be deprecated by those with fewer pretensions.

So that we may not lose sight of it, let us repeat that intelligence has nothing to do with mysticism. Truth that can be put into words is no truth at all, for Truth, as Eckhart told us, "hath no image." And the joyous thing is that he who cannot, for lack of intellectual talent, follow the theorising of the philosopher, is liable to be visited by the mystical experience long before his intellectual mentor has got near the fringe of the matter. In that sense and in that sense only are all men equal.

But it is entirely possible for both the occult (or scientific) faculty, and the mystical experience to rest together in one individual. When that happens in an all-round highly developed being we get an Aristotle, a Thomas Aquinas, a Steiner. Sometimes it happens that for part of the life the scientific faculty alone is developed, and thereafter only the mystical, so we get a Swedenborg. If we can rid ourselves of prejudice and of slavery to ideas, and then look around us, we can arrive at some startling deductions. True, they would have no intellectual validity, but we may well feel them to be true for us. Einstein is a truly great man whether or not his Special Theory is true. He is looked upon as a great mathematician; many front-rank scientists support his conclusions, and there are others who do not. But why is there any divergence of opinion among scientists about a theory apparently mathematically correct and produced by a man whose scientific knowledge and personal integrity cannot be in question? There are very few, if any, differences of opinion among scientists on, say, the theory of gravitation, the origin of species, and on other accepted scientific theories. The reason is that Einstein is a mystic and that his mysticism in some incommunicable way is sensed in his work. For Einstein is an artist:

he plays the violin tolerably well, and is given to periods of improvisation, during which—so the pundits would have us believe—he does his “thinking.” We need not enlarge on this, for we think our meaning is clear.

And this brings us to “thinking.” The modern mystic views “thinkers” with grave misgiving. “Thinking” is merely a word that explains nothing, and as Goethe pointed out long ago, no amount of thinking will lead us to “thought,” the essential nature of which for ever escapes us.

It is held by many philosophers, Havelock Ellis among them, that on balance there is little to choose between the scientist and the mystic. We have already pointed out that it is possible for mysticism and occultism, or even for mysticism and empirical science to be united in one individual. But that was not Ellis's meaning, he wished to convey that the core, the spring of the scientific impulse, is identical with that of the religious instinct. Here is an instance where Ellis himself dragged the intellect into spheres outside its scope. Occultism proper, while really employing the intellect, finds its conclusions outside the intellectual realm. But science, unless it too trips over its own traces and wanders into metaphysics, must, in order to *be* science, remain in the purely intellectual world. Never under any circumstances can the mystical experience be subject to intellectual analysis. We have now to make an attempt to find out how much of our knowledge is science, and/or occult, and how much of it is as certain as it is indefinable and the result of an event at some point in our life which we recognise as being of the first importance? The event may on analysis prove to have been a very prosaic thing in itself; a book, a friendly act received by us at a curiously opportune time, or an elevation—almost literally a levitation—of the spirit founded on one of the arts, a scenic view of surpassing beauty; it may be anything at all. But once in possession, the gift is never taken away. *Never under any circumstances.* Where it has apparently been taken away, the subject in the first place mistook for the experience the surging of some emotion.

Mysticism is the central art; it is the very core of religion, which also is one of the arts. Therefore mysticism is the key to all the arts, including religion. The modern mystic of necessity, and not as a patron, loves his poets and musicians and painters. It is as though they said to him, “Here are our words, our symbols, dead things in themselves and inadequate; the man of pure intellect will find some of them strained and others ungrammatical, nevertheless there are no others by which I can raise you momentarily to share my own vision.” The artist has nothing to teach, he therefore dispenses with the intellect; he has something to share with those that have ears to hear. And in no wise must we allow the meddling intellect to interfere with our meditative appreciation. If to-night I wish to tap one note in the scale of the soul's slow climbing; if because I feel that Brahms was wrestling with the same problem, but much more eloquently, that beset the man who came to see me to-day and whom I could not help, I can dispense with all the philosophical treatises that ever were. The satisfied and satisfying sublimity of Beethoven's posthumous quartets are of no help in this case; they merely represent the mountain peak without a map of the route. For there is *no* route.

The experience of the arts comes *after* the experience of mysticism. The latter is the only means we have of unlocking the mysteries of high art. Poetry, because of the ease with which it can be approached, is possibly the commonest method of restating the “Eternal Now.” Says Geoffrey Hodson:

“Looking at myself again, I lose all sense of time. I see myself not as Geoffrey Hodson ‘now,’ but as an entity that sums up within itself my forty-five years of life. I am the summation into one time of all the processes of birth and growth, preserved into a unity, each moment affecting every other moment—a curious synthesis of all states and stages of growth from the moment of birth to the age of forty-five, all conditions rolled into a unity.”

Hodson's reaction to Shelley's “Eternal Now” is an entirely normal one, for it is in itself, besides being an independent experience, a precursor to what is called “common sense.” The scientific “knowledge” resulting from the poetic experience (which often enough is occultism) is more exact than that which accrues from purely intellectual research. As Syed Mehdi Imam has pointed out in the *Poetry of the Invisible* (p. 78), Shelley was condemned by a clever phrase as an “ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain,” but to-day the poet is vindicated by science. Sir Arthur Eddington, in *The Nature of the Physical World*, has written: “The external world of physics has thus become a world of shadows. In removing our illusions we have removed the substance, for indeed we have seen that substance is one of our greatest illusions.”

The specialist misses most of life. The specialist in art is no exception. For when we come to art we must segregate the intellect from the spirit just as in other activities. So that while the specialist in poetry can be sensed a mile away because of an insistence on the superiority of Milton over all other poets, or alternatively on the superiority of the whole clan of epic writers over the more simple singer, the true lover of poetry will seriously consider whether altogether too much brain went to the making of *Paradise Lost*, of *Childe Harold*, and not enough heart. True art, the things of the spirit, are not susceptible to sustained intellectual effort. At best we are afforded a momentary glimpse of the worlds beyond reason. To-day more rubbish passes for poetry than at any other time in history. Nevertheless, there are among us some whose vision is clear enough. The whole of *L'Allegro* is not worth a single Shakespeare sonnet. And we know of no long poem by a modern worth the delicious lightness of touch evidenced by Monk Gibbon in his *French Peasants*.*

These going home at dusk
Along the lane,
After the day's warm work,
Do not complain.

Were you to say to them,
“What does it mean?
What is it all about,
This troubled dream?”

They would not understand,
They'd go their way,
Or, if they spoke at all,
They'd surely say,

*From Monk Gibbon's *Seals*, reproduced by kind permission of the author and the publishers, Messrs. Jonathan Cape.

"Dawn is the time to rise,
Days are to earn
Bread and the mid-day rest,
Dusk to return ;

"To be content, to pray.
To hear songs sung,
Or to make wayside love,
If one is young.

"All from the good God comes,
All then is good ;
Sorrow is known to Him,
And understood."

One who had questioned all,
And was not wise,
Might be ashamed to meet
Their quiet eyes.

All is so clear to them,
All is so plain,
These who go home at dusk,
Along the lane.

It is senseless to comment on work like this. Either one immediately recognises its spiritual import or it merely passes the reader by. Were you to show this, or a similar work of art to someone about whose real knowledge of *occultism* you were in no doubt, the tone of voice adopted in the reply would advise you with equal certainty of the validity of his mystical experience. For this cannot under any circumstances be feigned. Now there are limits to the intellect ; therefore there are limits to the knowledge of the occultist. There are no limits to experience. We have listened with intense intellectual pleasure to an occultist's interpretation of myths : Greek, German and Celtic. When asked for an opinion of the work of Walt Disney with special reference to Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, we were treated to a homily on the deterioration of public taste. It is easy to concede that public taste is bad ; it has not deteriorated, for it has never been good. We have only to remember our poets and musicians to be convinced of it. But what our occultist did not know is that there can be no criterion in these matters. He was unconsciously advertising the fact that in 1939 he had only just caught up with the esoteric significance of the mythology of ancient times, whereas the public with its bad taste and without preparation had immediately recognised the mythology of their *own* age. In short, the mystic has a knowledge of the Eternal ever-present NOW ; the occultist of necessity must risk the accuracy of pre-knowledge on the past and must assume that his particular knowledge is true at all points. To the true mystic that must always appear to be a tremendous assumption, and at the same time accounts for the chronic egocentricity common to most occultists.

Is this to decry occultism and occultists ? By no means. But the modern mystic must not confuse terms that are not interchangeable. We could go even farther and say that the occultist oftentimes distrusts the impressions of the mystic merely because he cannot gauge their validity by means of his intellect.

The modern mystic is agreed that the intellectual pursuit of the spirit cannot be confused with the mystical visitation nor with

its ensuing life-long consciousness. But he realises the importance of the intellect and the great necessity of cultivating it in an age which has no use for anything incapable of intellectual demonstration and analysis. The nature of the mystical experience demands such spiritual excursions as are afforded by the pursuit of the arts, and is immediately aware of the intrusion, where it occurs, of the gratuitous element of the intellect. These pursuits are active and inactive. The former is a disguised but legitimate enquiry into the experiences of his fellows, in the media they have chosen for communication with him—poetry, music, and the lesser arts. The inactive pursuits are contemplation and meditation. But also of the greatest importance is what Eddington calls "the poetry of existence." This is even more incommunicable than the essence of poetry or music. It is important because it is that which unites the mystic and occultist and bridges the work of both. It requires the faculty of observation, a by no means common gift, and, according to the development or the psychology of the observer, it departmentalises its data immediately into facts for study or sensations for immediate cognisance. In the latter case they are accretions to and supplement the development of the mystical consciousness. In the former case they often merely serve to confirm occult dicta.

The knowledge of unity with all things is to the mystic a basic conception. But among those who voice this fact how many are truly conscious of it ? Tennyson, in *The Higher Pantheism*, got very close to articulate expression of it when he wrote, "Closer he is than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." The incomplete experience of mysticism is often met with. One hears that for a certain person "everything has been changed." When such an experience is genuine, the phenomena is merely what the Buddhist would call *satori* ; the mystical experience is not complete until things have once more resumed their true perspective and the totality of the experience recognised for what it truly is.

There are literally hundreds of facets of mysticism, so many that a mere student could be bewildered, not only by their numbers but often by the way in which one student will heartily and ignorantly condemn the remainder. The intellectual mystic often expresses contempt for the man who arrives by the purely intuitive method. All contempt for methods is mistaken. Nevertheless, it is a matter of observation that the Western occultist, as distinct from the mystic, is an extrovert and more often than not has no real inner spiritual life. In times of crises, like the present, he is as much at sea as is the specialist in any other sphere, the politician for instance.

But when the mystical experience is complete, the modern mystic can easily "get a line" on the world he lives in. It is then that the light on which he keeps his eye shows up the sensory data of the contemporary scene in true perspective. These things, topical and humdrum as they may appear, are not only allied to the art of the occultist, they are in themselves occult. The events of to-day assume the pattern of all history and cease to be mere "happenings in time." The true mystic has always been very conscious of this particular world, and does not waste his life in "other-worldliness." Indeed the mystic experience is an immediate increase in vitality, and an expanded vision.

The modern mystic is (for our purposes) the modern European and American. He has behind him a certain culture, probably (but not necessarily) a wide reading and the average intelligent man's interest in the arts, sciences, religions and economics of the

(continued in page 378)

Towards a New Astrology

(Continued from the September issue)

by Heinz Walther

II

IN ASTROLOGY WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH several aspects of interpretation, which taken together may be considered as the *building materials* of this science. They are all closely connected with one another. Before we can make ourselves more familiar with their spiritual content (i.e. with their *true* interpretation, for in their totality they provide a grand structure of real beauty and æsthetic charm) we must first of all enumerate them in their order.

There are twelve principal sections of the Zodiac visible to the senses through which the sun, moon, and planets describe their orbits. These twelve sections were called the Zodiac by the ancients, and present-day materialism assumes that the ancient peoples arranged the fixed stars in an arbitrary fashion in groups. Clairvoyantly the ancients observed, when looking at the starlit sky (in the place of the present signs of the Zodiac), pictures of gods and divine figures which they recognised as primitive likenesses of certain animals and other beings.

We can quite well appreciate the outlook of the ancients when meditating on the starlit sky in a clear new-moon night in winter. We, too, can also be permeated by those powers which have been visible in the Zodiac from time immemorial. If this is done with real feeling and in the knowledge of an absolute connection between macrocosm and microcosm, the sky will become alive and full of meaning. We begin to grasp the significance of the world . . . for it is divinity itself speaking to us. Such an experience can be tremendous.

Let us try to become more deeply absorbed by the appearance of individual constellations. On observing the Lion, peculiar and powerful sensations force themselves on our mind. We surmise the strength of the symbols. Or take the sign of the Twins, which in our latitude rises almost to the zenith and thus climbs to the highest point of all signs. Like the summit of a mountain the twin-brothers Castor and Pollux are enthroned over the basis formed by Jacob's staff of the wonderful constellation of Orion and the gleaming Sirius in the constellation of the large Dog. Peculiar sensations are also called into being on observing the Scorpion, which is, however, only possible in spring and summer, but these again are sensations of a different kind. The Scorpion rises in our latitude not far over the horizon, which makes its appearance all the more uncanny. One feels, so to speak, the killing-power starting from it, one sees with a sensation of horror its sting. But if we succeed in controlling this sensation the scorpion changes into the eagle, which lifts its wings into the air, and transforms the fatal forces into the highest spiritual creative powers. Indeed, the constellation of the Scorpion was originally called that of the Eagle by the ancients. In an analogous way the appearance of the other constellations will create corresponding conceptions in us.

What are the images of the Zodiac as the visible representatives of the Zodiac *forces* finally? They are the *visible body of deity*, an expression of the divine world-government, and that

means they are the representatives of the *world-thoughts*, of the *world-will* itself. But moreover, as representatives of divine forces they generally express the *primitive world-thoughts* in their *totality*, those *primitive world-thoughts* which form a harmonic unity. The Zodiac as the material image of deity can be recognised in this spiritual sense, but also as *Adam Kadmon*, that is, as the *cosmic* (complete, absolute) *man*.

This Zodiac of constellation, however, is not the same with which modern astrology generally operates. Detached from its divine origin, and born into a materialistic time, it does not consider this Zodiac of constellations of fixed stars at all, but in its place the annual ecliptic which is divided into twelve equal subdivisions of 30 degrees named by the twelve signs (ram, bull, twins, crab, etc.) beginning at spring-time. It is this annual ecliptic which is simply called Zodiac by modern astrologers and whose subdivisions are called *signs* of the Zodiac and which should be distinguished from the *images* of the Zodiac. Unfortunately popular astrology and also the layman constantly confuse the signs with the images of the Zodiac whereby it should be noticed that only mathematical dimensions are concerned with the signs and that nowadays no *rational* relation to the images of the Zodiac can be found, i.e. no relation which can be established astronomically.

While for the ancients our Zodiac, the constellation Zodiac was important only; while they regarded in it sun, moon and planets as playing effective roles in it, it is indeed the signs of the Zodiac which is *chiefly decisive nowadays*, especially as far as the judgement of a single individual or a single fact is concerned. We are here facing a riddle which is still waiting for solution. Which part do the images of the Zodiac play nowadays, or in what actual relationship do these two Zodiacs stand to one another? How is the displacement of the gravity with regard to their importance from the images to the signs of the Zodiac to be explained? Finally, how is it that *both* Zodiacs in their subdivisions are given the *same names and the same symbols*? The last question is nowadays mostly answered in the sense that names and symbols for both Zodiacs were actually only given about 2,000 years ago, at a time when images and signs were to a certain extent identical. In consequence of the "*precession*," i.e. a staggering movement of the earth or sun the "*spring-point*," among others, is shifted to the *sequel* of the Zodiac images so that the whole Zodiac is completed within 25,920 years—the so-called Platonic year. This attempt to find an explanation, however, does not correspond to the facts as can be deduced from the above. Even the external sciences, particularly Archæology, give the lie to such assertions. Excavations as e.g. the Zodiac of Dendarah (the place where once an old Egyptian temple stood) prove most clearly that names and symbols were given to the Zodiac-images at a far more remote date. But also other excavations and discoveries found, as papyrus-scrolls confirm for us that the ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans and also Aryan people, such as the Indians, used the *same* astrological symbols as we know

them to-day—even thousands of years before the birth of Christ. It becomes evident from the role which the so-called Dekan Gods played in the Chaldean astrology that the *images* of the Zodiac were actually decisive in those times.

But how are these questions which no doubt touch the nucleus problems of our life to be answered? Which event has caused those obviously cosmic changes from image-Zodiac to sign-Zodiac? It is nothing but the *Mystery of Golgotha*, the crucifixion of Christ, God's son, and thus the Sun God, who was incarnated in a human body, it is the moment when God's fate and man's fate which had separated long ago began to combine and unite again. The earth drenched with the blood of Christ is a world fact which played and still plays a direct part in the fate of the whole world. At the time of the Crucifixion, that time the imposing, larger Zodiac the image-Zodiac was "caught in" by the annual ecliptic and *imprinted itself on it*. The great astronomer and astrologer, John Kepler who was fully initiated into the mysteries of these sciences knew this very well and expresses it in the following manner: "A certain image of the Zodiac and of the whole firmament has been pressed by God into the soul of the earth." *Rudolf Steiner*, who quotes this passage in his course of lectures "Christ and the Spiritual World," Leipzig 1913, adds: "And we see to-day how this image of the Zodiac has been imprinted on the soul of the earth, on its aura." This is its very essence. The aura of the earth has absorbed into herself the image of the Zodiac. The earth now bears firmly its image, the earth to which the beneficent gods by that decisive event gave a new direction in the sense of the world-plan. The sun, which according to the esoteric conception was once connected with the earth and then separated from it, defines by its annual course the division of the Zodiac as it is decisive for us to-day, thus announcing and preparing its future re-union with the earth. That worthy Herman Beckh formulates the same idea in his work, *The Cosmic Rhythm, the Star Mystery and Earth Mystery in the Gospel of St. John*, p. 21, in the following manner: "The time of Christ's sojourn on the earth was the time of a complete union of signs and images of stars. It was during that period that the earth signs received their names from the cosmos for the constellation. The spiritual character of the cosmic Ram then was impressed upon the sphere of the earth, the hour of the union of sign and image was none other than the Mystery of Golgotha. We must suppose then, that the *powers* of the Zodiac which we have recognised as the true divine powers and world-thoughts were incorporated in, or rather influenced by, the annual ecliptic.

The men of that time in so far they were Christians knew nothing about these things, they *could* not understand the cosmological importance of the mystery of Golgotha either, the fact of the "precession" being entirely unknown to them, apart from the very few who had a presentiment of it. It is therefore quite reasonable to assume that signs and images of the Zodiac were virtually identical in the first centuries after Christ; the *signs* being only projections of the images on the ecliptic. Even in the time *immediately before* Christ's life on the earth, people arrived at this conclusion starting from the approximate congruence of the signs and the ecliptic, and the prevailing importance which undoubtedly is attributed to the sun as the giver of light and life at all times. But it was assumed too early, that the signs were the decisive factors which transferred the influence of the Zodiac powers. Further, the constellations in the sky cannot strictly be

separated, and are of different size, and the desire for geometrical division and subdivision was very strong already at that time. Thus we see the Roman author Manilius who lived before Christ, at the time of Augustus, dividing the Zodiac into twelve equal sections at 30 degrees each, which he subdivided into still smaller strictly geometrical sections. Now, for many centuries after Christ it was seen that the constellations moved towards the annual ecliptic. Astrologers, however, continued to consider—and then very rightly as far as the individual horoscope was concerned, that the signs and not the images of the Zodiac were conclusive. Only the fact that the annual ecliptic became decisive in the division of the Zodiac made it possible to direct our attention to the phenomenon of the precession.

But all this does *not* mean that the constellation-Zodiac as the visible expression of the divine primitive powers and primitive world-thoughts did not cause its influence to be felt both to-day and at all times. It is especially the great cultural epochs of our earth and human life, which through the migration of the spring-point and through the constellation of the Zodiac receive their colouring and their character. The spring-point—that is the astronomical beginning of spring—is to be considered as the true beginning of the astronomical and therefore astrological year, as every man of finer perception will understand. But moreover, there are *direct* powers flowing towards us human beings from the images of the Zodiac as *primary powers*. *Rudolf Steiner* explained in one of his lectures that the ordinary Zodiac experienced a perpetual, though slowly changing "colour," through the (fixed star) constellation-Zodiac according to the mutual relation in which the two Zodiacs stood. But the ideal relation of the two Zodiacs had been at the time of the Mystery of Golgotha. We therefore must assume that the character of the individual signs changes in the course of time though within certain boundaries; the decisive creation of character was brought about in the moment of Christ's death on the cross, the signs receive, so to speak, a colouring through the constellation in the sky to which they correspond.

* * *

The *powers of the Zodiac* can be of no influence by themselves or manifest themselves, either as signs or as images. They need *other powers* which make this possible, such powers which could be called "power-points" in space, which only call forth these latent Zodiac powers, and release them as *motive powers*. These are principally the *planets*. In the *Zodiac position* of the planets, recognised by us as the visible expression of spiritually effective spheres, and also in that of their *counter-points* (which is of special importance in the astrology to be founded at a future date) that is the oppositional places as their negation, the various *powers* of the Zodiac become important. In olden times the images appeared to be of more consequence in the individual horoscope according to the corresponding neighbouring conditions of the different planets.

The planets—the wandering stars—of which in the sense of the old astrology *sun* and *moon* were parts, represent the central pillars of the astrological system of instruction. The astrological world-picture, which mundane conditions put into the centre of its considerations, must necessarily be a geocentric one, independent of every other view-point. We know already that in the planetary spheres (including sun and moon sphere) we use our past life on earth and prepare our next. Each of these spheres

however, corresponds to certain spiritual contents, that also means a definite closely limited sphere of our own emotional and intellectual being, i.e. the individual regions of our soul correspond to certain spheres of the planets and are in communication with them. It is finally the spirit and soul, which also forms the body. *In every man*, and in all animated beings in general, the *same regions of the soul*, the *same parts* of it live, though in a different manner and arrangement; and these correspond to the seven planets (ten if we include the newly discovered ones) which appear in every horoscope and in a different way each time. Considering our knowledge of the planetary spheres with regard to working out the Karma and the Karmic-conditioned character-disposition, we can say the following: The position of the planets in the individual signs of the Zodiac point to the manner in which we shall *experience* these planets (that is their emotional and intellectual content) and indicate what we can get out of them. The Zodiac position of the planets gives them accordingly a specific *individual note*—they are *our* planets, which we have received because of our own disposition and Karma.

But it is not only the sign-position of the planets which gives us a direction regarding the manner in which we shall experience them. The *mutual relations of the planets*, that is the *colouring* which the planets give one another, relations to which by the way not only the so-called aspects belong, which in traditional astrology find their sole consideration. (The aspects are only a very small part of those relations, about which we shall say more in the course of this series of articles.) That such relations must exist indeed becomes clear because the planetary spheres as merely *spiritual spheres* have nothing whatsoever to do with our physical-material being. They are in communication with one another and penetrate one another in a more or less rhythmical, winged, continually changing way. In the process of formation they correspond to the speed of the particular planet, which considered from the geocentric point of view, stand in the most varied relation to one another.

The signs of the Zodiac as exponents of the Zodiac *powers* are not only stirred by the planets but also by other factors. The latter receive, so to speak, a character similar to the planets and can also be treated similarly to the planets, especially as far as their relation to the planets proper and the sun and moon is concerned. But there are still essential differences, which result from the spheres of the soul whose exponents these factors are. At the moment I should like to point out very briefly that either quite *superficial* and external peculiarities (though sometimes very important ones) will be concerned.

What sort of factors are these after all? They are *cutting-points* of astronomically highly important large circles with the ecliptic, i.e. with our sign-constellation. At this point we shall first of all mention the "knots" of the planets. All planet-orbits and also the moon-orbit are situated at quite different angles to the ecliptic, though they generally run in the Zodiac-plane, and the cutting-points between these orbits of the planets and the ecliptic are the aforementioned "knots." The knots are not fixed, but move in the Zodiac more or less slowly whereby the backward direction of the moon-knots has a greater astrological importance which goes far beyond the possibility of finding out the cycle of the ecliptic by the knowledge of the knot-motion. The movement of the moon-knots can moreover be compared to the above-mentioned precession from a purely economic point of view. But apart from that the constellations

and other connections of the knots of planets causing an immediate relation between them and the sun direct us to the manner in which the emotional and spiritual content of the corresponding planet can be experienced. Thereby those knots which rise above the ecliptic are always of primitive and decisive importance. The experience of the planets, emotional and spiritual (with the exception of the sun), is only possible by crossing the detour of the experience of their knots. The experience of the individual planetary spheres dependent on Karma is not only indicated by the position and the combinations of the planets which are visible and calculable in their orbits and their *invisible* places of opposition, but also by the corresponding invisible though calculable *knots* of the planets. But all this leads us to a very essential perception. In astrology, if rightly understood, it is finally of no importance whether or not the factors with which it is concerned can be observed with the senses, i.e. with the eye, but only whether they correspond to some real content which has an astrological foundation. This view may also lead us from another side to a deeper understanding of the signs of the Zodiac and its individual signs, which as we know now, actually only correspond to "empty" spaces.

* * *

If the first group of explanation-components comprises the signs of the Zodiac, the second the planets and cutting-points related to them, then the third group comprises the *earth* itself. The notion "earth" in the sense of astrology does not comprise the planet of the earth alone but that point of the earth above which at a certain time the horoscope is drawn up. That is on the corresponding conditions on the horizon based on the daily rotation of the earth round its own axis, or geocentrically seen, the daily revolving of the firmament round the earth, are particularly important for the (Karma-conditioned) fate of the person born or a thing created by man. It is also very important whether the place above which the horoscope is erected is of a higher or lower geographical latitude. In modern astrology these relations are expressed and also geographically represented in a right manner which takes the actual dimensions into consideration by the relation between the local horizon and the local meridian. Horizon and meridian, that is their *cutting-points* with the ecliptic (the Zodiac) form the *vertical section* of the horoscope, which is destined by the ecliptical angle-relations of these two large circles to one another (straight lines in the horoscope). In these cutting-points of the horizontal circle and the local meridian with the ecliptic we have again to deal with points which, similar to the lunar knots, bear a character similar to the planets and are of the greatest importance because of the quick change of the Zodiacal position of these cutting-points. Here again the point of the ecliptic rising over the horizon and the culminating ecliptic point are concerned. These proportions also cause the importance of the minute for which a horoscope is drawn up, i.e. the *minute of birth*.

The four spaces—quadrants—between horizon and meridian are divided into three parts by large circles whereby twelve smaller sectors are formed limited by large circles: the "houses" as astrology calls them. The points in which the large circles lying between the horizon and the meridian cut the ecliptic, are of an analogous though lesser importance.

(To be continued)

The Evolution of Technics

(Continued from the September issue)

by J. H. Meursinge

FROM NOW ON WE LEARN ABOUT REAL settlements, the lake dwellings and the mounds. This same influence of the newer units was felt by the Asiatic hunters and those living in northern Europe. The Mongols, better known as the Huns, made war on horseback, the Norsemen in boats. Their wars destroyed the *plain technics*.

Sub-Division Energies

	MEN		
Potential	WORK	— Comfort —	Protection
	ANIMALS		
Thermal	Work	— COMFORT —	Protection
	PLANTS		
Kinetical	Work	— Comfort —	PROTECTION

Plain technics had forced mankind to further efforts. He became a hunter, and he kept alive by exploiting the *energy of his own body*. This body was occasionally used as food (comfort), when his enemies managed to kill him. In this stage of development he was deficient in methods of protecting himself.

Animals furnished the main *food* supply. As they had not yet been domesticated, the amount of work, and the protection they were able to give, were small. They constructed the trails for hunters. Disturbed birds signalled the approach of enemies (protection).

For real *protection* the hunter had fire (*plants*). It protected him against animals; it warmed his caves, and lighted them at the same time. (See Lippert.) Although meat was most times eaten raw, the fire was occasionally used for cooking food (C), but was of very small assistance in the construction of spears and other tools (W).

Sub-Division Materials

	DUNG		
Potential	WORK	— Comfort —	Protection
	HIDES		
Thermal	Work	— COMFORT —	Protection
	BONES		
Kinetical	Work	— Comfort —	PROTECTION

Dung for the floors (W), and it quite often was used for walls and huts also (C). Those who may be in doubt about the application of this building material, should refer to the Masais, a negro tribe in Uganda, East Africa, which is still using it to-day. Assistant Professor Loomis Havemeyer of Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, describes its application in *Ethnography*.

The real hunter, however, had not much use for huts. He lived in caves, or tents constructed of *hides*. These hides were used for many other purposes; as the life of the North American Indian of the plains has shown us. Havemeyer says: "On the

prairies and the plains, dried and tanned hides artistically ornamented with furs, bones, and quills were mostly worn."

The *bone* implements and weapons of the Cro-Magnons have been mentioned already. But nowadays the bone sleds and weapons of the Eskimos are better known. (Protection.)

Those weapons, mostly spears, were at the end of this period used to drive the surplus population out of the *plains*. The wanderers followed the road of the least resistance once more. The tropics and the plains had been taken, hence they settled in the *valleys* and on the *hills*. And as the only way of surviving asked for new technics, they settled where those technics could be applied with the least amount of effort.

Along the Tigris and Euphrates, around the Mediterranean, in China, in Mexico and Peru the next technical unit, *air technics*, reached the peaks of its development.

3-Air-Technics

Slavery, agriculture, and domesticated animals became the three sources of energy. They together took care of the better food supply for an ever-increasing population. Mankind enslaved, so to speak, his fellow men, the plants, and some animals—the three sources of energy of the previous unit. He also settled, and built himself a home.

For the building materials he exploited the *surface of the earth*: clay, concrete, tiles; slate, brick, limestone; marble, basalt, flint. Quarrying is a typical air-technical industry.

The civilisations, which were created by the use of the above-mentioned energies and materials, belong to a very interesting part of human history. It started with the Babylonians (Pot.), the Phœnicians (Th.), and the Assyrians (Kin). They were followed by three complete cycles around the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The first cycle was represented by the Egyptians: 2800-2300 B.C., the Old Kingdom, the pyramids; 2100-1700 Middle Kingdom, finest works of arts; 1600-1000 B.C. New Kingdom, intercourse with the world. The second cycle started on Creta (Pot.), from there went to the Greeks (Th.), and it ended with the Romans (Kin.). The third cycle, known as the Arabic culture began in Byzantium after the fall of the Roman Empire. It reached its thermal peak with the Islam, and the Arabs extended this civilisation so far west that they reached Spain, and so far east that they contacted the Chinese.

This last race, in the meantime, had built a civilisation of its own with the same energies and building materials. Again we distinguish three periods: The Chou dynasty is credited with the Great Wall (Pot.); the Han dynasty gave the greatest scholars (Th.); and under the T'ang dynasty we can see many of the materials and energies of the water and earth technical units come into use. However, this last period did not represent the kinetical stage in every sense of the word. The Chinese never were such great warriors as the Europeans, although they exploited the horse for fighting purposes.

This kinetical animal was not known across the Pacific Ocean, where two other civilisations, using the same energies and building materials, had begun to flourish. They are mostly known as the cultures of the Aztecs and the Incas. As far as we can judge to-day, they both represented kinetical periods. See : P. A. Means, *Civilisations of the Andes*. The Mayas of Middle America may have represented a thermal period. Although the American archaeologists cannot be sufficiently praised, there is still more work to be done.

The end of all the *air-technical* civilisations came in a most dramatic way. Around the Mediterranean the wars between the *Holy Crusaders* and the Arabs indicated the coming of a new area. In China and the Americas sailing ships, equipped with the most murderous weapons the air-technicians had ever seen, landed soldiers who ruthlessly destroyed the most precious monuments.

Sub-Division Energies

		SLAVE			
Potential	WORK	—	Comfort	—	Protection
		AGRICULTURE			
Thermal	Work	—	COMFORT	—	Protection
		DOMESTICATED ANIMALS			
Kinetical	Work	—	Comfort	—	PROTECTION

In this complex the *slave* releases the maximum efficiency by working. He took the place of the power that runs the cranes and hoists on our modern construction jobs. It was the slave who ran the many different contraptions that assisted in building the pyramids. Very often he was nothing but a beast of burden.

For food (C) he was less desirable, except in cases of emergency. In war (P) he could not be trusted.

Agriculture excels for food (C). In the form of hedges, it also affords protection.

The domesticated animals were the least efficient as pack animals (P),—the camel for instance. As food (C), it was somewhat better. But most efficient were the horse, the dog, and the cat. They served mankind for war, travel, and health purposes (P).

The horse could pull considerable loads over more or less level surfaces after the wagon wheel had been invented. As the Americans did not have the horse, the Aztecs and the Incas never developed the wheel. But all the other materials, and energies, they have exploited just as the Asiatics and the Europeans did.

Sub-Division Materials

		CLAY			
Potential	WORK	—	Comfort	—	Protection
		BRICK			
Thermal	Work	—	COMFORT	—	Protection
		FLINT			
Kinetical	Work	—	Comfort	—	PROTECTION

Clay for floors, and for pottery to carry water in. The Chinese developed this material into their famous porcelain.

Bricks were the most versatile material. They were used as building material for the houses of the average citizen ; also for paving highways, and for building forts.

The harder stones found a place in the temples, palaces and other public buildings (P). Basalt was a splendid protection

against water, and flint for spear points and arrow heads has been applied for thousands of years the world over.

With this unit the first scientists and technicians began to appear. Hero of Alexandria was one of the best known among them.

As the whole world had become populated during the cultures of this unit, transportation became important. Besides aqueducts, the highways belong to the best known engineering structures of this era.

Water transportation had not been overlooked either. When in 1180 the fixed steering rudder had been invented, and the magnetic needle had been introduced from Asia, mankind took to the water on a big scale.

Had air-technics enslaved man, plant, and animal, *water-technics* was going to exploit the complete tropical complex. Colonisation came into vogue. *Salt water* became the medium of transportation.

4-Water-Technics

For successful colonisation a great number of merchant and war vessels were needed. Hence, the whole complex centred around the seas. Only those countries which had long shore lines, like those which were located on islands or peninsulas, succeeded in bringing this unit to a high state of development.

Remarkable enough the European continent has a much larger shore line than all the other continents. Consequently water technics became an exclusively European culture and became Western civilisation.

The energies were : *stone* for potential energy, *fresh water* for thermal, and *wind* for kinetical. The *surface of the earth* was the source of these energies, while in the previous unit it had furnished the building materials.

Now mankind turned more or less to the *tree* for building materials : paper, cotton, *camas* ; *wood* ; and even *glass* was manufactured with the help of the woods of those days.

There were two cycles of civilisations created by the energies and materials of this unit. The development followed the disappearance of the Arabs from the Iberian Peninsula in Europe. Portugal (Pot.), the Seven United Netherlands (Th.), and England (Kin.) represent one cycle. Spain (Pot.) ; Venice, Genoa, Florence (Th.), and France (Kin.) represent the other one.

The influence of water technics has put its mark on the history of the last five centuries, and it is still keenly felt.

It is, however, so close to its end that the energies and materials have nearly all been replaced by the energies and materials of the fifth phase. Only the control of the medium of transportation, *the salt water*, still gives England its present position in world affairs. The fast developing airplane industry is bound to change this condition.

Whether the *great world wars* mean the end of *water technics*, posterity only will be able to judge.

Sub-Division Energies

		STONE			
Potential	WORK	—	Comfort	—	Protection
		FRESH WATER			
Thermal	Work	—	COMFORT	—	Protection
		WIND			
Kinetical	Work	—	Comfort	—	PROTECTION

Stone was most effectively used to make the lever that dipped the water out of the wells. Furthermore, all the machinery of the bellies was run by stone weights. Even the clocks which later on appeared in the homes of the well-to-do middle classes were run by weights, though stone was soon to be replaced by lead. Nevertheless, the clock takes a very important place in the evolution of technics. It is the clock that started the construction of all kinds of gears, which at first were all made of wood. *It is the clock which started the era known as the machine age.* To the clock, and Leonardo da Vinci, whose inventions would cover several pages, technics owes an enormous debt.

Fresh water was again the most extensively used energy. It did not only run the cotton mills, though the textile industry with the paper industry is a typical water-technical enterprise. As power (Pot.) it was in wide demand. "Grinding grains, and pumping water were not the only operations for which the water mill was used; it furnished power for pulping rags for paper. It ran the hammering and cutting machines of iron works. It sawed wood; it beat hides in the tannery, etc., etc." (*Technics and Civilisation.*)

As irrigation water (Th.) it, however, excelled. The term irrigation water should be understood in the broadest sense of the word. While in Portugal and Spain the land had to be flooded, in Northern Italy and the Netherlands it had to be drained. Nevertheless in both cases a rigid control of the proper amount of water was a necessity for successful agriculture.

For protection water surrounded forts and castles, and inundated land, and flowing rivers stopped many victorious armies on the march.

Wind-mills sometimes ran pumps, but not very efficiently (Pot.); sometimes they ground grain (Th.), but wind excelled for propelling the ships that sailed the seas. (Kin.)

Sub-Division Materials

	CANVAS		
Potential	WORK	— Comfort —	Protection
	WOOD		
Thermal	Work	— COMFORT —	Protection
	GLASS		
Kinetical	Work	— Comfort —	PROTECTION

Canvas was used for water bags and carpets, sails for the ships. For comfort it was used for clothing in the form of cotton. As protection it was not very efficient.

Wood was used for the lever and many other pieces of machinery (Pot.). It found an enormous field of application for homes and other purposes during the civilisations of this period.

That glass is the proper material for protection is shown by its extensive use for windows in our buildings, and all means of transportation. It does not only keep out the wind and rain, but it also allows light and the sun to come in.

For comfort it was and still is used for many different household purposes.

With this unit mankind had exploited the whole surface of the earth. Unfortunately, a still increasing population demanded more and better food supplies, which the colonies were unable

to raise. A more intensive use of all the existing technical units seemed the only solution. New and more efficient energies and materials had to be developed. This was, however, a most disagreeable task. Mankind had to go underground. Mine- or earth-technics started the new era.

5-Earth-Technics

These are the energies and materials of this phase that have brought into existence our present-day civilisations.

Coal, oil and explosives are the three sources of energy, with copper, zinc—iron—manganese, chromium its materials. The earth proper is the medium of transportation. The whole complex belongs to the mine and therefore its civilisations can always be found close to those natural resources. Its history is still in the making. Although its influence has been felt for a few thousand years, it did not begin to develop on a large scale until the end of the eighteenth century, when mining, especially in Austria and Germany began to grow to rather large proportions. The European continent can therefore be considered as the potential period of this civilisation. The U.S.A. with its enormous oil resources apparently will bring this type of a culture to its thermal peak. Judging by present day developments, Russia may go in for the more explosive energies and thus create the kinetical stage.

	Sub-Division Energy		
	COAL		
Potential	WORK	— Comfort —	Protection
	OIL		
Thermal	Work	— COMFORT —	Protection
	EXPLOSIVES		
Kinetical	Work	— Comfort —	PROTECTION

The steam crane is more efficient for lifting than the Diesel; the gasoline engine is the worst. This applies to any lifting device, pumps, shovels, and pile drivers included. For the civil engineers who are familiar with these facts, this should be a convincing argument in favour of the evolution theory. A very typical example can be found in the E.N.R. of March 4th, 1937: "Pulling Sheet Piles at Pickwick Landing Dam."

Oil (Th.) is the most versatile fuel in every sense of the word. "In short, it may be said that the era of Diesel power seems to have arrived. Its future development offers almost unlimited possibilities. The recent honouring of Mr. Diesel is simply a recognition of the significance of the most recent advances particularly in America." *Civil Engineering for January 1937.*

As all the energies of the previous units at this place are connected with food, it seems obvious that all our machinery pertaining to the tilling of the soil, and food supply should be Diesel driven.

For travel and protection the evolution theory points to explosives. Hence we use gasoline in our automobiles and airplanes. It does not only run the engine which takes us along on our trip, but with the proper equipment it generates heat in the stoves, and also generates a brilliant light.

(To be concluded)

The Anthroposophy of Rudolf Steiner as seen through English Eyes

VIII. SPIRITUAL SCIENCE AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE (III)

(Continued from the September issue)

by George S. Francis

The Genesis of the Animals

THE STRIKING STATEMENTS made by Rudolf Steiner regarding the creation of the animal kingdom do not now stand alone, for some of his students, whose earlier training in physical and biological science enabled them to pursue investigations along the special lines indicated by him, have greatly enriched the anthroposophical view of human and animal evolution with a wealth of physical and anatomical detail. One of these students, Dr. H. Poppelbaum, has already produced a book which is now available to English readers under the title of *Man and Animal*, and it is to this book, as well as many conversations with its author, that I am indebted for the main ideas that are here presented.



GEORGE S. FRANCIS

Man and the Animal Kingdom

Animals are the by-products of human evolution. Man is intimately connected with them but has not evolved from them; they are more like experimental models that serve to indicate the twofold evolution of man:

- (a) Spiritually as stages in the evolution of consciousness.
- (b) Physically as stages in the evolution of form.

It is important, however, to learn to read the script of the animal kingdom in the right way, for only so will its true secrets be revealed. From a purely material study of living and fossil forms of the animal kingdom, investigators like Darwin and Haeckel constructed a genealogical tree in which the lowest forms of cellular life were placed at the bottom, while man appeared at the top; special attention was also directed to certain animal forms, such as the archæopteryx (now extinct), the echidna (egg-laying mammals of the hedgehog variety chiefly found in Australia), man-like apes, etc., were regarded as branching points from the main stem. Later discoveries, however, indicated that many of the forms which had previously been considered as branching points were far too specialised for a place on the stem of the tree. They could no longer be regarded as stages in a direct line from protozoa to man, they required branches of their own, while their old forking point on the main stem had to be replaced by a question mark.

Progressive physical research revealed a condition of affairs

that required an increasing number of "missing links" to fill in gaps on the main stem of the genealogical tree, and nineteenth-century scientists became increasingly puzzled as to why these missing links, which were assumed to be necessary, had left no physical traces behind. At this point some of the less orthodox scientists began to suspect that the physical facts at their disposal rather suggested the centre of the animal kingdom as the proper place for man than at its apex. In fact, the ideas of some modern scientists began to approach the idea originally expressed by Rudolf Steiner, viz., that man was the first and original form of earthly life which gradually took upon itself physical form and substance, while the animal kingdom represents human astral or soul qualities that desired to hurry into physical incarnation too soon. They were therefore cast out from normal human life as excrescences that would have distorted the orderly materialisation of the pure human form if they had been allowed to remain. This is a point of view that regards man, not as the end product of animal evolution, but as its source and origin.

This aspect of the relation between the human and animal kingdoms has been presented with a wealth of scientific detail by Dr. Poppelbaum in the book already mentioned,* in which he elaborates the point of view that animals represent the physical embodiment of astral or soul qualities that have been thrown off by evolving humanity at certain stages, in order that man might evolve more easily towards pure human form and character. These astral attributes, if present in excessive proportions, would tend to deform and degrade the pure humanity towards which evolution was tending, and, if we keep this point of view in mind, we can easily see that if the gluttony of the pig, the cunning of the rat, the ferocity of the wolf, the malignity of the snake, etc., etc. had been retained within the human soul the resultant incarnation would have been of a lower and more ignoble quality than was the case after the excess proportions of these astral qualities had been expelled.

The Four Preliminary Stages

In order to understand the intimate relation of mankind to the animal kingdom that is revealed by the method of clairvoyant research used in developing spiritual science, we must learn to

* *Man and Animal*, by Dr. H. Poppelbaum. Price 7s. 6d.

look upon animal forms in quite a new way. They represent a kind of sacrifice made to help forward human evolution, a sacrifice we must redeem in course of time. Just as Goethe, by ascending in consciousness from the physical to the spiritual plane was able to discern the "Ur-pflanze"—the archetypal plant that formed the master pattern for all the varied vegetation on Earth, so Rudolf Steiner, by similar but still more lofty ascent, was able to discern the master-key to the true relation of human and animal life. He discloses the fact that the evolution of earthly life and form is no steady flowing stream but a rhythmic movement that follows the course of mighty cosmic rhythms which are, in a sense, dissociated from each other by vast stretches of time, but which are still connected with each other in the way that the four successive movements of a musical symphony are connected. There have been four great cosmic periods involved in the creation of the present condition of Earth, there have been four previous conditions of the Earth itself, all of them being very different from each other and from the present, but each of them contributing its allotted part to the general evolution of man and, consequently, of the animal kingdom. These four preliminary phases are named by Rudolf Steiner: Polaria, Hyperborea, Lemuria, Atlantis. In the first of these conditions Earth, Sun and Moon were one. During the second, the Sun separated itself from Earth-Moon. During the third, the Moon was separated from the Earth. During the fourth, the Earth assumed conditions that began to resemble those of to-day. These separations were reflected in the forms and nature of the successive sections of the animal kingdom that separated from the main human stock, and the object of this article will be to indicate the nature of these successive separations in a pictorial rather than in a factual manner.

Epoch I—Polaria

At the time of the first appearance of the Earth it was united with Sun and Moon in an etheric non-material condition. There was no solid matter, even water and air had not materialised, everything was in a spiritualised, ethereal state. The evolving spirit of mankind was present but in a state of consciousness like to that of a deep sleep. We possess, in the present-day mollusca, a physical picture of the conditions of human life at this stage. Protected by its outer sheath, completely immersed within its environment (water), tentacles floating, water streaming in and out, its own life at one with the life of the entire ocean within which it lives. Individual life is naturally impossible at this stage, a universal life is the only conceivable condition.

This brief sketch may be regarded as a physical picture of the spiritual conditions of human life during the first stage in the evolution of the Earth, and any part of this spiritualised human stock that had to be left behind as being unsuitable to carry forward to higher states, would naturally remain fixed in this condition, creating for itself appropriate physical forms when the Earth had become sufficiently dense for this purpose. All creatures of the mollusca type, oysters, mussels, whelks, etc., may be regarded as having been dropped from human evolution at the Polarian stage and in their present physical forms possess a likeness to this primal earthly stage before anything existed in physical form at all.

Epoch II—Hyperborea

The present-day life of the fishes is a physical reflection of human development at this second stage. Fishes live and move within a uniform environment in which they are completely immersed, but which they are able to perceive to some extent by means of special sense organs. They are actually interwoven with the water in which they live, move and have their being. Some fish—sharks, etc.—have degenerated in the course of time, but the pure fish form provides a kind of memory of the spiritual life of humanity during the Hyperborean period, in which mankind lived in perfect spiritual concord with its ethereal environment.

In earlier times this correspondence between fishes and Hyperborean conditions of human life was known to Sages, and there are many traces of this knowledge among the early Christians, whose sacerdotal use of the fish symbol in the Catacombs of Rome and later is comparatively well known.

It was during the Hyperborean epoch that the cosmic event took place which has been described by Rudolf Steiner in his *Outline of Occult Science** as the separation of the Sun, an event which gave rise to great and fundamental changes in the nature and direction of Earth evolution which were themselves the basic causes of the conditions that prevailed during the next epoch.

Epoch III—Lemuria

While the Sun with its intensely vitalising powers was united with the Earth-Moon it was able to maintain everything in an ethereal condition, but after its departure the hardening, materialising forces of the Moon were able to gain the upper hand and materialisation began steadily to increase. Furthermore with the departure of the Sun and its more advanced spiritual inhabitants, the more backward (Luciferic) spirits who had been left behind began to struggle with the Earth powers for supremacy. This struggle became reflected in the quasi-material animal forms that arose during the first half of Lemuria, forms in which the lighter fore part raised itself upwards to meet the light of the Sun, while the heavier rear part sank down to the Earth and became grotesque in form. These forms never became material enough to leave physical remains behind them, but Rudolf Steiner has described some of them with their fine, beautiful, elevated fore parts and their rear parts distorted and reptilian in form. No animals now exist on Earth that reproduce this phase in material forms, although some reptiles and amphibia show traces of it. In earlier times mankind possessed some traditional knowledge of this state and their imagined forms of such creatures, such as mermaids and the like, were presented in legends and pictures or carved in sculptured forms on the facades of cathedrals.

The four cosmic epochs that have brought Earth evolution up to the present post-Atlantean epoch, present a certain correspondence with the four major geological periods and the four major biological divisions as indicated in the following table:

Eozoic	— Polaria	— Mollusca
Paleozoic	— Hyperborea	— Fishes
Mesozoic	— Lemuria	— Reptiles and Birds
Anthropozoic	— Atlantis	— Mammals and Man

* *An Outline of Occult Science*, by Rudolf Steiner. Price 12s. 6d.

It is in this third epoch—the Lemurian or Mesozoic—that the hardening, ossifying forces emanating from the Moon gain the upper hand. Signs of this become visible in the animal world in the form of armoured marine and amphibian creatures, monstrous lizard-like forms with small heads and bony plates upon their bodies, whale-like dinosaurs with necks and heads like snakes, and gigantic saurians which try to gain an erect position but are overcome by earthly gravity, for though some have hollow bones like birds they are obliged by their weight of body to move on all fours. The fossil skeletons of these extinct monsters are full of contradictions and have given rise to many discussions among geologists as to how they should be set up in museums. They are enormous in bulk and some have the posture of rearing horses, but their bones resemble the bones of flying birds.

To this period also belongs the dragon, an etheric being of dæmonic form. The dragon was not the evil being that medieval mankind believed it to be, it was but an indication of a spiritual distortion that had occurred to man as a consequence of the Luciferic attack, the dragon was but an archetype of the nature of evolving man during early Lemuria.

But now, in the second half of Lemuria, dramatic changes occur which are a mystery to the ordinary scientist for he can find no physical reason for them. These changes were produced by another cosmic event described by Steiner as the separation of Moon from Earth. This was not an event that could be discerned by physical means, it could only be discovered by clairvoyant study of the Akashic Records (a kind of cosmic memory). This event was of supreme importance for the future evolution of Earth and man for it enabled a balance to be established. The Earth now occupied a position between the Sun, with its intensely vivifying powers, and the Moon with its strong materialising forces. If the Sun had remained in too close contact with the Earth the tempo of life would have been too rapid for normal human evolution; if the Moon had been allowed to remain in too close contact with the Earth the tempo would have been slowed to a stop, for in time the constricting forces of the Moon would have solidified everything; but by fixing them at distances from the Earth appropriate to their size and strength of influence, the Spirit Guides of evolution were able to establish the condition of equilibrium necessary to orderly human development.

This second separation was also of great significance to man, for with the expulsion of the constricting Moon, spiritual power was again released and, by the help of the Sun Spirit Michael, man was able to conquer and expel the dragon nature. The dragon, cast out of man, now split in two, the lighter fore part, of which we can see a reflection in all saurian forms, separated off and achieved physical expression as birds, i.e. creatures who desire to leave the earth and live in the realm of light and air, the heavier rear part sank down still deeper into matter and achieved physical expression as crawling and creeping reptiles. Physical science is well aware of the anatomical relationship between birds and reptiles. Connection can also be found between this event and the Paradise legend with its curse on the serpent.

So far we have been able to outline three of the four pre-human models of physical life on Earth:

Shell fish	— Polaria
True fish	— Hyperborea

Dragon (birds, reptiles)	— Lemuria
Mammals	— Atlantis

The latter will form the subject of the next section.

Epoch IV—Atlantis

The material struggles of Earth creation are now practically over, the physical elements have assumed a form more closely resembling those of to-day, a proportion of the physical Earth has become solid and, after throwing off the last retarding elements which assume appropriate animal forms, man makes his appearance in a physical form that bears close resemblance to the mankind of to-day. It is only at this stage that human bodies become solid enough to leave physical traces in the Earth, thus if the evidence of fossils is the only evidence available it was rather natural for the nineteenth-century scientist to assume that man was an end product of the animal evolution that preceded his physical appearance.

The first animal forms to appear in Atlantis were the insectivora—bats, ant-eaters, etc.—and the rodents. These represent the physical embodiment of materialised intelligence which had to be cast off in order to prevent human reason degenerating to the level of mere clever cunning. Bats and rodents developed a new sense that was unknown to birds and reptiles—the sense of smell—they sniff out things, for the materialised intelligence expresses itself by developing the sense for nosing things out. By expelling the excess of this faculty man avoided the danger of human intelligence remaining at the level of mere inquisitiveness and developed the higher intelligence—reason illumined by spiritual inspiration.

A culminating aspect of incarnating life appeared about the middle of the Atlantean epoch by the arrival of the hoofed pasture animals from which our present-day cattle, horses, sheep and deer have been evolved, and also with creatures of the lion type. Having cast off the astral qualities which found physical expression in these varied forms of late animal life, human life is now physically mature and is ready to descend to the earthly level in order to create its own physical form. Man now treads the earth with his feet with the object of carrying on his higher development in a new and physical environment. The two currents of evolution, spiritual and physical, converge to this point and from this time onwards human skeletons can be found as evidence of man's physical arrival on Earth. The apes are the last tragic event in the animal evolution, they represent the physical expression of certain humanly undesirable qualities that were thrown off just at the point of man's final descent into matter.

The Christian religion envisaged man as having descended from a lofty spiritual origin, the physical science of the nineteenth century postulated an ascent from lowly material beginnings. Both aspects are true in a way, the first tells the story of the descent of human spirit to matter—the Fall of Man—the second tells the story of the rise of physical form—the ascent of body. The embittered controversies of the nineteenth century between Religion and Science as to which of these ideas represented the truth can now be resolved, for the vital balance between these two aspects of evolution is now made understandable by the teachings of Rudolf Steiner.

Thibetan Yoga

by **Bernard Bromage, M.A.**

IX. THIBETAN YOGA AND THE PROBLEMS OF PSYCHOLOGY

ENOUGH HAS BEEN said in the preceding chapters to show that the subject is regarded as sufficiently comprehensive to carry in its train the whole management of human life in its attempt at a synthesis of instincts and capacities in the service of a rounded scheme of happiness. It would be incomplete and misleading to leave the enterprise hanging in the air like the fabled Gardens of Babylon without some endeavour to relate the structure to those ever-clamant problems which confront the average man, in a rapidly-increasing urgency, in his search for his soul.

The first thing we have to realise, if we are to gain any benefit from the study of a system of thought which may seem poles apart from our accepted modes of outlook and behaviour, is that the Thibetans do not spend their time indulging in mystical fantasy for its own sake. What they have attained has been won, not only by the sweat of their brows and the ardour of their hearts, but by a constant process of interrelation with the actual business of living. The "mystery" which surrounds the inhabitants of this land of inaccessible frontiers and austere traditions is a concoction distilled to a large extent in the alembic of our own sensation-seeking imaginations. We should do better if we laid aside all associations with romance and awe, and looked with sympathetic eye on a people, who, for reasons, fortuitous and otherwise have gone rather farther down our own street than the timidly reluctant inhabitants of that thoroughfare.

For the truth of the matter is that all mankind are spiritually akin. It is impossible to make the sort of break in the soul which we permit ourselves in the more obvious discrepancies of race and colour. Everyone who had learned the language of the heart knows that no phrase-book and pocket vocabularies are needed to meet man on this most important and essential level at any spot on the earth's surface, be he Irishman, Turk or Finn. The grand desideratum is to cultivate that type of tolerance which is always ready to contemplate an advance in spiritual possessions. Some day we shall all attain what is now the prerogative and delight of the field-marsals of the soul. They have won their batons by the timely help of the gods, by a cultivated insight and by an infinite capacity for taking pains. We too can, if we will, work our way up through the ranks by means of a disciplined, ever-augmented power of control until, all subservience and subalternship passed, we are fit to take our seats in the councils of that General Staff whose least decree is weighty with significance for the happiness and stability of the world.

Now, what proof is there that this organic connection exists? What kinship can we claim with a virtuosity of the mind



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and will apparently so far removed from our childish brick-building? The answer lies in the blessed word Psychology. Viewed aright, as a weapon for the surgical and chemical analysis of the actualities of our endlessly engrossing psycho-physical framework, and not as a "point de départ" for some lilliputian Cloud Cuckoo Land where honest facts are the only unwanted intruders, this science, which is nothing but old common-sense in a fashionable modern disguise, can be of inestimable benefit in revealing where fact and fancy, material and immaterial join. It seems, by one of those curious paradoxes, of which the history of human society is full, that it has needed the "rationalists" to take us back to religion.

Modern psychology, at least in its more obstreperous forms, rose, not out of the pure search for truth but from the rather less noble conviction that a lot of people were being diddled. To put it another way, a number of fluent writers were washed up on the muddy foreshore of our present discontents, who deemed it their duty to proclaim with an insistence reminding one of the most subtle tortures of the Chinese, that man was at last coming into his heritage for the simple reason that religion had been discovered to be a universal hoax and human dignity an invention put forward by persons with various types of axe to grind.

These iconoclasts have some evidence on their side. Certainly, enough to convince a vast body of the "emancipated" that here at last was a beginning. But, unfortunately for these earnest applicants for disillusion, the beginning has turned out to be something remarkably like a conclusion. Everything came toppling down—ideals, beliefs and hopes. The bull of negation rushed madly through the crock-shop of anything established. The actual result has not been quite so happy as had been expected. Man was shorn of his old-time raiment; but, alas, the reach-me-downs offered in exchange have proved neither æsthetic nor edifying. Bereft of any legitimate reason for exerting the best of which he was capable the new type of "intellectual" remains transfixed in a stony, bewildered silence. For, when the impetus to speech has gone there remains very little left to say.

The crowning vice of our day has been the homage offered up to Dead Sea fruit by people who ought to know better. It may sound very nice to hear that we are sufficient unto our little materialistic selves; but, on further analysis, the slogan proves to be something perilously like nonsense. To assure people that there is nothing beyond the grave, to offer them "compensations" which any intelligent or cultivated taste would reject as unworthy the notice of a man who has bothered to cultivate the inner decencies, may be "well-meant"; but the energy spent in

disseminating such a gospel might have been far better employed in composing private intercessions to counteract the dyspeptic self-satisfaction and arrogant dogmatism of the authors' own temperaments.

No, man cannot live on the gold-plating of the mind. There is something within him which clamours for the richer depths of experience. To live for long on purely "intellectualist" rations is to develop a kind of spiritual rickets and to miss the only elements which can save us from extinction, courage, faith and the passionate impulses of the purified blood. The "rationalist" psychology of our day has already confessed its bankruptcy and has left us in a besodden quagmire, from which the sooner we extricate ourselves the better.

The germ of decay was there from the start. For, truth to tell, a "psychology" which paints and decorates the chassis without any thought for the dynamo is no psychology at all. At the best it is nothing more than a badly-calculated device to ensure a certain measure of deceptive comfort for a limited section of mankind. And comfort, fortunately or unfortunately, is no very flattering consolation-prize for the neglect of those faculties within us which can make us in stature like the Gods. All parties concerned are definitely not satisfied.

So the "psychologists" have brought us back as one expected to Psychology (a word which denotes, by the way, investigation into the "psyche"—a fact which seems to have escaped most of our intellectual Pooh-Bahs). Their own tactics have been very largely to blame. To batter the public ear with interminable asseverations of Free Love, free this, that and the other, and then to bound back to their holes like shot rabbits the moment any intrepid (and usually youthful) follower ventures to take them at their word by putting some of these very hypothetical theories into tentative practice, is disconcerting to those cursed with a sense of consistency.

Leaders without any practical belief in their own creed are, sooner or later, bound to inspire profound distrust in the healthy-minded. Courage, which is the greatest of the virtues because it subsumes all the others, is the one indispensable asset for those who set out to give mankind a new pair of legs. And our materialists who have used "Psychology" to further their ends have been found to be painfully lacking in this quality.

And yet there have been exceptions. Naturally enough, these have come from the ranks of those investigators who, besides the perilous gift of brains, have enjoyed a more or less fumbling spiritual insight. It is these "transitionalists" who give us the opportunity of tracing the "missing link" between the minds of East and West. They cater, up to a certain level, for a growing popular taste; and there is nothing hopelessly optimistic in predicting for the future of the world that kind of gradual encroachment of the spirit over the flesh which is the only criterion of progress.

The propagators of the doctrine of Psycho-analysis in Europe are responsible for much good and much harm. On the one hand they have resumed, without quite knowing it, a line of enquiry which has always been thoroughly familiar to certain type of patient unremitting mystic. This should be accounted unto them for merit, although a little more acknowledgment of debts would have been appreciated by certain shades of the past who reached truth by the more direct route of the trained and silent heart. At any rate the "depth psychologists" of the last twenty years have at least reinstated on the general intellectual

map an old respectable curiosity concerning the goings-on of the body and the soul. It is a great virtue these days to refuse to be gulled by the limitless effrontery of the dogmatist, and by their persistent stare at those facts which happen to swim into their ken the new psychologists are laying up treasure for themselves in Heaven.

On the debit side, the more extravagant of the psycho-analytic enthusiasts have cast a shadow on the cultural landscape by a lamentable self-sufficiency which is largely the outcome of being rather simple in the uptake. Like the very poor who suddenly come into a large fortune, they have entered into the world of a continually-swelling technical vocabulary with an enthusiasm quite out of proportion to the benefit to be derived therefrom. To put it as charitably as possible, they have held themselves up as a standing object-lesson of what happens to people who are taken in with the glamour of words. This is a common enough form of bedazzlement; but when the words are used with a flourish which recalls the unfurling of victorious banners, then it is time to call a halt.

At the best, words are only an approximation to the purity of truth. Unless they are supported by other and more essential factors, they cannot take us very far along the all-important road of understanding our fellow human-beings. To assume that one has understood Bach by calling him an "introvert," to set up as an authority on Nietzsche by discovering that he was "schizophrenic" tells us a great deal about the people who bring out these "patents" but very little about the subject under "analysis." It is, of course, admirable that one should explore every nook and cranny of human personality (especially the greatest and fullest); but the process should be accomplished with unflinching reverence for God's handiwork, not with academic bounce and a glint of witty intellectual teeth. There is no particular joke, to the constructive mind, in seeing the great brought tumbling off their pedestals by the cockshies of the mentally adolescent: nor does it lighten counsel to spy out the "wart on Cromwell's face" and to inform a fairly indifferent public "where the old dog got his inspiration from." One fine day some heartless lover of verity will start analysing the analysts and examining the examiners. And then the most "broad-minded" of censors will find himself extremely busy!

Before showing the "joins" between the Thibetan concepts and our own, it may be of use to describe the main postulates of the psycho-analytical theory. First and foremost is the teaching that the thoughts and activities of men are determined much more by the subconscious mind than by the apparatus of conscious intellection. This means, in actual practice, that the majority of people are very far from recognising the real motives for their own conduct: they wander in a fog of convention and harassing doubt which bears little relation to the claims of the purified reason. To cure this false and hypocritical stability, to quarry the rocks of the consciousness so that a true self-knowledge may be made possible is the endeavour of the conscientious practitioner of this new extension of the psychological boundaries.

How are the lines of demarcation drawn between the two halves of the mentality? The psycho-analyst asserts that, owing to man's difficult position on this earth—his timidity and subterfuge, his infancy as a properly civilised being, he is forced to employ conventions and signposts, not as a measure of the absolute truth to which he has attained, but as "blinds" to protect him from the perils of gazing too deeply into the

unresolved and undifferentiated pit of his deeper self. Taking this attitude towards his own possibilities, and having, moreover, no insuperable urge in the direction of analysis, he erects on the threshold of consciousness a figure known as "the censor" who checks the credentials of every thought and impulse, and relegates to an apparent forgetfulness those urges which fall foul of the current assumptions of the society in which he happens to live.

One of nature's tricks to temper the wind to the shorn lamb? Obviously not. For clinicians from all over the world are bringing a lot of nasty evidence to prove that half the woes to which the mind is heir are the product of this same habit of tipping the refuse and the "non tacenda" down the mental shoot. Above all, is "dissociation," that is, the lopping off of a set of experiences so that they curdle and fester in the "cellarage" most dangerous to the balance of the personality.

There is a technique of forgetting which is healthy and one which is extremely injurious. To put things out of mind because we realise their triviality and lack of importance in the building of our character is one thing; to reject because we are afraid is quite another. It is this latter subterfuge which is at the back of the modern neurosis. Nothing could be more fallacious than to assert, as do some of the more dogmatic and prejudiced exponents, that the "unconscious" is necessarily the repository of all the evil things in life. One glance at the surface tactics of modern man should dispel any illusions as to the moral "finesse" of our daily calculations: a large part of our capacity for corruption we keep very much alive by the habit of pandering to it with our eyes wide open. We can hardly blame the "unconscious" for the activity of adjoining areas.

The invaluable lesson which the best psycho-analysis can teach us is that experience can mean very little unless it is supported by the past, and encouraged by the future. Modern man is unhappy and dejected because he has been trying to enjoy "immediate" experience without admitting the sources from which his capacity for enjoyment springs. He has tried to live without ancestors and (one suspects) without much thought for descendants, and his last state has been worse than his first. A real experience is not possible without assimilation: we are each of us a point between two eternities, and our present contentment is dependent on our realisation of the organic and continuous quality of that crystallisation of qualities and urges, conscious and unconscious, which we term "the self." Likewise, we must pay our debt to society and acknowledge without further ado, the fact that we have sprung from the loins of our fathers and that what we know of harmony is, to an appreciable extent the result of "getting in touch" with forces which we share with groups as well as individuals, races as well as parents.

Again, the psychologists have reintroduced us (and here we come to the very heart of our subject) to the vast influence of symbols. The impatient surface intelligence is more often than not disdainful of these, to him, "contorted" spoors on the trek of truth: they savour too much of archaic superstition left behind on the shores of time; they may lurk as shadows of bygone dreams, but their validity has long since passed. The surface intelligence, by reasoning thus, has once more proved itself inefficient, and, by implication, that the mystic and open-minded psychologist is on a thoroughly rational tack.

It is in our dreams that we come across these card-indices to reality. And it is on our dream-life that we must concentrate if we would discover for ourselves the unbreakable connection

between the basement, the ground-floor and the upper-stories of our being. The Yogis of Thibet have always recognised the pre-eminent importance of dream-analysis and it is impossible to derive the fullest benefit from many of their practical applications of doctrine without accepting what they teach on this score. In a system in which the central slogan is "No Waste" the most productive way of employing our energy both in the waking and the sleeping states is the first and most practical consideration.

No Yogi ever wastes his time in mere recuperative rest. His rest is obtained by betaking himself lock, stock and barrel to other dimensions and other planes of being where he derives fuellage for the better driving of his engine in the imperfect timespace life of this earth. He never makes the mistake of disconnecting the complementary halves of his existence. Whenever he sleeps he makes the express determination to learn something more from his experience. Therefore, on awaking, he duly notes what he has seen and heard in the dream-state, and adds this to his store of spiritual knowledge. The habit of pondering long and deeply on this wide world of the "unconscious" tells him many truths about the possibilities of his own nature, and clears up any doubts he may have as to the purity or otherwise of his own motives.

Which brings us to a matter on which the Western analyst is apt to go wrong. In the opinion of the present writer there is far too much reliance in many consulting-rooms, on *suggestion* as a mode of discovering complexes and freeing the mind from inhibitions. At the best, the process succeeds more by luck than by real perception, and it would take a very wise analyst to decide what suggestions are best for the ultimate health of the psyche. There is often a grave danger that ideas may be implanted which, instead of healing and revivifying, may cause the mind to founder still further in courses alien to its best interests. One might almost say that the possibility of *unconscious* suggestion is bad enough without confusing the issues still further by bringing into the picture probable prejudices from the analyst's own mental apparatus.

Here the East is wiser than the West. The "guru" who would bring out the best in the mind of his pupil, employs a huge religious back-cloth with which to set off the stage. He knows that there are certain fundamental truths to which all men, sooner or later, must subscribe, and that the health of the mind is the health of the soul. When the pupil's mind and senses are set *en rapport* with these deep religious convictions, then there is no more fear of illusion. "He wants us for His own, and the mind shall find no rest except in Him." All psychological aptitude is comprehended in the ability to love and worship: it is only when the true purpose of all life is discovered that personal problems clear up. The mind, relieved from the petty lusts and strivings which hamper both the energies and the sight, is washed clean from all gangrene because, with an enchanting detachment which has to be experienced to be believed, it sees that it was created to praise and assist the processes of Creation, and to sample life unremittingly, even if it be that his lot is laid among pain, renunciation and tears. There is no end to the growth of the personality once the doorsteps have been scrubbed with the disinfectants of faith and hope and the ardour of the chaste heart.

It is instructive to cast one's eyes over some of the best-known dream-symbols ("archetypes" as they have been called) which are common to the findings of the psycho-analysts and the devotional dexterity of the Thibetan Yogi. It should be said

here that a little research into mythology and folklore will convince the most sceptical that the same "motifs" repeat themselves in almost identical shape throughout the whole of humanity's dream-experience. Predominant among these are the image of a circle, the symbol of the first created light, and, still more common, that of the square. This, in the last resort, signifies the crystal of "self-collectedness" within every soul, the rock on which the personality builds its house, the refuge when all other things fail.

It should be noted that this primeval formation expresses itself in variegated guise. Sometimes the figure four stands for a transposition of the idea; at others, the dreamer will see burning candles stationed at four points, or a vision of an altar or iconostasis will swim into his ken.

In fact, there is no limit to the extent of these variations on a given theme. It may be suggested here with all reverence that the Trinity concept, so frequent a feature of so many religious systems, is imperfect inasmuch as it leaves out of the scheme the idea of the Mother, which is embodied in the fourth point. For it is by this symbol that the soul is nourished and supported by the primitive forces of the Earth. Or, to put it another way, the conscious mind which is fertilised by the concentrated energies of its personal and racial past, can only function properly when it realises its debt and refuses to live like a half-baked angel or vague Shelleyan spirit in the bosom of a wet rheumatic cloud.

The Thibetan "mandala" or altar, stands for all time as a memorial to a balanced paradigm of the force-world within the world. And it must be insisted that even such a powerful symbol as this is not to be regarded as something absolute and final. Rather it should be viewed as a jumping-off board to enable the mind to train itself in a process of meditation which unfolds ever greater and greater glories. There is nothing sacrosanct about a symbol except the hope and fervour and accumulative insight we care to put into and through it: it is literally a starting-point, not a goal. And persons unwilling to submit themselves to the discipline of concentration will find symbols useful neither as weapons nor as crutches.

The more profound among the psycho-analysts have become very aware of the Eastern method of amassing and disseminating energy by attaching itself to the furnaces and foundries of the earth. The word "anima" (soul) has been given of recent years to the vast unrealised forces within us which come under the symbol of the Mother. In like manner, the term "animus" (spirit) has been invented to stand for those fluctuations and spirals in thought and theory which are, in a very definite sense, set in action by the flywheel of the "anima" dynamo as it turns and releases energy.

The healthy human constitution consists of a right proportioning of the inlets of primitive force on the one hand, and the ratiocinative and idealistic elements on the other. In the most secret teachings of Thibetan Yoga the images of Gods and Goddesses are ranged in an intricate order within the system of the psychic body. The complete appreciation of the function relative and absolute, of these deities would supplement to a very remarkable degree the information supplied by the psycho-analysts. A hint may be picked up here too, on the subject of the relation between Thibetan Yoga and the rapidly-growing science of endocrinology. May it not be that the hormones (juices) emptied by the glands into the blood-stream are deter-

mined in their efficacy by factors quite outside of the comprehension of the narrow materialist?

It is normal for a man to resist the "anima" in his composition. This is why, on the whole, his nature is less complete and satisfying than that of a woman. He fears the unconscious as he fears the devil, and he knows right down within him that the explosion of the whizz-bangs of which he is voluntarily ignorant would send a number of his sillier conventions sky-high. It is also the reason why, when he endeavours to be highly moral, he presents such a priggish and repellent side to his associates. The relegation of the most important section of his emotional baggage to a cloakroom from which he sneaks away like a decamping trunk-murderer, stretches him on the rack of a self-doubt and self-contempt which does much to rob his morality of any charm it may otherwise possess.

The delicate subject of sublimation deserves a chapter to itself. But, as our chief concern here is to show how very old and tried truths are backed up by the more or less timid and tentative guesswork of the modern psychiatrist, the more obvious bearings of the matter can be left to another time and place. And, while we render unto Freud the things that are Freud's, we make haste to assert that we disagree entirely with the point of view that "everything boils down to sex" comfortable as the thought may be to enquirers shivering in the soup-kitchen queues of a disordered wish-fulfilment. Every saint is not a transformed lecher, nor is every Casanova a saint who took the wrong turning.

It can, however, be unhesitatingly affirmed that Thibetan Yoga, concerned as it is with the accentuation of vitality and the harnessing of all the forces of the psyche to that end, must perforce take into account every contribution which can be wrung from the recalcitrant senses. When this measure is adopted it should become patent that the erotic instinct has no absolute life of its own, except as a manifestation of power. That is to say, any apparent outlet to this instinct which does not contribute to the steady fortification of the entire personality stamps itself forthwith as waste and distortion. It would seem, indeed, as if the ultimate fate of man is to rise above himself by cutting off for ever from the tree of his growth the false graftings which are set in the trunk by the ever-inveigling and ever-distracting evil ingenuity of the "implacable white Aphrodite."

The transference of a lower former of energy to a higher must be accomplished with the eyes wide open. The only way to conquer an inclination or habit which we know to be inimical to the forward march of our being is to see it fair and square as the evil thing it is; for everything is evil which hampers us on our foreordained way. It is an ascertainable fact that any illusion we may entertain will bid fair to vanish if we can sit down with cold mind and dissect it bit by bit in the service of the far higher love of genuine scientific truth. The poets have talked a great deal of nonsense about the joys of sensual gratification. A little more self-recollection and a little less splashing rhodomontade would have convinced them that the best and brightest prizes, even in this world, go to the tiny band of pilgrims who are spiritually advanced enough to see that the baser impulses (if not the genus "man" itself) are "to be surpassed."

But this kind of uncommon common-sense does not answer all the difficulties. Men are weak, and they find it easier to make compromise with the devil they know rather than repose their trust in angels whom, at the most, they take only on trust. So it has become customary to regard dissipation as a cross between

a joke and a necessity, and to raise up a whole heap of evidence in support of that type of "self-expression" which is little more than self-decay.

The mess which ordinary people frequently make of their lives in the fruitless attempt to reconcile the life of sensational illusion with their sense of the need for progress beyond the animal, is a standing *memento mori* to the would-be adept. He knows that he cannot start his work until he has made the resolution to put behind him for ever that "nostalgia for the mud" which has been depicted in such a roseate light by a horde of glutinous sentimentalists. Once he has taken this all-important step the problem which confronts him is not that of sublimation (in the widespread fallacious sense of driving one engine with the petrol suitable for another) but of dissolution, that is, the destruction of the "body of the flesh" by the automatic-drills which are supplied by the reverberating and clearly-illuminated spirit.

The adept cleans himself of "back-wheels" by the reverse process to that adopted by the normal man. Instead of allowing the two psychic poles of his nature (represented by the Heart, which stands for consciousness and fire, and the two lower Chakras, which usually rotate in a world of Desire) to work outwardly in the fields of intellect and procreation, and so "stream out" and consume themselves, he turns them inwards. Thus are those forces brought together, with the result that they fertilise each other, and in the language of the poet, produce "not a fourth sound, but a star." In simpler words, the greater drives out the less: the phoenix that arises on the bonfire of the consumed and subjugated flesh is a symbol of the energising of the spirit by a purified and sifted life-force which is the surest gateway to the peace that passeth understanding. This is the real "élan vital" which philosophers, disgusted with the sorry returns of the ordinary life of the world, have envisaged as the secret of happiness and progress.

The essence of the successful spiritual life, the "Secret of the Golden Flower" as it has been called, is the securing of such a balance in the personality that thoughts and powers are made to harmonise without any brimming over of the glass. There can be no boredom or melancholia when the energies of the psyche are working together for righteousness. The rift in the lute of our happiness only occurs when, obsessed "with sick hurries and divided aims," we clamour for drugs to still the remorseless voice of our conscience, which tells us that we are going backward or merely marking time. There are no laggards enlisted in the battalions of the Redeemers.

Here the neurotic (and most of us these days are suffering from some over or under-tension of the nervous equipment) can pluck up heart. It is only when the interior castle of perseverance seems irretrievably shattered and ruined that a real regeneration can begin. "To see the things to which you gave your life to ruined, and stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools. . . ." The unpleasant experience of everything going wrong is the best incentive to making an attempt to put things right. And it is the man or woman who faces with courage and honesty the spectacle of his or her own false starts and disastrous mistakes who are the best equipped for putting their house in order. Thibetan Yoga aims at making each individual his own psycho-analyst by suggesting that he look calmly and critically, free from all tumult of the soul, on this picture and on that, on the one hand, on the hollow and transitory rewards of the catchpenny life of the materialist, on the other on the ineffable pleasures of the individual

who has "resolved his complexes" by the fool-proof method of seeing not only into them but through them, to the larger life beyond.

We propose in the remainder of this chapter to show how the oriental mind, without burdening itself with a carload of difficult technical terms comes to grips with the problems of the workings of the mind. Certain likenesses can be traced between their methods and ours; but, on the whole, what will strike the student is not the similarities but the differences which are contained in the respective conclusions. And the main difference as we have before suggested lies in the prominence given by the Thibetan psychologist to what may be called the "transcendental" mind, or the consciousness which is above intellect and emotions.

We take as our text that marvellous parable of the battle of the soul with circumstances, the *Bhagavad Gita* (The Lord's Song). It is a work peculiarly appropriate to our theme, for it is as popular in Thibet as in India as a manual of that type of devotion which inspires to a deeper knowledge of the world we all inhabit, with all its taxes on the heart and will. Also, it is pre-eminently concerned with Yoga, in the high and specific sense—that is, with the process by which the soul unites itself with the Absolute Spirit of the Universe, and so puts all questions to rest.

Like many of the great epics of the world, the *Bhagavad Gita* gives out its message in the form of an allegory. It tells of five brothers, each representing mankind in a different stage of evolution, who, deposed from their rightful heritage, strive to regain it by force of arms. In the forefront of the picture is Arjuna, and it is with his hesitations, doubts and unresolved "complexes" that the *Gita* chiefly deals. The Lord Krishna stands to him in the capacity of a soul-healer, and it is by watching the knowledge of the mind behind this tutelage, the slow but sure progress from harmony to harmony, that we can appreciate what the Oriental mind has to offer in the direction of a constructive systematisation of body and mind.

The background of development is, of course, the theory of incarnation. It is difficult to attempt any logical explanation of the soul's awakening without accepting this thoroughly natural assumption. Arjuna has lived before: in previous incarnations he has worked out of his system the low and wasteful impulses of the absolute materialist, and, when the *Gita* starts, is shown to us as a person who has covered enough of the road to know that the life of subjugation to the senses brings no peace. He has still a long way to travel; but his nature is sufficiently ennobled to brace itself up for any effort of stoicism and resolution which his mental convictions may dictate. He has not passed beyond the profession of arms; but he will fight only in a just cause. It is this sudden inability to enter the combat with the requisite firmness and belief that right is on his side that produces the opportunity for the author of the *Gita*. He will show how the youth, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" instead of elated with the mastery of his own forces, comes, with the help of the wise soul-physician, to a knowledge of his real self.

There is much talk and much book-making in Europe on the subject of curative analysis. Once the mind has been relieved of its doubts and has taken up its links again with what is vaguely called "society"; then, as most of our theorists hold, there is nothing more to be accomplished. Everyone will be exactly like everyone else, and everything (it is hoped) in the garden will be, if not exactly lovely, at least safe from the unwelcome intrusion

of idealists who point out the fairly obvious fact that man is still, in the present state of civilisation, not a little, but a great deal, lower than the angels.

What the *Gita* shows us is something even more essential than analysis. If we have an appetite for word-coining we can call this new factor *psycho-synthesis*. Man, with his inspirations and passions, his joys and sufferings, is an animal which must be superseded. When he has got himself straight on one level, he must proceed in due time to another. It is, in its constant implications of a world beyond pleasure and pain, beyond the tenuous comforts and securities of "social" living, that this great poem stands head and shoulders above the type of tract which aims at making us content with the apparent and the evanescent. On this point, if on no other, the Western system is open to severe criticism. By its glib acceptance of the standards of the world (and who shall say that the systems we have erected express the best of which we are, even now, capable?) it has helped to make people content with a far lower level of attainment than they might otherwise have reached. It is not enough to make people "happy." It is possible to be "happy" in Hell granted that one is deluded into thinking it is the Other Place. One must also cultivate the habit of looking always for fresh and higher vistas. The aptitude for the birth of this healthy aspiration is largely attendant on our sense of a transcendent Higher Mind within ourselves which is a spark of the Consciousness of the Absolute. The whole object of the sane and forward-looking life is to bring subconscious and conscious into the framework of this higher vision, so that the gratification of the smaller desires is seen to be nothing but the recreation of a child who plays with its toys, careless of the joys and duties of maturity. Then, with the need for analysis passed, we shall build and build again.

In Arjuna's case we can witness the working-out of a tightly-embedded mental conflict. Torn between the urge to express his sub-conscious impulses to avenge and destroy, and the moral imperative which denies them, he is brought to a mental and nervous standstill. He suffers the condition to which so many of us are prone when we cannot make up our minds as to what we really want or where we ought to go. He exhibits the reverse of the psychology of the successful man; for, to be successful in thought or in life is to see one's goal straight ahead and to make for it without looking to right or left.

Arjuna has been "unlucky." From his earliest childhood he has had to face injustice, treachery and exile. He has been forced to keep a constant guard on his tongue lest he be betrayed by ill-wishers: the time other young men had been able to devote to healthy carefree pleasure he has consecrated to the dangerous habit of resentful brooding. Thus there has been engendered in his nature a tremendous force due to the repressed emotions of anger and hate. (For it is not sufficiently realised that the repression of a strong emotional vitality produces a strange volcanic potentiality around and within the personality.) He shows the expected physical symptoms of acute depression, nausea and sudden attacks of fatigue.

He is unaware of his own malady. For he has put away childish things, put behind him, as he thinks, the sad dejection of the past and girded himself for the life of action. He has made much progress in his study of the art of war, and has made himself a thoroughly accomplished and disciplined soldier. But life is not quite so easy! The enemy marches in the night; the seven devils within a man are not to be banished summarily by

an expedition into the objective world. Hence the collapse when the call to action is most peremptory: the surcharged sub-conscious has asserted itself when least expected or desired.

The psychological lesson of the *Gita* lies in just this particular illustration of the workings of the apparatus of the mind. We can never be sure of our stability, our health, and any "spirituality" to which we may lay claim, until we have paid the debt we owe to the world we have created under the surface of our personality. It is, in fact, just this underground world which forms our "personality" as distinct from our "individuality" which is the permanent, that is to say, the indestructible part of ourselves which we share with eternal Goodness and Beauty.

In the subconscious is stored all that we have accumulated in previous existences, the things good or bad which we have desired, the "pattern in the carpet" which we have made for ourselves out of the impressions which we have permitted to develop while we have imagined ourselves to be occupied with quite other, and even different considerations. An analogy for this phenomenon can be found in the unconscious activity of the functions of the body, the heart-beat, the respiratory system, the movements of the intestines. It is as hopeless to attempt to ignore the bed on which we must lie as to hope to live without the proper play of our physical parts.

Unless, of course, we are advanced enough to bring this secret desire-life to the bar of a very superior spiritual judgment. But until we are sufficiently equipped with transcendental insight, unless we possess, in fact, the wisdom of a Buddha, we must "go through with it," face the music, and drain the dross, quite consciously, out of our system.

Many readers will be baffled to hear that Krishna advises Arjuna to yield to his impulses, to engage in battle without desire, mental qualms or any thought of self. "Having made pain and pleasure, gain and loss, conquest and defeat, the same, engage thou then in battle. So shalt thou incur no sin." How, it will be asked, in a treatise which deals with Yoga, can men be exhorted to enter on any "destructive" enterprise? And to be told, too, that no sin attaches therein!

But Sri Krishna is wiser than our prejudices. He is giving the only advice that would be of any benefit to Arjuna, in his present stage of development. We have come face to face with the central doctrine of *Karma-Yoga*, that is the Yoga of Self-Realisation. The emphasis here is on a plan of conduct which ensures the working-out of an accumulated mass of guilt. Like calls to like: the vicious emotions left to rankle in the subconscious by the dance which desire has led us in former lives, can only be released and satiated by their exploitation in a field in which they will find full play. This type of Yoga works from within outwards: by the mere control of his physical actions, man cannot obtain Deliverance. He must plumb through the deceptive façade of outward acts to the spirit that prompts them from within. Here the casual wit of the Victorian cynic which informs us that we must get rid of our temptations "by yielding to them" is not so wide of the mark as the humourless philosopher may at first think. Whenever there is any strife between the will and the imagination (and the imagination is the most powerful product of our subconscious life) the imagination will always win. The engine has more say than the propeller in driving the ship.

The Lord Krishna reinforces his arguments by an affirmation of the transience and unreality of temporal life. Arjuna is not to

think that because he kills a few men he has in any ultimate sense "injured" them. They can only injure themselves; and they, too, by dying in battle will have performed their own particular type of expiation. Far too much stress is laid on the comfort, safety and permanence we can manage to snatch out of our few years on this earth. The good time is to come. The oriental mind finds it difficult to sympathise with our morbid Western appetite for worldly existence at all costs. It bespeaks an attitude timorous and lacking in a proper respect for the unconquerable soul of man. This is where a firm belief in the doctrine of reincarnation could help us over many imaginary stiles!

Thus, in what may seem to some a paradox, a Yogic deity advocates the life of action. The point is all-important and must be understood aright. It is part and parcel of the wise philosophy which says that we can only rise to supreme heights when the time is ripe for us to assay the adventure. Much harm is done by setting people tasks for which they are not ready, and in which they do not really believe. Until our time comes, until we are prepared to relinquish all worldly desires and rewards it is better that we set our hand right manfully to the worldly tasks it seems right and necessary for us to do. If we can accomplish these duties (which may not be in the least heroic, in the usual meaning of that word) without thinking overmuch about results and to the accompaniment of as much detachment as we can summon up from our store of tentative idealism, we shall be forwarding the best interests of our individuality, and rehearsing our powers for greater feats to come.

We shall be spurred on by the teaching that we are put into this world to serve as an example to others. The Lord Krishna is very explicit on this point. He quotes His own case as an example of this disinterested virtue. "Being a divine Being, I have no duty, nothing that I have not gained, and nothing that I have to gain, in all the three worlds. Yet I continue in action." In like manner, we humans should always remember that even if the practice of the best of which we are capable seems, in bad moods, to be arid and sterile, yet we can console ourselves with the thought, that though our light may not always show the flicker of enthusiasm, yet it is a light. And those gifted with the mystical sense will not have to be reminded that here is no abiding city. But while we elect to live on the wheel of action we must obey the rules relating to this experience: far better consciously to pay off our Karmic debt than to blind ourselves still further with delusion by following any brutish course of sensual gratification.

"To thine own self be true." The exhortation can be expanded in relation to the teaching of the *Gita*. If anything is to be made of life one must follow the inherent laws of one's own nature. Although in this connection the advice may seem too individualistic for some tastes, the *Gita* is quite definite on this point. Every single individual has different problems to face, and he can never satisfactorily cope with his own particular difficulties until he realises that the best guidance must come from his own cleansed conscience, not from any outside agency. "Better is one's own Dharma (life-course), though imperfect, than the Dharma of another well-performed. Better to die than live according to the dictates of another." This is a strong saying, but it bears witness to the inculcation of that enormous sense of personal responsibility which is the corner-stone of the deepest oriental beliefs. There would indeed be little point in the religion of reincarnation if other people could do our work for us. Actually the chief logical value of this creed lies in the fact that

we cannot escape the results of our very least actions. There is no effect without a cause, no cause without an effect.

All this time Arjuna is by no means in the attitude of an idle listener. He plies his teacher with searching questions, honestly trying to reconcile the doctrine with what he thinks he knows of himself. Like so many of us he "thinks he knows best": he is very averse to admitting the shameful places in his own nature. These he endeavours to cover up with desperate excuses which we can well relate to the "compensation" theory of the modern psycho-analyst. That is, a bluff and even arrogant exterior is assumed in order to cover up the sense of inferiority which broods within. But Krishna is inexorable. He knows that self-revelation sometimes hurts; but it is best to pull away the bandages quickly. This way the pain is soonest over. "A Yogi must have determination." One must see the target and the aim must be steady.

We hasten to make it plain here that, up to the present stage, in the teaching, it is to the *imperfect* human nature that the message is addressed. The reader must not fall into the error of thinking that there is any advocacy of cruelty or slaughter implicit in Krishna's advice to Arjuna to wash himself clean of his past by working it out in action. It is simply based on the common-sense fact that humanity must rid itself of its blemishes on the drunkard's dram principle: little by little the dark places of the spirit must be expunged by bringing them into the clear light of day, turning them over and seeing them for the blots and hindrances they are. To some natures the vision of truth never comes in its fullness until action is seen to be as empty as desire. To this class Arjuna belongs: he has to "go through with" the things he has in his innermost heart desired until he has seen that all is vain except guiding constructive Love.

No work of human hands is infallible, and it may be argued, too, that the *Gita* was written at a period when the majority of men had not attained such a clear-sighted view of the necessity for forbearance in the matter of family and racial animosities as have the best elements in more modern civilisations. The instinct for self-preservation is by no means entirely ignoble. It is quite feasible to reason that one may serve God, at least at times, much more valuably by remaining alive than by lying in small pieces on the ground. And the argument may be courteously extended to others as well as to oneself.

"He who sees action in inaction, and inaction in action is a Yogi." This is the kernel of the matter. Real advancement can only come by that kind of standing still which, perhaps unknown to the onlooker, busies itself with a deep peering into the recesses of the developing soul. We all know that even in the ordinary business of life it is always the quiet controlled type who is the most efficient. How much more true is the observation when it is applied to the experts of the spirit! And here there are, or need be, no distractions to put the seeker off the scent.

So long as we permit suggestions from the outside world to influence the subconscious we shall remain in the "durance vile" of illusion. This is why the higher Yoga puts such a great stress on the control of incoming impressions. The trained Yogi selects these, in no wise allows them to select *him*. To live only one day in a crowded modern industrial city is to lay oneself open to all the agitation which is the universal concomitant of the desperate rush of men to forget the God within themselves in the search for the very dubious philosopher's stone of material gratifications.

To start with, we have handicapped ourselves in the West by building up what may be called a philosophy of fidgets, instead of spinning ourselves diligently into the web of our souls. Nobody is held to be of value unless he is as we say "doing things"; unless he is, in other words, chasing frantically round after his own tail. "What is that man *doing*?" queries our drill-sergeant custodian in stentorian tones, as if it were not infinitely more important to enquire what the defaulting fellow is *being*! That is, adding to the tiny crystal of goodness, truth and beauty at the heart of his nature. Too long have we victimised ourselves with that kind of pseudo-remorse which is first cousin to neurasthenia. Our civilisation which is suffering a huge nervous breakdown, due to its inability to distinguish between the useful and the frivolous, bids fair to drag more and more of us into the chaotic maelstrom to which it seems to be heading unless we can gather together once more the great static forces of the balanced will. "The Gods approve the calm and not the tumult of the soul." If there is one thing which the practice of the higher Yoga can teach us, it is that the strong man is strongest when he is most alone. The united efforts of a nation of seekers at peace with themselves would soon turn *pauvre et triste humanité* into Utopians whose Utopia had come true.

"All actions done without self-control are perverted." On this text the Lord Krishna builds his constructive psychology of the mind. After his counselling Arjuna to accept the inescapable results of his acts in previous lives, and see them for what they are, he starts where the former argument leaves off and proceeds to give instructions on the fortification of the higher storeys of the edifice.

After action has been realised and its poison worked out of the system the aspirant for perfection has to make his great renunciation. Seeing the deceptive and unprofitable nature of all merely earthly strivings, he has to safeguard himself against falling back into old errors. This can be best achieved by either of two ways. The first and most edifying is to open all the estates of the soul to the cleansing and formative rays of the sun of that Love whose sign is supreme detachment. It is necessary to realise here that the denizens of the higher mental and spiritual worlds can help us by accelerating our passage: by the grace they send out they relieve us of the need for paying the usual customs-duties at the gates where the worlds intersect. On the other hand, the exhilaration of taking up our residence in a higher world carries the usual dangers. To feel the benefits of a bracing climate, by no means cures us of a congenital lethargy, and more than vision is needed to keep us from the domination of fantasy. The renunciation which follows on the heels of enthusiasm is apt to change even more rapidly than we had feared or suspected to an increased partiality for the lower life to which we have given a well-earned, but only temporary rest.

The second of the methods is perhaps, safer. In this case, the devotee is required to awaken his subconscious mind, and discharge the impressions embedded in it by analysing the causes of their urgency. In this manner he will cleanse the mind of the "stuff which keeps the reason prisoner," and so work out his own salvation by understanding the forces which have kept him back. When he has studied himself in this mirror there is every hope that he will be able to effect a join between the subconscious and the superconscious; for the ordinary intellectual apparatus, which stands between the two will have fulfilled its function as intermediary and pacifier. Henceforth there will be no doubt or

hesitation, for it will be as plain as a pikestaff that the Hidden Self which we can make or mar is part of the Eternal Mind which comprehends all phenomena.

To apply the teaching to a common personal problem of everyday life. A man or woman may labour for years under a feeling of buried resentment, traceable to a sense of injustice: they feel that they have not been given a "square deal," that the best part of themselves has been passed by and ignored. This is as widespread as an income-tax demand, and even more exacerbating to health and temper. As it is the duty of a wise man to be happy he should not rest till he has thoroughly investigated the reasons for his revolt. It is probable that he will be startled by some of the discoveries he makes about himself. Instead of a saintly misunderstood martyr he may see in the magic crystal of honest analysis a creature much more sinning than sinned against, a consummate egotist, a vain prattler, one in whom the need of praise is stronger than the love of truth. In a word, he will recognise that he has "asked for" any trouble which may have come his way by an insufficient consideration of other people's feelings and a too delicate fastidiousness with regard to his own.

The art of meditation is in one sense the whole art of life. For it cannot be too often asserted that we never get to grips with reality until we have controlled the fickle and fluctuating swarm of impressions which beset the purity of the mind. The sand-flies and mosquitoes which ceaselessly attack our broken shards of thought are best kept at bay by a netting woven out of a pounding concentration on one point. It must be emphasised that the workings of the uncontrolled mind are in the very nature of the case too veering and "temperamental" to be dependable as a guide to truth. It must be remembered too that the nature of our temporary being is such that we can hardly be said to be the same persons for two days running. The chemical fluctuations of our metabolism, the rapid changes of "spiritual" standpoint in the most stable characters, make the ordinary reactions of the man in the street a most unsure guide not only to the central problems of life, but also to the essential truth about himself. This is why we look back on episodes in our past and say to ourselves "How on earth could I have done that?" or "Could that really have been I?" We have in actual fact suffered a sea-change from the days of our earlier convictions.

Unfortunately, the knowledge of ourselves requisite for steady progress even according to the laws of this world, rarely comes when we have most need of it. When we are twenty we see clearly what sort of individual we should have been at sixteen; when thirty we get a clear perspective of how we could have harmonised our life at twenty; and when we reach the maturity of forty we admit with a begrudging certainty what would have given us the maximum of gratification at thirty. This is not to say that "everything comes too late": on the contrary, it is a guarantee that, although we progress by slow and imperceptible stages, nevertheless we progress. Also, it is a reminder that the wisely-trained eye and heart can anticipate disaster by concentrating on that "single-pointedness" which is the best hope for its elimination. This too is the province of Yoga.

Much homage has been given by those content with surfaces to that apparent renunciation or semi-renunciation of the world which goes under the name of asceticism. Most of us extend a sincere, albeit reluctant admiration to saints who sit on pillars and fakirs who live on in a kind of blank beatitude pierced by a thousand nails. "What fortitude!" we murmur; "How

superior is this mode of living to our cocktails and holiday-making in the South of France!" But we are apt to be too lavish with our praise in all these instances. It is possible that some of these romantic hermits are merely concentrating to God what is no longer particularly acceptable to man: the deeper peace springs from and abides in the heart, and does not need any exaggerated outward manifestation. "One who knows the mental field (that is, realises the inner causes for the nature of the attitude to life impressed on his own character) and does not put this knowledge into action, is among the more blessed types of Yogi." Such an one has already arrived at the gates of his destination. The *Gita* states clearly what should be the bourne of the soul in this life: the most perfect happiness comes when the negative emotions of hate, envy and all uncharitableness are conquered for good, and that contempt for the world which takes the form of leaving it to its own hellish and unhappy devices, is submerged in a rapt contemplation of those Wonders, which are not nine, but are as multifarious as the whole teeming chorus of phenomena. When the mind is free from egotism everything becomes a miracle, because everything is seen in its essence and in its divine destiny. This too is the way of Help. The wise man will alienate himself from none; for he will see in the most fumbling and "ineffectual" efforts of ordinary humanity to realise the best in their nature that striving towards the Eternal which is the justification of the most "wasted" life.

"If there were sorrow for sale in the market-place, I would be the first purchaser." This difficult saying of a great European mystic is, in some sort, endorsed by one aspect of the teaching of the *Gita*. A most effective way, it says, to wipe the subconscious clean from any fretful desire for the rewards of the world is to suffer so intensely that all other wishes are swallowed in the yearning for deliverance from sorrow and vicissitude. We are drawn back, as it were, to our original Home by the providence of a loving God who shows us the kingdoms of the world and the transience thereof in order to make us crave more strongly for His Peace.

The attitude adumbrated is sometimes known as *Mantra Yoga* or the Yoga that is fed with the fuel of constant praise of the goodness of the Creator. And here enters an important psychological "motif." It is deep feeling, the storage of the astral or emotional body, which, percolating through the etheric double, impinges on the objective consciousness and eventually leaves its imprint on the subconscious mind. We are what we desire: if we must live on desire it is obviously best for our soul's health that we desire those things which are comely and of good report rather than drugs that poison the whole being. The truth is double-edged; but it can safely be asserted that, generally speaking, in this world we tend to get what we want if we want it ardently enough. The reason for this fact is clear enough: the underground forces, so much more powerful than those we all recognise and know, work their way towards their fulfilment because they are handicapped by no disturbance of their functioning. Sow a seed and it will grow. When a man says that he is convinced he will succeed, that nothing can harm him, he is already successful and safe; for he has planted in the deeps of his mind a never-failing talisman of protection. It behoves us all to prepare as best we can for emancipation by reacting favourably only to those impressions which store the subconscious with impulses good for the interests of humanity at large.

The moment of death becomes of peculiar significance in

this system. A man should do his dying very carefully; for, if he is able to control his mental processes at this critical turning, and stamp the subconscious with ideas which the escaping spirit will assimilate and embody, he will probably "come back" a little more accoutred than when he departed. An aid to this resolution will be found in a concentration on the afferent impulses which play in the space between the eyes: this should be co-related with as vigorous a meditation as possible on the nature of the workings of the subconscious. Another method consists in "controlling the nine apertures" of the body (that is banishing the images of their existence) and dwelling with fervour in the centre of the Heart: in this case, the incoming nervous impulses will be kept in a kind of quarantine in the centre of the Head and there will be a deep brooding on the mysteries of the Superconscious.

It is only when Arjuna, after much hesitation, recognises the full truth of Krishna's teaching that he acknowledges the latter for the Godlike being he is. "You are the supreme Eternal Brahmah," he cries; and he means that Krishna is the personification of the Superconscious world where there is no more sorrow nor pain. Henceforth he will have no further doubts in attempting to put the precepts into practice.

But it is understandable that he should ask for a sign. An Eastern mind is brought up to believe that all things have a Form, and so he beseeches his guide to show him the Transcendental "Word made Flesh." He is led up to the vision by measured stages. First he must get himself used to the climate in which such visions grow. He is exhorted to control the body so that its finer forces are liberated and waft him to the higher worlds. He is granted superconscious sight, or, if the expression be preferred, an ecstatic clairvoyance.

Next, this gift comes to manifestation in the spectacle of the "Twelve Suns." The incident should be dwelt on; if only for the reason that it is from the untold energy of the orb that we derive all that we know of life and power. The Yogi adept thinks always of the sun, bathes in its radiance, regards it as the great cleanser and sustainer. Just as the physical wilts and weakens when it is deprived of this undying fire (the cholesterol vitamin, in the language of modern dietetics), so the subtle vehicles relax in their potency when they lose sight of this fundamental support. Heat, light and sound; the various life-giving *Airs*, the terrific Kundalini at the base of the spine—all these contacts are loosened when heed is not given to what the Egyptians termed the God of the Sun.

In like manner Arjuna sees the Fires of Destruction, the apparently inchoate masses of the Vital *Airs* before he makes the spiritual discovery that all these elements are contained in Krishna's body: the World of Force is in the last resort, one. He is conducted, too, through the ranks of the Deities in their various aspects. This, again, tells him much concerning the right disposition of the cohorts which are at the disposal of the man who has entered into the Higher Will.

There is little further for him to do. He takes up his bow and strides forward into the ranks of the enemy, cleansed for ever from vanity and regret. The foe is overthrown.

A melodramatic end, it may be argued, for a poem whose object is the pilgrimage of the soul. But those who think this way will have missed the point. Even if exception be taken to the manner in which Arjuna "cures his complexes," it will be admitted that there is no lack of logic in the presentment of a

case which must have its analogue in thousands of persons on the contemporary scene.

Better, perhaps to envisage the whole story as a parable. Then there can be no objection to the context of the "message." For, whether we are Oriental princes or Occidental navvies we all have ultimately to ask the same questions and receive the same answers. We have to walk the Way, to meet temptations of every kind, and to learn our lesson in the process. Call it psychology or call it what one will, here are the "Last Things" which it were better to face before the opportunity passes.

Certainly, this is the only psychology that matters. If knowledge does not lead us to fortify and invigorate the realms of the spirit it becomes as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. In this all true "depth" psychology and all true "depth" literature agree.

"That thee is sent, receive in buxomness,
The wrestling for this world axeth a fall.
Here is no home, here is but wilderness :
Forth, pilgrim, forth ! Forth, beast, out of thy stall !
Know thy country, look up, thank God for all ;
Hold the high way, and let thy ghost thee lead ;
And truth shall deliver, it is no dread."

(The next article will deal with *Thibetan Yoga : its Relation to Art.*)



The Secret Doctrine of the Khmers (continued from page 356)

imaginary clothes. I may say no more. However, the poor woman was unjustly maligned by her enemies. Her sole desire was to help humanity. They could never understand her peculiar character nor her Oriental methods. Her society did an enormous service to white people by opening their eyes to Eastern truths. But its real mission is over ; hence its present weak condition. A new instrument will take up the work in 1939 and give a higher revelation to the world, which is now better prepared. But the beginning of this work will be as quiet and unnoticed as the planting of a seed. It is 108 years since H. P. B.'s birth. There are 108 steps on the path to Nirvana. Amongst all the yogis of the Himalayas, 108 is regarded as the most sacred number. It is also kabbalistically connected with the year 1939 in a most important way. Therefore this year will witness the departure of the adepts from Tibet. Their location was always a secret, even most of the High Lamas never knew it. Tibet has lost its value for them, its isolation has begun to disappear rapidly and its rulers no longer respond faithfully to them. They leave Tibet *seven hundred years* after their arrival."



What is a Modern Mystic? (continued from page 359)

day. He has arrived by reading and observation (or by either) at the following conclusions :

Many of the sciences are at a complete dead-end.

The most virile of them (physics for instance) have abandoned the time-honoured virtue of dealing in ascertainable facts and have wandered rather helplessly into the domain of metaphysics.

Science is slowly altering its attitude towards spiritism.

Economics are breaking down.

Materialism is now denied by scientists with almost as much insistence as it was previously maintained.

Much of what to Blavatsky half a century ago was occultism and derided by the scientists is now considered either good science or good theory. What Steiner proclaimed as science a quarter of a century ago is rapidly being admitted to the realm of experimentation. On the one hand the modern mystic has the poets and the musicians to confirm the normality of his own experience ; on the other the occultists to show him the legitimate—the inevitable—extensions of empirical science.

Now where in all this do such systems as Yoga and the rituals of the Freemasons and Kabbalists enter into the modern mystic's scheme ? They don't. A Christian mysticism and truly objective occultism (yes, there *is* such a thing) is sufficient for all our Western needs. The thunder of the Kabbalists has been stolen by the Psycho-analysts and in any event could be (and still is) exceedingly mischievous. It is in any case thoroughly redundant. Yoga is mostly unsuited to the Western mind. It is incontestably true that in certain cases it is efficacious, but only for a small minority. It too can prove extremely harmful unless a good teacher escorts the student almost from first to last.

The religious instinct, the heart and core of true mysticism, is in great danger of becoming atrophied by exercises in rituals ; Yoga or Kabbalistic. The value of a *knowledge* of Yoga to the Westerner is great, but its virtue lies only in the understanding it gives him of the workings of the oriental mind—and that, in years to come, will be no mean asset.

From what we have said it should not be assumed that the poetical or the musical experience are in themselves the "mystical" experience. They are not. The mystical experience leavens the whole of life and extracts from it the utmost ineffable sweetness. And all this must be given out again, and quickly, in love ; not the unhealthy, neurotic, and often completely meaningless brand of the philosophising word-monger, but in the kind of action that the true contemplative knows well enough. Perhaps more than any other Westerner, Emerson captured the meaning of the mystical experience in prose :

He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think ; what a saint has felt, he may feel ; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.

And even the *modern* mystic has few possessions and these few he lets fall without much ado. He has no shares or stocks, and just because he allows all things to slip away from him without fuss and without regret, they leave behind a fragrance unknown to those whose pride is in possession. And as Abul Fazl has it : "Orthodoxy to the orthodox, and heresy to the heretic, but the dust of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume seller." We shall return to the mysticism of poetry in future issues.

America—Past, Present and Future

IV. THE COSMOLOGICAL MISSION
(Continued from the September issue)

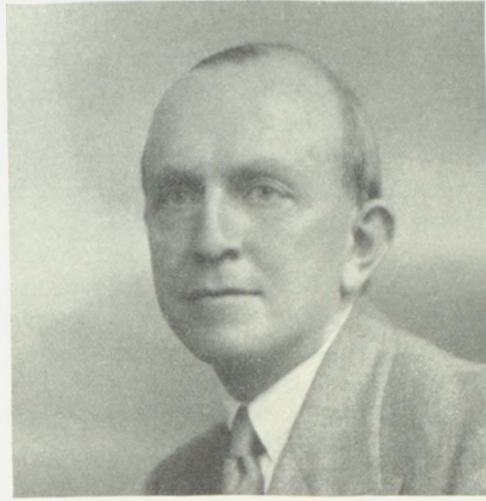
by Eugen Kolisko, M.D. (Vienna)

MANY PEOPLE BELIEVE that America is exclusively materialistic. But there is another side to the picture and this is what I call its "Cosmological Mission."

The scientific development of the last 500 years really marks the materialistic epoch. This is generally acknowledged, but few realise to what it amounts—namely the elimination of any possible belief in cosmic influences affecting the earth. The ancient wisdom was fully aware of them; then came the age of tradition; and then the age of *superstition*; lastly, science stepped in and swept away every vestige of lingering superstition. This was a war against the decadent *forms* of knowledge—but the *content* was also vanquished. And now, science has to find its way back to cosmology—but without losing its own acquired methods.

The part of the world where this must be achieved is America—and can be in America *only*. Whence the greatest intensity of materialistic thought has come, from there also must come the greatest healing.

When I was travelling in America I had in mind that I would try and make contact with all those present-day scientists who are aware that something of this kind must take place. Apart from the general delightful hospitality and cordial reception that I met with on all hands, and apart from the remarkable open-mindedness for new ideas that was everywhere apparent, I came back to England quite convinced that there are a great many scientists already in America actively at work in endeavouring to found this new era of cosmological science. They may not be definitely individually recognised, but there are certainly far more of them in America than in Europe. Even before I went to America I was already acquainted with the work of Elsworth Huntingdon* of Yale University. He discovered the secret of the annual rings of the Big Trees both in California and in the Orient. These trees are in some cases two or even three thousand years old, and the transverse section of the trunk of such a giant discloses the whole history of climate, weather, and sun-influence upon it. Also, the eleven-year periods of the sun-spots reveal themselves, as though in a living photograph, on this "vegetable record." Such sections are now to be seen in every important American Science museum; and are shown with their accompanying historical data—such as "the ring of Alexander the Great," "the ring of Nero," "the ring of Magna Charta"—of Napoleon, etc., etc. This is certainly a new pictorial system for teaching history, which appeals strongly to our modern delight in any demonstration of material facts! But the interesting thing is that we are thereby discovering the history of the cosmos written in living Nature.



EUGEN KOLISKO, M.D. (Vienna)

As the period of the sun-spots has been recognised as being the combined effect of the influences of the various planetary periods of the sun,* so the research on the big trees by Huntingdon is really an exhibition of these cosmological effects on the earth.

A complete surprise to me—but a most pleasant one—was when I came across the remarkable series of publications by William F. Petersen, M.D., of the Department of Pathology and Bacteriology in the University of Illinois: *The Patient and the Weather*.

This work embodies the results of years of devoted labour and investigations into the influences of meteorology on health. Every disease is described in its strictly statistical relation to every species

of weather, climate, barometric pressures, etc., etc., all over Northern America. The work is full of elaborate diagrams and official statistics supporting his researches. For instance, innumerable graphs illustrate the correspondence between such things as monthly death rates with thermic and barometric instabilities of the weather; differences in the resistance to diseases of individuals born in certain months; and many other things of a similar nature which it is very satisfactory to find corroborated by such exact methods of investigation.

More, the Author makes it clear that the ancient Greeks were perfectly aware of all these laws. He refers to himself as to one who is reviving the knowledge of Hippocrates, the "father of medicine," whose whole system consists in ascribing the origin of all illnesses to the influence of the seasons, conditions of atmosphere, of water, temperature, and even of the nature of the soil.

Greece, of course, was geographically very much subject to meteorological changes; but Petersen makes us believe that America is far more so, and the weather—and the people too—becoming every day more restless. One of his diagrams, created by a superimposition of all the maps of cold, cloudiness, rainfall, and barometric variabilities to form a "superimposed map of meteorological factors," shows three main centres of weather instability; one on the Pacific coast, one in the Middle West, and one on the East coast—and in these finds the greatest congestion of every sort of disease. These areas show precisely the same threefold geographical aspects as that which we arrived at in the previous article from quite other directions.

The Author also tells us how Hippocrates was a member of the guild of the disciples of Asclepius the God of Medicine. "But the Greeks derived the healing arts through Apollo, the Air God, and Asclepius, the son of Apollo, in turn becomes

* Dr. W. J. Stein: *The Earth as a Basis of World-economy*, published by *The Present Age*. London. Page 67. Here a full survey of all the literature concerned is given.

* *Earth and Sun, Weather and Sun-spots*, Newhaven, 1923.

associated with the atmosphere. 'For from the Most High cometh Healing,' according to the Greeks; and when the Greek priest-physician spoke of Asclepius he actually meant 'God of the clear, bright, radiant air after a storm.'"

And so, speaking about the remarkable atmospheric conditions in America, he says, in his Preface: "For that reason I have been tempted to use the term 'Hippocratic America' to express the implied debt; though the 'Footprint of Asclepius' is perhaps more picturesque and equally appropriate." So what the Greeks, in their terminology, called Asclepius, the God of the atmosphere, weather, but also of disease, is found once more, by a modern scientist, as the quite actual effect of meteorology on the American continent and people. So "mythology" becomes as tangible as a "footprint" on the earth.

When I had the great privilege of having a talk with Dr. Petersen in his laboratory, I was deeply impressed by his wide outlook, not only where his own work was concerned, but upon the whole development of modern science. He regarded the investigations that have been carried out by Mrs. L. Kolisko on Moon and the Growth of plants and the planetary influences, as the beginning of a further step in cosmological science, and suggested that—while in America, as before in Greece, the meteorological factors were superlative, in Europe—or more so in tropical places—as once in Egypt) the astronomical and planetary influences would be more apparent, as they had more opportunity to "show themselves" through veiled meteorological changes.

But—both meteorology and astronomy are *cosmological* influences.

I can best conclude my observations on Dr. Petersen's work by quoting the final paragraph of his first volume: "The weather—'the mysterious forces of the atmosphere' which Goethe felt—ah! We shrug our shoulders—we raise a supercilious, scientific eyebrow—(paradoxically developing air-conditioning in the meantime) as we pursue some weighty problem in the laboratory. Old wives' tales that have no place in modern medicine. But there is the footprint of Asclepius on America!"

And then follows a map of the *actual* "footprint"!*

So, what may be called cosmological investigation is already begun. And, as I mentioned before, there are many others who are working on these lines in America.

Another most remarkable feature is the revolution in agriculture. Materialistic sins have very bad effects. They have come over the American continent like a plague in the last few years. This plague is called "soil erosion." Man makes deserts—that is the common phrase. Innumerable acres have been rendered barren in one or two generations. It is one of the greatest disasters that has ever happened. The new deserts in Oklahoma, Texas, and other districts, are almost objects for the sightseer. Re-forestation, re-animation of the soil, are everywhere discussed. The most convincing proof is a recent publication, the last (1938) Year-book of the U.S.A. Department of Agriculture. For the first time in human memory, a ministry of agriculture has felt itself compelled to send out an SOS in the form of their annual report. *Soils and Man* is the popular title. It is a whole compendium of the illnesses of the soil and of its mismanagement through human efforts. The Foreword, written by the Secretary of Agriculture, begins with the words: "The

Earth is the Mother of us all—plants, animals, and man. The phosphorus and calcium of the earth build our skeletons and our nervous system. Everything else our bodies need, except air and sun, comes from the earth." This unusual beginning is followed by an appeal to all workers on the land; and it only leaves out one thing—namely that the air and the sun, which are not provided by the earth, are the representatives of the cosmos. They are utterly permeated with cosmological influences; and *these* give the life to the soil. So, besides the excellent work which is now done by the Department of Agriculture to avoid the exploitation of the soil by the farmers, something more is necessary. And that is, the study of these cosmological influences. After all—what is life? it comes to us from beyond the earth. The influence of the Moon on seed-germination, root-development and reproduction; the influence of the planetary rhythms on forestry; plant-associations; the regeneration of humus through biological fertilising—all this *is* already studied, and what is needed is only to overcome the prejudices of the old school.*

It is a striking fact, which I experienced myself, that the farther one travels West the stronger grows the importance of cosmological factors. On the Pacific coast, where Nature is so exuberant, even in its preservation of earlier forms of vegetation, as in the Red-woods with their gigantic antediluvian trees, there also the cosmological character is more apparent, and should provide the field for the revival of agriculture. Is it not a sign that just where the actual effects of materialistic practices—the destruction of the life of the soil, etc.—are found, that there the ideas of this new cosmological phase can be put into operation?

When I talked over this whole situation recently with an American friend, he said to me most significantly: "Yes—but all the text-books of modern science must be re-written. We want another training at our Universities."

This exactly expresses what must be done. The soil of the earth dies, because no farmers are trained in cosmological agriculture. And the same applies to man in his conditions of health. Everywhere in America I heard the complaint: The old family doctor, who really knew his patients, has disappeared, there is only the specialist. He of course knows everything in his own department; but he cannot effect the right cures at the right moment.

Why?—because there is no adequate training of a *universal* character in medicine. What we want is the reform of medical thinking. As the health of the soil calls for a new scientific knowledge of the cosmos, so the patient calls for a new "Knowledge of Man." The era of the Darwinistic theory of evolution is just at an end. It explained the human being only as the product of earthly animal evolution. This is a view which must be revised—but we should *not* drop the idea of evolution as a whole which many scientists seem inclined to do—rather should we study evolution *with the addition* of the cosmological influences.

It is not enough to collect all the material data in some new kind of Institute which merely serves as an immense agglomeration of what every special science has to say about man and the

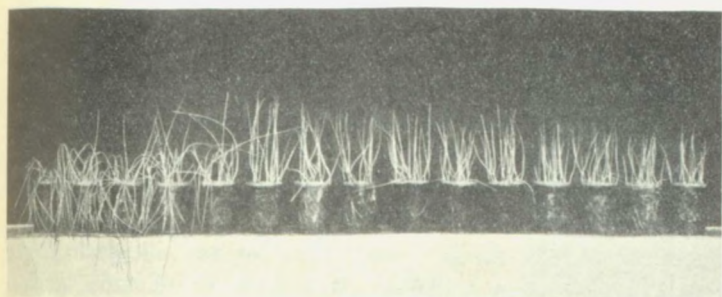
(continued in page 396)

* William F. Petersen, M.D., *The Patient and the Weather*. Vol. I. Part I. Edwards Bros., Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan. 1938.

* See Mrs. L. Kolisko on *Moon and Plant Growth, Influence of the Stars on Earthly Substances*, and all the articles in this journal. Also by Dr. E. Kolisko, *Cosmological Influences in Agriculture*, in the *Present Age*, Vol. III, No. 9. And in the same number, the remarkable survey by Alma Baker, C.B.E., *The Soil and its Products*.

Astro-Biological Calendar for October

by Mrs. L. Kolisko



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



Silver Nitrate 1 per cent.
Characteristic picture for the month of October

THIS MONTH WE FIND THAT THE FIRST four pots have falling leaves, the fifth stands upright and seems to be the largest. All the other pots are gradually decreasing in growth.

Metre	Length of leaf	Length of roots	Temperature
1	24.0 cm.	18.1 cm.	16.5° C.
2	25.7 "	17.0 "	17.0° C.
3	24.3 "	15.8 "	15.0° C.
4	22.9 "	15.7 "	14.5° C.
5	22.4 "	16.3 "	13.0° C.
6	15.3 "	14.7 "	13.0° C.
7	15.0 "	15.0 "	13.5° C.
8	14.5 "	15.0 "	13.0° C.
9	13.5 "	14.0 "	13.0° C.
10	12.9 "	13.9 "	12.5° C.
11	12.6 "	13.9 "	12.5° C.
12	12.4 "	14.7 "	12.5° C.
13	12.2 "	14.1 "	12.5° C.
14½	10.8 "	13.0 "	12.2° C.
16	11.5 "	12.3 "	12.0° C.

The maximum of growth we find at 2 metres below the surface of the soil as regards the leaf, and 1 metre below the surface as regards the length of the roots. Last month it was just the opposite. The maximum leaf we found at 1 metre and the maximum roots at 2 metres.

During the month of October we find that the silver pictures begin to get dull. There may be a few days on which the silver nitrate has a more vivid and clear appearance, but having to choose the average characteristic picture we must select the above experiment. The forms seem to retire into insignificance.

Waning quarter : Friday, October 6th.
New-Moon : Thursday, October 12th.
Waxing quarter : Friday, October 20th.
Full-Moon : Saturday, October 28th. Seeds may be placed in the soil Thursday, October 26th.

Planetary constellations :

		Conjunctions :	Oppositions :
October	2nd	Moon -Uranus	Moon -Mars
"	7th	" -Neptune	" -Jupiter
"	11th	" -Venus	" -Saturn
"	13th	" -Mercury	" -Uranus
"	15th	" -Mars	" -Neptune
"	21st	" -Jupiter	" -Venus
"	25th	" -Saturn	" -Mercury
"	27th	Venus -Mercury	Mercury-Saturn
"	29th		Venus-Saturn
"	30th		Sun-Saturn
"	1st		Mercury-Uranus
"	10th		Venus-Uranus
"	12th		
"	22nd		
"	25th		
"	30th		

The Soul and the Year

(Continued from the September issue)

by Eleanor C. Merry

II. THE WEEK, THE MONTH, AND THE YEAR

IN THE RHYTHM OF night and day it is the Earth which expresses its own individual character. And human beings, in spite of their capacity to free themselves from this rhythm so far as their sleeping and waking are concerned, are nevertheless dependent upon this 24-hourly cycle in certain other respects. The actual *physical body* of man is related to the daily rotation of the Earth.

When we come to the rhythm of the weeks, it is rather a different matter. Because then we have a connection with the Moon. The week has seven days; the Moon has four phases. As the Moon fulfils her four phases she is also, with each phase, passing through a different kind of relationship with the planets and the sun as well as the Earth, making in all four times seven such relationships—or 28.

Seven planets—the Sun being in this case counted among them—have always been recognised as having a connection with our Earth of a special kind; and have often been nominally, as well as really, introduced into the rhythm of the week: Thursday, for instance, the day of Thor, or Jupiter; Friday, the day of Venus (Freya); Saturday, the day of Saturn; Sunday, the day of the Sun, etc. So in the course of four weeks, the Moon has (approximately) fulfilled all these different relationships to a certain degree. Or, one can put it the other way round and say that a month of 28-29 days is the sum of the four-fold relationship of the planets to the Moon.

But as we follow the passage of the *weeks* we have quite a different sense of our connection with them from that which we feel when we experience the rhythm of the days and nights. We are acutely conscious of the progress of time from week to week. In fact, the rhythm of the weeks seems to have become an essential element in our capacity for remembering; and I think there is probably no one who does not feel that each day of the week has a peculiar character—even “colour”—of its own by virtue of its position within the seven.

But for the most part, hardly anyone recollects that the *succession* of weeks is really a rhythm contained within the four phases of the Moon, because nowadays hardly anyone notices what the Moon is doing. The rhythm of the weeks is fundamentally a planetary and not an earthly one. If we think of this then we must conclude that it affects some part of our human nature which is extra-terrestrial. And in fact, this rhythm is intimately connected with the rhythm of our *etheric* organisation. The etheric body is “supersensible”; it lies behind, so to say, the glandular functions of the body. We have already seen that etheric forces are described as “formative” (Article No. 1).



ELEANOR C. MERRY

The Moon is not only concerned with running round the Earth and “pulling” the tides, but its influence penetrates all fluids and thereby affects organic structures, in all kingdoms of Nature, including the human.

But for the *soul's* experience, the weeks are a measure of time which is, one might say, less our own than the days. We can always feel that every day is something that we can possess; but that every week is more a something that possesses *us*. A week is not yet so large a period that we can *lose* it in the general course of our immediate life. A week is very insistent. It will not be denied. It is always reminding us of itself. But as soon as we begin to add the weeks into months,

we feel immediately that these months represent periods in which even the face of Nature herself can appear changed. The Earth is given up to something far greater in the course of the months than to the mere restless mobility and transformations of the Moon.

The calendar presents us with a problem in respect of the months, because the *Sun* also has to play its part in them.

If every month were to be calculated from new Moon to new Moon, the year would be shorn of many of its days. An arrangement had to be made by which the position of the Sun could be taken into account equally with that of the Moon. The history of the compilation of our calendar is a very complicated one!—consisting as it does of the many attempts recorded during two thousand years to adjust the solar with the lunar months. As it now stands, a whole solar month (30-31 days) is “scattered” among the lunar months to bring the total days of the year up to 365, which nearly enough coincides with the Sun's recurring vernal position.

Hence the months, with their varying number of days, are shared as it were by the Moon *and the Sun*.

Thus again, as in the weeks, there is something super-terrestrial in the rhythm of the months; and as the days have to do with our physical body, the weeks with our etheric body, so the months are connected with our astral or “starry” body—that is, with our soul. The twelve solar-lunar months, as is well known, mark the influences of the twelve constellations of the Zodiac in their relation to the Sun, as the weeks have to do with planetary influences in relation to the Moon and the Earth.

With the months, we are really “outside” ourselves; and just as we can surmise that the weeks have a certain extra-terrestrial character, so this is still more the case with our experience of the months. They are, as it were, farther away from us. In thinking of them, we feel ourselves more and more caught up into the cosmic Will. They follow one another in inexorable

succession, changing the face of the Earth, to their completion in the Year.

But the year is not a uniform period. It too, has "four watches"—the seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The year, in its course, really *takes hold* of the Earth. It shows us that the Earth is a living being, which lives in bringing about growing, maturing, fruiting, and decaying, and that its "genius" is the Sun. The Earth develops—that is, evolves—its own individuality through the power of the Sun, which mediates to it the influences of the Zodiac.

And so, when we contemplate the course of the seasons and find in them the beginning and end of the year, we feel ourselves too as Egos, developing our own "I" through the span of the years of our individual lives. In remembering the year, we cannot but think of death and rebirth, and thus of continuity, which is the essence of the spirit of man.

Now we are far out, supersensibly extended into the cosmic mysteries.

But we can also discover a strange paradox in these rhythms. Though our Ego is thus bound to the Sun and Stars in the course of the year, yet we are only "Ego-conscious" because this Ego is embedded in our physical body which is bound to the day, and to the Earth. It is from the day that we consciously build our life, maintaining, by our Ego, the thread of memory which links yesterday with to-day and to-day with to-morrow.

The reason is that past and future are continually meeting in every present moment. That is where we have to be with our eternal spirit. We can turn space into time—thinking of ourselves extended in eternity, but at the same moment, here and now. . . . "Smaller than small, greater than great, this Self is hidden in the heart of man. . . . Though seated, it travels far; though at rest, it goes everywhere. . . . Understanding this great lord the Self, bodiless in bodies, stable among the unstable, the wise man cannot grieve." (From the *Katha Upanishad*.)

Between the day and the year lie the experiences of character, temperament, and soul—the weeks and the months. So the whole human being, body, soul, and spirit, is embraced in the rhythms of the worlds.

The breathing of the Earth in the day and night, as described in the first article of this series, is repeated in the larger rhythm of the four seasons of the year. Spring and summer are the out-breathing, autumn and winter are the in-breathing. It was pointed out (Article I) that the breath-rhythm of day and night is taking place in such a manner that the Earth can be in-breathing on one side and out-breathing on the other side, simultaneously. And the same applies to the seasons, for we know that it can be summer here and winter in the antipodes.

The middle belt of the Earth, the equator and its neighbouring regions, effect a kind of balance; and at the poles the character of the breathing is again different. Leaving out these complicated aspects which call for scientific explanation, we can best study the seasons *in their connection with the human soul* where their changes are more apparent. Quite different "Calendars of the Soul" would have to be made for other regions of the Earth. This should be borne in mind. But once the fundamental principles are grasped the right feelings could emerge in the soul wherever one happened to be living on the Earth.

Every week in the year has its message, but in order to hear it, the rising and falling of the Earth's greater "sleeping and waking" in the seasons, must first be considered.

As a beginning—what, in the general sense, do we feel ourselves in sleeping and waking—breathing ourselves out and in?—In the day, we are active from the centre of our personality, outwards. We are busy with thoughts, feelings, and deeds. There is an enormous amount of activity going on and enormous numbers of things, trivial or important, are being created, none of which could take place if we were not *in ourselves*. If we are dreamy or absent-minded, our output is less. To be awake, is to be "at home" in our bodies. When we go to sleep, all this ceases. But during sleep an immense, and in normal health unhindered, "flourishing" takes place in our bodies, due to the activity of our vital, or etheric, forces. We know nothing about this, because we are not "at home." During the day all our activity has caused a certain amount of destruction; and during the night this is repaired.

Many people, just as they are falling asleep, have dreams of gardens, bouquets of flowers, or great trees. This is a true image, dramatised by the soul, of the exuberance of our life-processes. It is like a summer.

The 23rd Psalm is a psalm of sleep: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. . . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death." . . . Sleep is the shadow, or image of death. But it is a regeneration, a flourishing; and meanwhile the soul and spirit are expanded into the spiritual world. On waking they return to the body; and one might describe this return as a kind of contraction, an in-drawing. Then it is "winter." We are again "in the house," and look out of the windows and doors of the senses.

Though normally we are quite unconscious of it, we carry out, during the course of the seasons, a somewhat similar process of "sleeping" in the summer and being "awake" in the winter. Only now it is really the heliotropism of the Earth, and its influence upon our astral body and Ego, which we are subconsciously accompanying. We are really a little less in our bodies in the summer and a little more in them in the winter.

The green vegetation of the Earth, its first sprouting, its growing and expanding, and flowering, are an "expansion" into a kind of cosmic dreaming. The Earth in summer—and one can really use this expression—is seeking for its spiritual Self in the whole universe, and feels drawn to the Sun. Then the Sun leaves its warmth below the surface of the Earth, and declines. In winter, the Earth seeks for its creative fire *within itself*. So in winter it is awake. Every fallen seed contains its own Sun-fire.

In outward appearance, Nature seems to die, or at least to sleep in the winter-time. But that is only an appearance—the "shadow" of death. In reality an immense activity turns inward, and everything is living. Only imagine all that has to take place below the surface of the Earth if a spring is ever to dawn again!

We like to feel that summer is an awakening of Nature. But it is her sleep. Once we grow accustomed to this idea—quite the opposite of what we have hitherto imagined—it reveals itself to us incessantly. We learn to see the faint beginnings of dream when the tiniest buds and shoots appear. We see this dreaming increase to a kind of magical fantasy. Think of the innumerable shapes and colours and scents! Think of the vast seething of the brilliant insect life! Think how the Earth, where it is summer, really grows bigger as everything expands—stretching upward with almost incredible power of growth

towards the Sun! About the first weeks of July it is easy to see that this dreaming has changed its character and seems to have sunk into deeper sleep. The limit has nearly been reached, and everywhere seeds are forming and fruits are beginning to appear. The harvest marks the moment of profoundest spirituality, balanced with the greatest exuberance of matter. The in-breathing has already begun.

Just as in the human being the in-breathing of the soul begins towards the fourth watch of the night,* and is not entirely complete till near the fourth watch of the day, so the in-breathing of the Earth is really already commencing long before the autumn. It is complete in the winter solstice. And it is then, that in Christendom we celebrate the birth of Christ—the “Spirit of the Earth,” descended from Heaven.

In ancient times this conception of the descent, birth, death, and resurrection of a Sun-Being formed the essential content of the Mysteries. Such a conception was only possible to people who felt the Earth as a living entity, receiving its ruling Spirit from the Sun. Summer and winter contained the mystery of His ascending and descending, and the greatest festivals were inaugurated to celebrate these events; not, however, as something *outside* the sphere of humanity but as something including the human being within itself. In Northern countries certain Mystery schools taught the people to feel the great ascension in summer-time as an out-streaming of their own souls and spirits into the light—Moon-wards, and Sun-wards; and to feel the descending and the winter birth as a type of their own Egohood coming down into their bodies.

All that tradition has carried over to the present time as folk-dances and summer festivities is a relic of the solemn ceremonies of becoming attuned to the sense of the rhythmic expansion of Nature—a leaving behind of the merely human things and a meeting with the Spirit in the Heavens. The Priests divested themselves of their symbols of wisdom and authority, as an offering to the seat of all wisdom and power.

And what has come down to us as winter games—such as trials of strength, the solving and making of conundrums, mime and pantomime, certain artistic occupations, etc., are relics of an ancient form of self-education—a training to become fruitful from within through the power of the incarnated self.

This great rhythm is embodied in a certain way in the *Calendar of the Soul* written by Steiner. In following what it teaches from week to week all grades of feeling become manifest, in the process of growing into the light—which has to do with an expansion of *Thought*—a kind of “losing oneself to find oneself”; and a contracting into, or being born into oneself, when *Thought* dies down into the fire of *Will*.

If one imagines the course of the year in the form of a circle, with the equinoxes marking the horizontal points and the solstices the vertical points of its diameter, then one realises—with summer and winter as the poles—that something like a series of *opposite* experiences must arise as between the weeks of winter and summer, which yet resemble each other in a certain way. And that in the weeks near the autumn and spring equinoxes these opposites are drawn together. Similar parallels and opposites are found if one takes the equinoctial points also as absolute opposites.

* See diagram in last month's issue.

This sounds complicated, but is not really so. I hope that in future articles when we come to describe more in detail the experiences of the separate weeks of the year that these complications will explain themselves. But such a “plan” can never be rigidly demonstrated. There is an inner mobility in all these things which sometimes gives rise to apparent discrepancies. One learns, I think, to feel these opposites, etc., in the year like a kind of concealed conversation between all its moments of time. “There is neither speech nor language but their voices are heard among them”—as the psalmist sang concerning the mysteries of the day and night.

It must not be forgotten that the Sun does not influence the Earth *alone*; but carries to the Earth something of the specific character of each constellation of the Zodiac as it passes through them. These gradations of influence, fine and delicate as they are, can yet be traced in their workings in mineral, plant, animal, and human matter.

The experiences of the *soul* must not be confused with the experiences of the *senses* in connection with the seasons. The senses cannot penetrate the secrets of Nature so profoundly as may be possible for the soul in feeling and will.

Finally, the question arises as to what moment really may be considered the right moment for the *beginning* of the year, from the standpoint of Nature and the human soul together. Steiner points out in the Preface to his *Calendar* that different peoples denote the number of the year by beginning to count from some event which to them is of the greatest importance. Thus for Christendom, the date of the birth of Christ is taken to mark the year “1.” Steiner has calculated (for the position of the Sun and Moon, etc.) his *Soul's Calendar* from the year 33-34 A.D., the date of the culmination of Christ's life on Earth. And he starts the sequence of the 52 weeks of the year from Easter, not from January 1st.

This suggests that in following the course of the year from this point (Easter) in a right meditative spirit, the “Mystery of Golgotha” can be felt as an event which is not the concern of one religion only but is something which affects the whole of humanity, irrespective of creed. The great Christian festivals are seen in the light of cosmic events into which the life of the Earth itself is inserted.

If we are able to conceive of the Christian religion in such a way that we see in it the power that enfils the human Ego (our “I”) with inner strength for the overcoming of unworthinesses, so that ultimately it ripens to the conception of “Christ in me,” then the picture of the course of the year as I have attempted to outline it, becomes inseparable from the ideal of Christianity. The reason is that the year itself is a continual external manifestation of a spiritual Necessity: to die in order to be re-born. Every re-birth is ordained to be at a higher level. If this is missed, life becomes a mere repetition. If it is understood, there is not repetition, but metamorphosis.

In the ancient wisdom of the East this ideal—even then “Christian”—is most wonderfully expressed in the *Prashna Upanishad*:

“The year is a Lord of beings. His two paths are the southern and the northern. Therefore they who worship, thinking that it is fulfilled by sacrifice and gifts, win the lunar world.

(continued in page 396)

Basil Wilberforce : Anglican Mystic

by Ion D. Aulay

(Continued from the September issue)

THE WHOLE PERIOD FROM 1903 to 1909, in which year he lost his wife, was for Wilberforce a singularly creative period. During these years he took an interest in psychic research, contacted the spiritualist movement, moved in the circles of the psychically inclined and among clairvoyants, and developed his own particular interpretation of the Gospels and of Christian tradition. It is to be noted that even his father, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, was reproached, in the middle of the nineteenth century, for "dabbling in table-turning, and levitation." The Bishop however excused himself by the plea of an interest in Electro-biology, as he termed it, and little understood phenomena which lay outside the boundaries that were then defined for science. At the same time Wilberforce seems to have been a little squeamish about participating in seances. They attracted and repelled him at the same time. He was alternately credulous and sceptical. Nevertheless, having an "open mind," he forbore to dogmatise either one way or another. It has to be recorded, however, that after the death of his wife, he admitted spiritualism did not bring him any nearer her whom he had lost.

At this time also, under the influence of Lord Radstock who was the first to revive the practice, Wilberforce commenced the anointing of sick people with consecrated oil, according to the direction of James the Apostle (James v. 15), thus re-establishing the Sacrament of Unction in the Anglican Church.

This is the practice also of the Eastern Church, and only in the Latin Church is its use confined to those *in extremis*. Wilberforce made this use of Unction a regular part of his ministry, and he used it, together with the Imposition of Hands, on the lines of an Office which he privately printed in 1914.

Wilberforce's understanding of certain psychic potencies brought around him many who would otherwise have wandered out of the "communion of the Church." In so far as he was able to impart constructive teaching many had no desire to wander off into further pastures. As time went on, and his wide reading brought him into contact with "new" (in reality the oldest) ideas, Wilberforce concerned himself ever less with traditional divinity and historical Christianity. Of this his friend and biographer Russell wrote: "I am convinced that he never lost his hold on the central facts of the Christian revelation, yet beyond doubt he came to regard them less and less in their objective aspect, and more and more as they corresponded to the work of the Spirit in the heart and conscience. Towards the end all theology seemed to be for him comprehended in the one doctrine of the Divine Immanence." At the same time he emphasised "God is in Christ in a far more individual sense than that which is implied by His Immanence in Humanity. God was in Christ in such perfect identification, in such unlimited Self-realisation, that of Him alone it can be said: 'God has come down to us in the likeness of man.' This is the faith of Catholic Christendom. That we may acknowledge this, we solemnly kneel on Christmas Day when we repeat the words in the Nicene Creed: 'And was made man.'" (*Thoughts for Christmas, 1911*).

Wilberforce's last years were by no means clouded or unhappy.

"When the first agony of grief had abated, he found abundant consolation. . . . The devotion of his son and daughter gave him perpetual help and strength. . . . His zeal and vigour, both in public and private ministrations, were rather increased than diminished, and he felt a special joy in the task of alleviating spiritual and temporal distress. In sick-rooms his tender yet fortifying presence was always welcome. In money matters he was generous to a fault, and the number of those whom his bounty relieved can never be known. If he wanted society, he had 'troops of friends' whose chief object was to make him happy; and whenever the exigencies of work allowed, he found refreshment in the country, where that love of nature, both live and still, which was to him a master-passion, displayed itself with winning simplicity."

Unfortunately, however, the final two years were darkened by the event of the Great War, and his impressible nature was profoundly moved and stirred by it, and not always in the best way. Increased work and strain brought about a severe attack of congestion of the lungs early in 1915, and it was not until almost the end of April that year that he was able to return thanks in *The Times* for the sympathy shown during his "long and serious illness." He carried on all his usual work at Westminster Abbey, at St. John's and in the House of Commons, until the summer recess, when he spent a few weeks at Brighton. He then returned to Dean's Yard for the remainder of the year, preaching and celebrating at St. John's on the last Sunday.

On January 3rd, 1916, he was again laid low by a recurrence of the illness of the previous year, but made a recovery some weeks later. No sooner was he about again, than he caught a chill through visiting a sick parishioner in a cold and draughty hospital at Wandsworth. Though feeling "very seedy" he managed to preach on Palm Sunday, April 16th, at St. John's. It proved to be the last time. He was thereafter confined to his room, and pneumonia rapidly set in. For a couple of weeks or so he fluctuated between collapse and revival. There was a final brief rally as the pneumonia cleared off, but the overtaxed heart gave way. On Saturday, May 13th, 1916, at about nine in the evening, Wilberforce passed in painless peace from the physical plane.

"Just at the last, he opened his eyes and looked up towards the foot of his bed. The look was a *conscious* one—but not with a consciousness of anything here. There was a slight look of *enquiry*, a look of *satisfied recognition*, and then with a slight smile, his eyes closed, and that was the end—or rather the beginning."

His body was interred on May 18th in the South Cloister of Westminster Abbey beside that of his wife.

To gain some idea of the substance of Wilberforce's mysticism we give in the following paragraphs his interpretation of the Apostles' Creed, and extracts from various of his sermons and writings, as they reflect very clearly his thought and outlook. The ones chosen have been taken from his book *Following on to know the Lord*, which appeared in 1903, as this represents his views on a multiplicity of subjects, rather than focusing on certain specific ones. In the *Preface* he writes:

" 'Following on to know' necessarily implies development in doctrine, widened habits of thought, grateful acceptance of the new light which modern criticism has thrown upon religious problems, and a certain reconsideration of the phraseology in which the fundamental truths of Christianity are expressed.

" If the Preacher be challenged as to his fidelity to the accepted creed of Christendom his reply is as follows:

" 'I believe in One Universal Omnipotent Parent-Source, of whom, and to whom, and through whom are all things, and in whom all live, and move, and have their being, whose name is Love, and whom no man hath seen at any time.

" 'And I believe in Jesus, called the Christ, or the Anointed One; the Revealer of God to Man and the interpreter of man to himself; the specific embodiment of the moral character of the Parent-Source, and the Archetypal specimen and Perfect Representative of the sonship of Humanity; the peculiar Incarnation of that Divine Word, of Logos, or Eternal Reason of the Parent-Source which is immanent in all men.

" 'He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; tested and made perfect by exposure to the divinely ordered resisting agency, which is called moral evil; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into Hades. The third day after His crucifixion He showed Himself alive to His disciples, and after forty days He withdrew from limitations and returned, by what is known as the Ascension, to Universal Life and Authority; from thence He is ceaselessly coming in judgment or discernment upon the character and the attainments of His brethren of the Race, both while they are alive, and when they stand, small and great before God at the close of the education of this age (for all judgment and discernment hath been committed to the Humanity of the Parent-Source revealed in Jesus).

" 'And I believe in the Holy Spirit, the atmosphere, or influence, or ceaselessly outflowing life of the Parent-Source, and of Jesus, the manifestor of the Parent-Source. He is the Lord, the Life-Giver, and the sustainer of the universe; the inspiration of art, science, literature, prophecy, aspiration, holiness, prayer. Though limitless, dateless, and universal, He is revealed as discoverable and accessible in the Holy Catholic Church. He is the invisible bond between souls that are sundered: He assures of pardon, convinces of the non-reality of death, and of the endless continuity of individual life.' "

What think ye of the Christ?

" Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of the Christ? "—
St. Matt. xxii. 42.

" What answer would the ordinary thoughtful, aspiring mind, professing and calling itself Christian, give to our Lord's

question, 'What think ye of the Christ?' The answer that satisfies me is this, 'I think Christ is the acknowledgment on the part of the Ruler of the World that the direct adoration of an Unconditioned Intelligence is not possible to men while still in the flesh.' Let me emphasise that proposition which I shall presently repeat. The Christ, then, is the illumination of humanity by the appearance in the world of one Supreme Individuality, perfect in His humanity and yet unchangeably Divine, who brought all that was knowable in the Unconditioned Intelligence within the reach of all that was needy and aspiring in Man. The Christ is the response of the Unconditioned Intelligence to the ceaseless demand of the human race for an eidolon, an embodiment, which they could worship, and to which their hearts could cling without disloyalty to the Unconditioned Intelligence.

" All men everywhere, always, have recognised the Unconditioned Intelligence. Sometimes they have given it a name, sometimes not. The profound thinkers of the Far East, 2,000 years before Christ came, named it *Dyaush Pitar*, the Heaven-Father. . . .

" Christ's appeal was, 'Ye believe in God, believe also in Me,' which being interpreted is, 'Ye believe in the Unconditioned Intelligence, believe in the self-manifestation of the Unconditioned Intelligence in Me.'

" The Unconditioned Intelligence, He taught, is the immanent energy of the Universe, near you, in you, around you, you can never separate yourself irrevocably from His love and care, but in your finite condition you cannot form an adequate conception of Him, because your minds cannot grasp boundlessness; in Me He is manifested, and 'no man cometh unto the Father except through Me,' that is, 'No mortal can perfectly apprehend the Father-aspect of the Unconditioned Intelligence except as it is manifested in Me; come, therefore, unto Me, and I will give you rest.'

" He also taught clearly to those who have eyes to see, that though He was the highest expression of the Unconditioned Intelligence, He was not a Being wholly apart from His brethren of the Race; that although He was the only individual in the human race in whom the Divine nature so completely prevailed that He was able to say without hesitation or reserve, 'he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father,' still He did not teach the limitation to His single personality of that immanent Divine nature, which is the attribute and glory of humanity as a whole; on the contrary, He taught that He was humanity at its climax, that what He was, all humanity could be, and were predestined to be; that He, that is, His Spirit, His nature, had to be borne in every heart, and that as He was yielded to, co-operated with, acknowledged, He would grow in each heart, working out the Atonement, the At-one-ment, between the Divine and the human in each one, until each in his turn attained unto 'the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.' . . .

" I think that this God-inhabited Man of Nazareth was not only the visible embodiment of the moral character of the Unconditioned Intelligence, so that through Him we come to God, but also the manifestation of a Sonship, a potentiality, which belongs to all, so that in Him we interpret man and recognise the perfect ideal unto which all men must eventually attain." . . .

Possessing a Faith, or being possessed by a Faith!

" Thomas, one of the twelve."—St. John xxii. 24.

" It is a method of the Divine Economy to illustrate the

complete circle of truth through a variety of characters. The revelation of the Incarnation grafts its powerful influence on human constitutions the most contrasted, and it takes in each a distinctive form, modified by the several idiosyncracies of each one; it is, therefore, the greatest folly to imagine that the God-conception of all believers must be moulded and forced into one fixed shape. . . . Now, inasmuch as a traditional stigma attaches to the name of Thomas, and as the Peters of the Church have usually reviled and unchurched the Thomases, it might be well to consider four propositions. First, that these two roads to God-knowledge, the intellectual and the intuitive, are not only both blessed, but each is greatly indebted to the other, and a full, intelligent, comprehensive conception of the Universal Soul and His relation to Humanity is scarcely conceivable without both of them. That the intellectual does help the intuitive is acknowledged in the collect for St. Thomas's Day, in those words, 'who for the more confirmation of the faith didst suffer thy holy Apostle Thomas to be doubtful.' The scepticism of Thomas contributed to the edification of the Church. Secondly, if, for the purpose of a rebuke to the narrow-minded contempt with which the Peters sometimes look down on the Thomases, we test the converting power upon character of these two methods in the case of these two Apostles, the contrast is distinctly in favour of Thomas. Peter, for all his vision was, in a moment of crisis, intimidated by the question of a maidservant into a cowardly denial of his Lord. Thomas, the man who would not believe unless the syllogism worked out, when his Lord had signified His intention to go to Jerusalem, as it appeared to certain death, at once said: 'Let us also go, that we may die with Him.' Thirdly, it often happens that he who has travelled Godward by the slow ladder of intellectual inference that 'slopes through darkness up to God,' gives at last the strongest, truest testimony. Where is there a finer credo than that exclamation of Thomas, 'My Lord and My God,' Thomas, the sceptic, the measurer, the weigher of evidence sees that in the Incarnation resides the full realised union of the Divine essence and the Divine existence, from which union proceeds the operative power of the Lord the Life-giver, that we call the Holy Spirit, and, therefore, that every attribute of what we call the Trinity was in Jesus; and Thomas anticipates the full philosophical conception of the Nicene Creed in his words, 'My Lord and My God.'

"And fourthly, again and again has the awakening of the intuitive been the direct result of the cultivation of the intellectual. This was the experience of Kingsley himself; it all comes out in the conversations in 'Hypatia.' He hungered to find God; he drank deep of the cup of scientific research; he convinced himself that logically there was but one substance, and that one substance was God. When he arrived at that point, 'he possessed a faith.' He wanted more; the hunger of his human heart was not satisfied; he followed sequences logically. If all phenomena were expressions of the one substance, God, and if humanity were the highest of these expressions, then the noblest expression of humanity was the most perfect expression of God, and by consequence wholly Divine. Therefore Jesus was God. And though Jesus was God under a limitation, still God was at the same time in all things. And as his mind ascended this sequence step by step, the Spirit of God within him glowed brighter and brighter, because, with Thomas, he proved all things. And his dying words, so calm, and true, and trusting, witnessed that he

was passing to the endless life with God, not as the 'possessor of a faith, but as one whose faith, pure, simple, and intense, had now 'possessed him.'

"Why does our Lord say that the faith arising from inspired intuition is more blessed than the faith arising from sensible evidence? I suppose because the opening of the soul's vision, unsought, predicates a greater nearness to the all vital centre. I suppose also because the inspired ones, the vision-seers, are the pioneers for the thinkers. They challenge the patient investigators, who, slowly following them, establish by logical process the conclusions to which the vision-seers have arrived by intuition."

Epiphany.

"And Moses said, I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory . . ."—
Exod. xxxiii., 18.

". . . The only proof of the existence of any primal force is that force in action; the absolute is only known as it is conditioned. God, to us, only *is* as He *acts*; and so the answer to the universal appeal of humanity is, 'I will make all my goodness pass before thee.' And as spiritual intuitions and concentrated thought follow the clue—reason, and the sense of moral beauty, and the instincts of truth, shall lead you Godwards; and St. Paul's words shall become true to you, 'That which may be known of God is manifest, for the invisible things of Him are perceived through the things that are made,' until the whole soul is filled with the conviction that the Parent-Spirit is the common fund of life which animates all that is, and that an Omnipotent, Invisible Intelligence is responsible for your existence.

"The unwillingness on the part of man to accept this answer of God as final has been the cause of most of the defective apprehension, narrowness, superstition, and second-hand religion which have clipped the wings of Godward growth. Orthodox conformists to the popular representations of the religions of their day, in every age, have satisfied the instinctive God-necessity with inadequate conceptions of the Divine Being which are mere idols of the mind, and have execrated, as atheists or agnostics, all who have denied their miserable and imperfect definitions—their poor defective Theism. He who follows God's clue is he whose eyes are slowly opened. God makes all His goodness pass before him; he sees the sign manual of God in the beauty, harmony, invariableness of the natural laws of which he is a part; he reads God's name in the lovely regular sweep of the frost flowers on his window pane; in the glittering jewels which encrust every spray and twig when the rime clings to the branches; he thinks into the facts that lie beyond the phenomenal; into conscience, personality, will, love, self-sacrifice. He follows them up to their logical conclusions; his inward vision clears; his spiritual discernment is unfolded; he begins to think great thoughts that will not bear utterance. In the words of Herbert Spencer, 'the consciousness of an inscrutable power, manifested through all phenomena, has been growing clearer'; and he knows that it must ultimately be freed from all imperfections. He has discovered and acknowledged physical beauty in the universe, and moral beauty in man; he infers logically that there must be a Divine ideal of both physical and moral beauty, of which he has recognised the shadow, and he knows that the Divine ideal must be God; and a heart that has arrived at this attitude, though it has not received its full answer, though it still cries,

'Show me Thy glory,' finds its life transfigured, its aspirations invigorated, because it is rescued from second causes, and its highest enthusiasm, its consuming desire, is lifted above mere earthly things, and is concentrated upon the longing to see and know more of the Eternal Energy from which all things proceed. . . .

"Now, is not this the meaning of the festival of the Epiphany? The story of that star leading thoughtful Zoroastrians across the wilderness to Bethlehem, is the analogy of the secret drawing of the Infinite Mother-Heart, leading watchful souls through the deserts of materialism, idolatry, imperfect Theism, to the oasis of the Incarnation, the highest philosophical demonstration of the character of God. The star appealing to the keenest instincts of the human conscience, always there, though sometimes obscured for a season, leading on, 'up, the altar stairs of things created, that slope through darkness on to God'; making the existence of an Infinite Soul logically clear to the reason; stimulating the longing for a revelation of that Infinite Soul; leading on, till at last it 'comes and stands over where the young Child is'—the heart's home, the cradle of eternity, the manifestation of God in the man Christ Jesus. . . ."

"Is not this too the real inwardness of the miracle of Cana? . . . The miracle of Cana is the picture of the unceasing activity of God, and the proof that the Word of the Father whom we know as Jesus, is ever evolving and transfiguring in the human plant, as He did there in the vine plant. This is the full, clear revelation of Deity in relation to humanity." . . .

No monopoly in the Christ.

"And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."—St. Matt. viii., 11.

"The problem suggested, and, I think, answered, in the passage I have just quoted is this—How far are we justified in asserting that the Christian possesses no monopoly in the Christ. Is it within the bounds of possibility that a person can be, in the sight of the Supreme Intelligence, a Christian who has never heard of Christ? Technically, the answer would be No. Spiritually the answer assuredly would be Yes. The thought is essentially appropriate to Epiphany, for Epiphany is the revelation of the boundless Fatherhood of God and the limitless immanence of God's Spirit in all things, the characteristics of which Fatherhood, and a perfect example of which immanent Spirit, are provided for our contemplation in Jesus Christ. It is not possible to follow this line of thought intelligently without using some phraseology which may possibly be open to the charge of being mystic or philosophic; but if at the same time it be Spiritual, that is not an objection. To be taught to swim, we must go out of our depth. Whoever would lovingly and earnestly think into the mystery underlying the world in which we live must remember that the head and the heart must not contradict each other, though the language of the heart is sometimes different from the language of the head. Saint John, in the first five verses of the first chapter of his Gospel, is teaching us to swim. He leads us out of the shallows and makes us think. He uses the language of the head—philosophic language, mystic language. He says: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and God was the Word' (not 'the Word was God,' that is an inaccurate translation). 'God was the Word, and the Word was

made flesh, and tabernacled amongst us.' This sentence is susceptible of many paraphrases, but surely the simplest meaning is this: St. John would say you cannot think the Unconditioned Intelligence apart from manifestation; a mist of immensity, a darkness of vastness, shrouds the human conception of the Infinite Spirit, the Self-Existent One, the Absolute, whom we call God. So from the very beginning, from the dateless past, He has been the Word—that is, the Self-Utterer, the Self-Manifestor; and by His self-utterance and self-manifestation you can infer Him, know Him, adore Him. He is. That is the first consideration. Though as a proposition He is unthinkable, because the human mind cannot conceive boundlessness, He is. Even if He be no more than Mr. Herbert Spencer's infinite and eternal energy, He is. And His eternal Reason, or Word, or Logos, has uttered itself in creation; clothed itself in that which is visible; transmuted itself into what we call matter (so that, as St. Paul says, we know God by the things that are made); thought itself into the phenomena of the universe, into all creaturely life, into human beings; and lastly, in the fullness of time, according to the slow-moving but ceaseless purpose of God, this same eternal Reason, or Logos, or Word, or Self-utterance, that down the ages has manifested itself in Nature, in conscience, in history, that it might demonstrate the nature of the hidden Spirit-life in all that is, that it might clear away all inadequate conceptions of the supreme fact of God's personal existence and Fatherhood, 'became flesh and dwelt amongst us,' embodied itself specifically in one human form born of a woman.

"Therefore, the clear, intelligent answer to the Lord's own question, 'What think ye of the Christ?' would be this: Jesus Christ is the unit of the universe; the objective manifestation of that subjective Word or Reason of God, which is the immanent life of all things, and the inmost spirit in man; the visible embodiment of the all-pervading presence of God, Himself for ever invisible; He is the climax of God's self-revelation. Therefore Jesus Christ is Lord, to the Glory of God the Father, not because dogmatic theological affirmations declare Him authoritatively so to be, but because the Divine Logos, that suffuses all that is, was in Him in such copious effusion, in such transcendent embodiment, that in Him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, justifying Him in saying, without limitation or reserve, 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.' And He is the Light of the Word—the light to lighten the nations, and to guide our feet into the way of peace, because He interprets to man of what sort is the essential being of every member of the race. He exhibits to the race the Father's ideal of perfect Sonship. He is the promise to the race that the measure and stature of perfect Sonship, to which He attained, shall ultimately be fulfilled in every member of the race. This is why it is said, 'There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' This is why it is said, 'Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Jesus Christ'; because the salvable capacity, the germ of divinity, the evolving potentiality of sonship in you, in me, in every man born into the world, is 'the Christ in him,' the Logos immanent, 'the hope of glory.'

Now, this being so, one conclusion is irresistible. As the Christ revealed a previously unmanifested eternal truth (and St. Paul said of this eternal truth that it had been hidden from the foundation of the world), then the eternal truth of the indwelling of the Word or Reason of the Father is the monopoly of no age, no nation, no Church, no religion. It is the vital element, the

common spiritual force, which has striven for expression in the great historic religions of the world; it is the spirit immanent in matter and in men, whose ceaseless purpose it is slowly to transfigure the dust of human generations into a temple of imperishable beauty for the habitation of the Eternal, when the infinite confusion, which is part of our education, shall have passed away, and God is all in all. Therefore, obviously, without possibility of contradiction, all men, all down the ages, who have obeyed their highest instincts up to the light given at the time, who have yielded to the striving, the guiding, the evolving of the inner impulse, have been Christians in fact, though Christians antecedent to the manifestation, and therefore, of course, antecedent to the name.

"It is significant that in Scripture the very name is used when it sounds like an anachronism, more than once. In allusions in the Epistles to the Old Testament it occurs once of inanimate nature, showing the immanence of the Word in matter, 'that rock was *Christ*'; once of the higher alternative chosen, showing the immanence in man Moses preferred the reproach of *Christ*; once of the hard-heartedness of the Israelites, showing the immanence of the Word in conscience, 'they tempted *Christ*.' It is positively an epoch in the spiritual history of a man when he finds this out. It needed a vision to teach it to St. Peter. His mind had been formed amid the fishing nets and boats of the Sea of Galilee, and under the narrow limitations of Hebrew theology; but after the vision of the four-cornered sheet filled with various animals, he declared: 'In every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him.' St. Paul had a philosophic mind, and alludes to it repeatedly; notably where he writes to the Colossians, 'The Gospel which ye have heard was preached to every creature under heaven,' implying that the Word revealed to them in Jesus had always been uttering itself, preaching itself, in every aspiration that had led them to strain upwards from earth to heaven.

"It is a matter of profound interest to note how, under all the shades of teaching of the religions of East and West, this indwelling Word of the Father was leading men to expect an Incarnation, and even to become familiar with the thought. In a translation of one of the Chinese Buddhist Scriptures of some centuries before Christ it is written, 'By the constraining power of his great love, Buddha was led to assume a human form, and to be born into the world,' and this is but the echo of the testimony of the ancient Sanskrit expression, Purusha—'the begotten from the beginning, who became flesh.' . . .

"Now, I can readily understand some saying, rather impatiently, 'What is the good of all this? Where is its practical utilitarian bearing upon daily life? We want to be helped in the ever-present environments of daily worries, and frets and failures and trials.' Just so—and do you not know that nothing, positively nothing, can so lift you above the petty worries and vexations of transient time as an intense conviction of the inseparability of God and Man? The morals of character arise only from considerations that touch the springs of action. Whatever suggests to the soul its hidden capacities, its truly intense powers; whatever convinces man that within him abides an hereditary germ of a Divine humanity that can never die and never become disintegrated, affects, and must affect, with surpassing power, the practice of his life, and the peace of his soul. It teaches him to live for eternity; it crushes pessimism out of his heart; it leads him to see in every trial, in every disappointment, the working

out of the Father's promise of a nobler manhood; it convinces him of the truth of St. Paul's assurance that 'the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.' Moreover, it illuminates, exalts, accentuates the Person of Jesus, showing Him as the fulfilment of all aspirations, the crown and consummation of all religions, the Sacrament of universal life, the All-sustainer made accessible. Again, this line of thought powerfully emphasises our responsibility as compared with that of generations who loyally obeyed the promptings of the Logos, but who knew not that Logos revealed as a Person, as a friendly, beating heart in a human bosom. . . . The silent power that has been cradled in every heart since the world was hath been manifested in flesh. . . . And yet, what are our lives? Might not the Christ say to some of us, 'Many shall come from the East and from the West'? Humble, aspiring Buddhists; observant, spiritually-minded heathens; men and women who had shaped their lives well by the light they had, and made the world the better that they had lived; they shall sit down in the kingdom; and many of us, children of the kingdom, for all our orthodox creeds, and correct ceremonial and intellectual knowledge, and denominational damnation of all who do not see eye to eye with us, and accurate repetition of formularies, will be cast out, where will be the weeping and gnashing of teeth. . . .

"In the light of the transcendent truth of the universality of the Christ it is well for professing Christians to pray that supplication in the Litany—'From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain-glory and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness; Good Lord, deliver us!'

"From inmost to outmost, from height to depth, One life is immanent in the universe; One Self-expressing, Self-evolving Creative Soul is in all, through all, above all."

The Holy Angels.

"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels?"—
St. Matt. xxvi. 53.

"The festival of St. Michael and All Angels is a challenge to that spirit of materialism which is rather the fruit of the pressure and hurry of modern life than of any wilful departure from God. There is, however, nothing more illogical than a materialism which makes the seen the limit of the real.

"Last Sunday week we heard, in the Gospel, our Lord's celebrated sermon against materialism, from the text of the lily and the bird—'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these.' Why? Because their raiment is organic, like the Lord's seamless robe, woven (the Greek word is 'anothen') from above, that is, from within outwards, from spirit to matter; and each plant, from 'the little flower in the cranied wall' to the tallest cedar, is a word of God, or at least a letter of the eternal word, and a mystery as inexplicable as the Blessed Trinity itself. The same is true of the great nameless nature power, which the intelligences of modern electricians are teaching us to control and make to do our bidding, and to utilise which we are for ever digging up our London streets. It is invisible, unnameable, indefinable, except as we make the laws of its working, so far as we know them, its definition. If the reason has at all grasped what

it is to exist in this universe of life in which God has placed us ; if by the aid of microscope and telescope we have discovered how it consists of world within world, positively palpitating with unseen force ; if we have discovered how that which looks like bare mountain to the untrained eye is to the naturalist, as it were, full of horses of fire and chariots of fire ; if we acknowledge that

‘ Earth’s crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,’

it will be no source of surprise or astonishment to us that there should be all round us, mingling with our lives, sharing in our interests and trials, an invisible hierarchy of intelligent, influential, ministering life, occupying some intermediate sphere between the human and the Divine. Upon this revelation are our thoughts fixed to-day.

“ Do not ask me to define an angel ; I have never seen one. But every painstaking thinker knows that those forces in the universe, that never have been seen and never can be seen, are the mightiest. Read Professor Huxley’s life. Note the contempt with which he repudiates both materialism and atheism ; the certainty with which he predicates what he calls the ‘ passionless impersonality which science shows everywhere underlying the thin veil of phenomena ’ (I find it more convenient to call that God), and you will be convinced that ‘ not seeing ’ has no connection with ‘ not being.’ So intensely suggestive, so pre-eminently poetic, is this conception of a brilliant host of ethereal intelligences, always beholding the face of the Father, yet cleaving our atmosphere, grouping round our very heads, blending with our worship and mingling with our lives, that it is no easy task to disentangle history from legend, and to mark the line where revelation is silent and where sentiment and speculation begin. Christian history, apart from Christian legend, is as much a history of the angels as it is a history of God and man. The works of Christian writers teem with allusions to the angels. The monuments of Christian cities testify to the ever-existing realisation of the office of the angels. I have stood, as have countless thousands, on the bridge which spans the Tiber by Hadrian’s tomb in the city of Rome, and there the eye is at once arrested by a colossal statue of Saint Michael, the Prince of the Angels, surmounting the armed battlements of the Castle of Saint Angelo. It is an impressive scene, calculated to promote that condition of mind in which holy sentiment comes to deepen faith. More than a thousand years ago, upon that memorable spot, there knelt in prayer and fasting one of Christendom’s greatest bishops, pleading with God for the removal of the pestilence which was desolating the city that he loved, and there seemed to pass before his eyes, dim with fasting, weary with prayer and watching, a vision of the mighty Prince of the Angels, alighting on the summit of the tomb of Hadrian, and sheathing a bloodstained sword, and from that moment the pestilence was stayed. And as, after the lapse of a thousand years, you stand upon that hallowed spot, the yellow Tiber flowing sluggishly beneath you, the ruins of the Eternal City all around you speaking of fallen greatness, the mighty Basilica of St. Peter rising before you like some modern tower of Babel that would monopolise the road to Heaven, the eye rests upon the figure of the Archangel sheathing his glittering sword upon the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo, and the heart asks, Why should that be a legend ? Why should that be a projection of a morbid and devout

imagination ? Why should it not have been the clairvoyance of supernatural ecstasy opening the world of spirits ? . . . It was no unreality when the angel of God, with his sword drawn in his hand, withstood the prophet Balaam. . . .

“ But that which reason, tracing life by a series of graduations from the amoeba to the man, and unwilling to believe in the sudden cessation of the graduation, makes probable, revelation puts beyond all dispute. The written word from first to last is full of the holy angels. It begins with angels and it ends with angels.

“ The foundations of the world in which we live were laid, we are told, while the angels of God shouted for joy ; and when the final catastrophe takes place, which will make this planet a dead star, it will be done by an angel’s hand ; for we are told in the Book of Revelation how the angel to whom it is given to hurt the earth and the sea is but holding his hand till the number of the redeemed is complete. So that probably all the great nameless nature powers are angels. The visible embodiment of the Divine character in the Incarnation was begun, continued, and ended with the holy angels. It is an angelic choir that chants the anthem of the nativity, ‘ Glory to God in the Highest.’ It is to angels’ care that the Eternal Son is beholden when wrestling in His agony in Gethsemane ; and it was the angels who watched by His empty tomb, and comforted His disciples’ hearts when the cloud received Him out of their sight at the ascension.

“ Now I contend that this consideration, so far from being unpractical and sentimental, ought to be invigorating and restraining. Of course, if you are not a clod or a stone, you can imagine anything ; you can watch the sun setting in the gorgeous bed of flame, for which the autumn sunsets in London and its neighbourhood are, for some atmospheric reasons, famous ; and as you see the heavens flecked with fleecy clouds, tinted with multitudinous hues, and waving as if endowed with life, you can fancy them to be the shining legions that the Saviour spoke of in Gethsemane.

“ But here imagination has no place. It is revealed to us as a plain fact that celestial beings, beyond our powers of perception, have clear and definite relationships with us—ministering to us, sympathising with us, mourning over our failures, rejoicing over our repentances : and the first conclusion from the fact ought to be a certain restraining sense of high companionship. . . . It should be . . . a restraining consideration to be assured by our heavenly Father that He has also surrounded us with loving invisible friends, through whom He communicates His thoughts and His will, and that He has given His angels charge over us, and in their hands they shall bear us up. How near I know not, but near enough to bring heaven into our very midst. . . .

“ Moreover, so intimately related to the individual is the special angel who is appointed as guardian and representative before God, that if for any purpose the veil is lifted and the angel becomes visible, it is in the appearance of the human being whom he guards. So familiar was this fact to the Church of the earliest age that when St. Peter knocked at the door of the house of Mary of Jerusalem, when they all thought he was in prison, they said at once, ‘ It is his angel ’ ; and in all probability this accounts, too, for the apparitions which have undoubtedly been frequently seen of those who have died, or who are at the point of death. ”

(To be concluded)

The World of Henry James

A Psychological Study

(Concluded from the September issue)

by Denis O'Neill

FOR THE FURTHER ELUCIDATION of his situation James makes use of his old expedient of the "confidante," this time in the person of Susan Stringham, a middle-aged spinster of Bostonian conscience and culture who accompanies Milly in the capacity of duenna. She is a far more fully-developed figure than the gossips of the early period such as Mrs. Vivian in *Confidence* or the garrulous aunt in *Washington Square*. She it is who visits Densher on the day of autumn wind and rain in Venice and makes her despairing appeal on Milly's behalf, thereby preparing the way for his final scruples which precipitate the closing discord of the book. She it is who registers the course of the advancing disease (unnamed, like that of the lady in *The Beast in the Jungle*) which is to remove Milly from the earthly scene.

In accordance with James' usual practice in his later novels we are given no definite pen-picture of the heroine. We are told simply in broken phrases that she is "white" and "weird" and "wonderful," that she has a rope of pearls two yards long and that she is suffering from an incurable disease. She is, indeed, felt much more as an influence than as a sharply-defined human figure. Without ever falling into the pitfalls of sentimentality James reveals the inevitable domination of that aesthetic finesse of character which is higher than any stereotyped morality over the forces of falsehood and guile, and insists implicitly not only on the compulsion of rectitude but also on its beauty and its grace. The life of Milly Theale had, all ironically, been a record of the most heart-breaking of abnegations, but it had not been in vain. Through its example Kate and Merton Densher are made to see their scheme in its true light, and are self-confessedly aghast before the recognition of their own corruption. When Densher puts the letter announcing the legacy into her hand, Kate burns it unopened. She recognises that her hold over her lover has vanished in spite of his assertions to the contrary. "We needs must know the highest when we see it" and Densher has, inevitably, transferred his deepest affections from the living to the dead, from the promise of material fulfilment to the solace of spiritual communion. The lives of Kate and Densher stand, after all, unresolved: they "hang still, patchy and scrappy" and the supremacy of the dead is assured. Kate is speaking:

"'Ah'—she made a high gesture, 'don't speak of it as if you couldn't be. I could, in your place; and you're one for whom it will do. Her memory's your love. You want no other.'

"He heard her out in stillness, watching her face, but not moving. Then he only said: 'I'll marry you, mind you, in an hour.'

"'As we were?'

"'As we were.'

"But she turned to the door and her headshake was now the end. 'We shall never be again as we were.'"*

* *The Wings of the Dove* (Constable, p. 576).

A similar note is sounded in one of the most superb of James' short novels—*The Way it Came*, a story of the most exquisite suggestion and beauty dealing with the frustrated meeting of two charming people, a man and a woman, who, if they had met, would have found in each other the fullest satisfaction of life-long desires for companionship and love. But an unkind fate has willed that they remain apart and they only meet when the woman is a wraith. The man, stricken with the revelation of beauty and unable, like Chaucer's lover, to "sosteyn" the intensity of the lady's mystic gaze, dies from the strength of a great desire. But before he obtains release he has a final interview with the girl to whom he was engaged to be married. She accuses him with being in love with a ghost and, unable to deny the truth in him, he gently reiterates his conviction that such vividness, such beauty, is not death but life. This sensitiveness to suggestions from the shadow land beyond the ordinary man's ken is a predominant feature of James' art. It was not for nothing that he had for his father and the guide of his early studies, that genial theologian of Swedenborgian tendencies who pursued Emerson even to his bedchamber to "bring him to book on the topic of man's regeneration" and who found the idol of Concord "absolutely destitute of reflective power."

Every great artist is to some extent a mystic and that for an excellent reason. No thinker has ever yet achieved an ultimate analysis of beauty; it can never be shown to be a mere matter of studied ingredients. He who would "conquer all mysteries by rule and line" is bound to come to a full stop when confronted by the magic of a perfect poetic cadence. It is inevitable that this elusive quality in the make-up of beauty should cause its devotees to catch some echoes of a more enduring though intangible existence in the awe created by the revelation of some perfection in art or some happy exquisiteness in human relationships. Although James does not appear to have any definite theological beliefs, his work is permeated with a sense of spirituality, of hidden, ghostly issues, which becomes at times, as we have suggested earlier, almost a morbid obsession.

To return from this digression, *The Wings of the Dove* is written in the style which has made James an easy prey for the facile parodist. Here the manner which blossomed so characteristically in *The Spoils of Poynton* has attained to the zenith of its possibilities. Just as the prose of Swift may stand for an example of severe pruning, so this final style of James is the result of allowing the idea to grow and ramify freely, while remaining perfectly connected with the parent stem. It is, as we have pointed out earlier, the ideal medium for an author who avoids anything approaching dogmatism either of statement or interpretation, and who realises how cunningly truth must be wooed if she is to yield up the smallest fraction of her treasure. It has, on the other hand, one or two flaws; one may, for instance, be permitted to cavil at the occasional over-exuberance of illustrative imagery which is apt to distract our attention from the main current of thought and action and to concentrate it on the merely adventitious cleverness of the image. Here is a typical example.

Densher is mentally bewailing the irritating officiousness of Mrs. Lowder :

"It was impossible to keep Mrs. Lowder out of their scheme. She stood there too close to it and too stolidly ; it had to open a gate at a given point, do what they would, to take her in. And she came in always, while they sat together rather helplessly watching her, as in a coach-and-four ; she drove round their prospect as the principal lady at the circus drives round the ring, and she stopped the coach in the middle to alight with majesty."*

An over-indulgence in this expansive kind of illustration prevents us from seeing the wood for the trees. Objection may be taken, also, to a rather pointless use of the double negative and to a frequent unnecessary repetition of the verb. But these trifling mannerisms are as nothing compared with the general adequacy of the medium, the perfect union of style and thought. In hardly any other case can it be so safely asserted that form and substance are one.

It will be noted in *The Wings of the Dove* that the most attractive people are Americans. As we have pointed out earlier James throughout his life preserved a strong sentimental attachment for the land of his birth and in *The Golden Bowl* he again represents his own countryfolk as pitted, in their instinctive rectitude, against the ancient cunning of "Europe." This novel, which James described to Mrs. Edith Wharton as "the most arduous task I ever set myself"† reveals how Maggie Verver, an American girl, marries an Italian prince living in London, and her widowed father marries her friend, Charlotte Stant. But there had been between Charlotte and the Prince, before their marriage, a secret intimacy which afterwards is resumed. With the fictive paraphernalia customary to such cases—jealousy, peeping, revenges—James of course had nothing to do. He would no more have brought the matter into the courts than would Maggie Verver and her quiet father. For James, as for Maggie, the evil of the situation consisted less in the sin of adultery than in the ugliness of stealth and deceit. The problem is to bring the hidden offence to light and the plot is merely the process by which the various characters, one after another, first only gradually, accidentally, then with suspicions hurrying dreadfully into convictions, discover and are discovered. When the truth has come up into the light the story ends with Verver and his wife departing for America.

Technically, *The Golden Bowl* stands midway between *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Ambassadors*. In this novel the situation is revealed through the minds of two of the chief actors, the Prince and Maggie Verver. "The whole thing" as James points out in the Preface,

"remains subject to the register, ever so closely kept, of the consciousness of but two of the characters. The Prince, in the first half of the book, virtually sees and knows and makes out, virtually represents to himself everything that concerns us. . . . The function of the Princess, in the remainder, matches exactly with his ; the register of *her* consciousness is as closely kept."‡

For the further elucidation of the action, use is again made of the device of the confidante. In no other novel of James had this

expedient been so justified of itself. Here it is employed in rather an original fashion : instead of one commentator on the situation we have two, Mrs. and Colonel Assingham, who function as a Greek chorus, playing with the light of their understanding on subtleties of action and motive which would be lost on the reader if it were not for their interpretative genius. Soon after the commencement of the novel, when the stage has been set, when we have been introduced to the Prince and his betrothed and feel instinctively that the calm presence of Charlotte in the background is going to provide complications, our suspicions are confirmed and our minds prepared for the coming intensity by the long discussion of these two expert gossips. Mrs. Assingham lays the cards on the table : "Here she is—and there *they* are"* she declares and we are warned that there is a crisis at hand. Throughout the book the thoughts of the two cronies are never allowed to wander from the imbroglio in which their friends are involved, their own personal affairs are hardly touched on, except to give an occasional suggestion of colour and verisimilitude to their own personalities.

We have spoken earlier of the absence in James of any affinity with Anglo-Saxon ideals of conduct and morals. In this novel his divergencies from the accepted criteria of behaviour which hold sway over English writers and readers are strongly marked. Maggie Verver could only have been the creation of a mind which had gathered unto itself, to an astonishing degree, sustenance from many varied fields of thought and culture. To Mr. Joseph Conrad, James is predominantly "the historian of fine consciences"† and in the studies of the Princess and her father we have happy examples of the native bias of typical James characters at their most casuistical. We have pointed out earlier how, on an ultimate analysis, the imaginary world of Henry James can be shown to be governed in its actions and its outlook by a highly refined sense of the proprieties viewed from an aesthetic standpoint. In other words any course of action is justified which does not offend the canons of perfect good taste and good feeling. This primary consideration for the beauty of conduct as distinct from its "moral" justification will probably give rise to misconceptions in the minds of those who are incapable of perceiving that the most thorough-going worship of art and beauty is quite compatible with a high personal morality. There are, indeed, individuals who find it impossible to appreciate the moral value of an action or an attitude without its concomitant of harmony, colour, the trappings of association. One remembers that Marius, in Pater's study, ponders incessantly on a virtue beyond the dreams of any prescribed system of morality ; and he is impelled to this lofty vision of purity by the realisation that sin is not so much a thing to be avoided because of its inevitable retribution but because it is pre-eminently an element of waste, of disharmony and disruption. It is with something of the same outlook that Maggie Verver and her father condemn the liaison of Charlotte and the Prince ; personal resentment is merged in pity for the sinners who are not awake to the ugliness of their transgression. But this instinctive appreciation of the beauty of righteousness has its converse side. Although James would have indignantly repudiated any accusation which sought to place him among writers whose vision is circumscribed by any restrictive code of behaviour, yet it is

* *The Wings of the Dove* (Constable, p. 53).

† *Letters of Henry James* (ed. Lubbock, vol. ii, p. 216).

‡ *The Golden Bowl* (N.Y., vol. xxiii, pp. vi-vii).

* *The Golden Bowl* (Methuen, p. 49).

† *Notes on Life and Letters* (Dent, p. 21).

possible to read into the conduct of some of his characters a concession to the stern rigidity of his Puritan forebears. He spent his life in denying the power of any one formula, religious or otherwise, to shackle the human spirit, and yet one detects in the attitude of the father and daughter in *The Golden Bowl* a strong undercurrent of that old, New England justice which branded Hester Prynne because she had transgressed the law. All unconsciously the ancient leaven is working. The scene in which Mr. Verver resolves to punish Charlotte and to free his daughter even if he must lose her, is a solemn one. It has the sternness and grim resolution we call "puritan," although the puritans will open their eyes to find anything of themselves in *The Golden Bowl*. This hereditary bias in the complex mental make-up of James has been usually overlooked and attention concentrated on his more apparent sense of "style" in conduct; but in a sublimated form the Puritan conscience has to be reckoned with when estimating the motive forces which sway the minds of the typical characters of James. This is one of the reasons why we have no sex problems to solve in studying this author's novels, no stormy seductions and rapes to distract our attention from the more subtle play of mental acrobatics. It is their realisation of the essential emptiness and ugliness of wrongdoing, combined with the infusion, never obtrusive but working effectively, as an undercurrent of Puritan moral rightness, which prevents the creations of Henry James from overstepping the limits of sanity and decorum. It is probable that this strain of the moralist in his composition was unknown to James, for he is constantly pointing out, in his study of Hawthorne and elsewhere, how crippling to an impartial artistic vision is any preoccupation with the teaching of any narrow system of conventional beliefs and moral safeguards; nevertheless it is impossible to understand the mental processes of James and his characters without taking into account his remote Puritan ancestry.

In *The Ambassadors* (1903), his greatest novel technically and the most finished expression of his genius, James chooses again for his protagonist an American, Lambert Strether, a man of fine perceptions, possessing great capacity for discrimination and reflection, "a mirror, verily, of miraculous silver."* He comes from "Woolett, Massachusetts," to save a young friend, Chad Newsome, from the naughtiness of Paris; but he himself surrenders to the beautifully beguiling universe he has entered, recognising the ineffable charm of the life which he had ignored while in the petty society of the small American provincial town, and which he finds himself, through devotion to his duty, compelled to renounce.

James took an especial pride in this novel, regarding it as the best example of his art, the book which most nearly realises his ideals of what a perfect novel should be. We may be permitted to conjecture, too, that he read something of himself into the portrait of Lambert Strether, that, in his detailed revelation of the American journalist's mind, he was giving to the world his own occasional sense of unsatisfied, perhaps inexplicable desires. Every artist who consecrates his life to his work to the exclusion of the usual domestic and social interests, is bound to feel at times that he has missed, in his intense concentration, much that should make existence supremely worth while. Even Flaubert, in his later years, occasionally forgets his philosophy so far as to sigh for vanished opportunities; and it is significant to find James writing, in old age, to Hugh Walpole:

"We must know, as much as possible in our beautiful art, yours and mine, what we are talking about—and the only way to know is to have lived and loved and cursed and floundered and enjoyed and suffered. I think I don't regret a single 'excess' of my responsive youth—I only regret, in my chilled age, certain occasions and possibilities I didn't embrace."*

It is difficult to see how a man so favoured and gifted as was James, and so intensely preoccupied throughout life with the illimitable problems and fascinations of the art of his choice, could ever have seriously missed the reward of the mere "man of the world." Observation and reflection, to a mind like his, must ever have yielded a richer guerdon than any careless fleeting of time in the usual haunts of men. Yet the desire for totality, for the maximum of personal experience, is the frequent penalty of that partial self-effacement which a devotion to art demands. It is just as frequent a delusion. James realised, in his moments of self-revelation, how wisely and nobly he had chosen. He was of too sensitive a fibre to have been long entranced with the haphazard values and precarious relationships of "the world." His art was a refuge to him as well as the purpose of his life.

We have spoken of *The Ambassadors* as representing the summit of James' technical achievement. There is here no decentralisation of the field of vision; the whole story is gradually revealed through the exquisite consciousness of Lambert Strether. As Mr. Lubbock has it:

"Henry James' Strether may stand as a living demonstration of all that autobiography cannot achieve. He is enough to prove finally how far the intricate performance of thought is beyond the power of a man to record in his own language. Nine-tenths of Strether's thought—nine-tenths, that is, of the silvery activity which makes him what he is—would be lost but for the fact that its adventures are caught in time, while they are proceeding, and enacted in the book."†

Nothing could exceed the art by which we are made to see the gradual veering of Strether's point of view from that of the censorious provincial to the mellowed outlook of the sympathetic connoisseur of life. By a remarkable economy of descriptive material, by a few deft touches, the charm of the shimmering Paris atmosphere, in all its persuasive force, is made to permeate the whole book and to exert its compelling influence on Strether's mind. Never has greater homage been paid to the beauty and worth of life. And yet the supreme pathos of the book lies in the fact that the gift of living comes too late to a personality fitted to realise it vividly and intensely. Like all the choice characters of Henry James, Strether finds it impossible to yield himself captive to the mere glamour of existence. The still small voice of conscience is an omnipresent factor in his appreciation of the harmony of a well-ordered life. He would fain stay for ever in the city of exquisite enchantments and fulfilled ideals but he is constantly brought back to earth by the recollection of his mission, the importunity of the call of duty. The poignant episode in which he confesses his intention to return to "the old solitary nothingness" of Woolett, Massachusetts, is perhaps the most beautiful of all James' scenes of renunciation. It is Strether's final conversation with Miss Gostrey:

"There's nothing, you know, I wouldn't do for you."

* *Letters of Henry James* (ed. Lubbock, vol. ii, p. 335).

† *The Craft of Fiction* (pp. 145-6).

* Preface to *The Princess Casamassima* (N.Y., vol. v, p. xvi).

'Oh, yes—I know.'

'There's nothing,' she repeated, 'in all the world.'

'I know, I know, but all the same I must go.' He had got it at last, 'To be right.'

'To be right?'

She had echoed it in vague depreciation but he felt it already clear for her. 'That, you see, is my only logic. Not, out of the whole affair, to have got anything for myself.'*

The Ambassadors remains a monument of the most extraordinary technical consistency and delicate and "spiritual" beauty. In it all James' powers are sharpened to their utmost. Never had he laboured so arduously at perfection of structure, at elimination of all that makes for irrelevance and waste. Every character in the book has his or her definite and indispensable use, for the illustration and elucidation of the main idea, from the various members of the little colony of artists who comment on the vagaries of Chad Newsome to the subtle "confidante" Miss Gostrey and Waymarsh, the "commonsense" and practical friend of Strether. James was never to excel this masterpiece. In works left unfinished at his death, like *The Ivory Tower* and *The Sense of the Past* there is discernible a certain loosening in the fibre of his intellect, a certain overbalancing of his thought in the direction of mere haziness and obscurity. It is best to leave him in undisputed possession of the laurels he has won for himself with *The Ambassadors*, a supreme example of what can be achieved by a steady and life-long discipline of great natural powers.

* * * * *

Henry James died in England at an advanced age in 1916. There is little doubt that the world cataclysm of 1914 helped to hasten his end. Although he threw himself heart and soul into the work of alleviation, he remained almost stupefied with horror at the spectacle of the fair and ordered world he had loved so well being delivered a prey to the unreasoning vandalism of war. Relishing the amenities more than most people, he could not but receive the bitterest of shocks from this crowning example of the bitter irony and tragedy of things. He was, as we have said, personally, one of the most sensitive of men. The importance to him of urbanity, money, privacy, lay in the fact that they were salves. The brutality and rushing confusion of the world, where the dead are forgotten, old ties cynically scrapped, old associations disregarded, and one generation tramples down another, where the passions are blind and men and women are apparently satisfied with relations which are short, common and empty, horrified him. One can almost picture him as one flying with frightened eyes and stopped ears from a city of destruction, till the terrified bang of his sanctuary door leaves him palpitating but safe; free to create a world which he could people with beings who had leisure and the finest faculties for comprehending and appreciating each other, where the reward of goodness was the recognition of its beauty, and the past was never forgotten.

His reputation will depend in years to come, as it depended during his long career, on the suffrages of the few. He never reached the crowd and he never will. Apart from stray enthusiasts like the Boston policeman who told James that his masterpiece was *The Golden Bowl*, time will not make his work more accessible to the general reader. "There are beautiful, quite beautiful people who don't care for me," says Nanda to Mitchy in *The Awkward Age*. There are "quite beautiful" people who do not

* *The Ambassadors* (Methuen, p. 457).

care for Henry James. Even men of marked taste and discrimination have found him unprofitable. Mr. St. John Ervine—a novelist and critic of decided talent—exclaims: "I cannot read the works of Henry James. He seems to me to spend half a lifetime in saying 'Boo!' to a goose"; and Mr. H. G. Wells has wittily said that James' characters behave like a hippopotamus picking up a pea.

The novels of Henry James will never reach a very wide public because his genius consisted chiefly in being "difficult." He is not one of those great writers who are most simple when they are most profound, whose way, sooner or later, is recognised as being Nature's own way; who, in all they say and do, seem to refer their work to an absolute and perfect standard of lucidity, which is the same for all times and all kinds of people. Shakespeare, Bunyan and Wordsworth had the secret of such a way, and these men are not difficult except by accident or failure. It is not in the nature of their genius to be difficult. They speak of universal things in a universal tongue. But Henry James was not of this class. His readers will never be all mankind, they will, on the contrary, be always Jacobites—whether they read his books to-day or a hundred years hence. James, like Browning, Meredith, Carlyle, and so many of the men who inherited the individualistic ideal in literature of the nineteenth century, belonged to a type of author whose idiom is not aimed at the absolute standard of those who have made our language what it is. There will be no Henry James calendars for villa walls. He will never pass into proverb or be full of quotations. On the contrary, his idiom is most significant and striking where most it is his own. He could never be taken for a norm, or even for the founder of a school. His imitators have only served to show how necessarily peculiar to himself his whole method and style had been. Those who take him for a model can imitate nothing except his tricks and prove nothing except that he should not be imitated. A regrettable flaw in the otherwise so admirable novels of Mr. Joseph Conrad is an abuse of the technical device, so prominent in the work of James, by which the story is told through the consciousness of the characters. Not content with recording his tale by means of a single actor, Conrad will often give us a novel that, before we read it, has passed through three minds; his own, the alleged teller of the story, and a third person who has related part of that story to the original teller. This circumlocution undoubtedly gives an effect of clumsiness. To take one instance, the first story in *A Set of Six*, "Gaspar Ruiz," is a striking instance of complicated narrative machinery.

In an essay on the art of Guy de Maupassant, James wrote:

"He is plainly of the opinion that the first duty of the artist and the thing that makes him most useful to his fellow men, is to master his instrument, whatever it may happen to be."*

These words represent, aptly enough, James' own high endeavour in the field of the novel. The subjugation of the elements of a too frequently chaotic universe to the discipline of an artistic form is the sheet anchor of perplexity and disillusion, the only solace for the divine dissatisfaction of the artist. It is to the eternal credit of Henry James that he never once wavered in his devotion to his religion of beauty, that he preserved to the end his high regard for finish and perfection. Being an artist he, of course, found

(continued in page 396)

* *Partial Portraits* (pp. 249-50).

Book Reviews*

LOVE FOR A COUNTRY. By Rom Landau. (*Ivor Nicholson & Watson Ltd.*) 12s. 6d.

The author of *God Is My Adventure* needs no introduction to readers of the MODERN MYSTIC. Perhaps more than any other *étranger* of post-war days he has influenced this country's spiritual life. Of the sincerity of his aims there can be no doubt at all. His latest book is a critical appreciation of his adopted country. The Englishman loves to see himself as others see him; no one laughs more heartily at his own folly, or pays greater respect to intelligent foreign comment. *Love for a Country* surveys the contemporary English scene. There are recorded many interviews given to the author by prominent personalities of the day; but we miss very much the comments of the plain Smiths, Robinsons and Browns. They could have set the author right at one or two places where the pundits may have missed the point. The work is divided into three parts; *The Official Powers* contains chapters on "Affairs of State," "Justitia," "Religion on Trial" and "The Shopkeeper." Part two, *The Cultural Powers* covers the domains of science, education, letters, art. Part three deals with the *Unofficial Powers* and includes sex, rural life, women, and "The Mission of Britain." The plan of the book is excellent.

Before going on to an appreciation of the work we should like to make one criticism the validity of which does not rest on the principles of criticism but only on the reader's standards of measurement. In a book attempting what this one does we think one representative of the Church would have been quite sufficient. The utterances of the Archbishop of Canterbury find little response in the minds (and none at all in the hearts) of the English. The interview with Lord Stamp was characteristic of one of the more enlightened of English business men whose insight into economics is basically sound. In a book which contains the views of two such thoroughly good fellows as Jimmy Maxton and George Lansbury—two incorruptibles—the remaining names representing the "left" could have been dispensed with. In literature not everyone would agree about the importance of T. S. Eliot, whilst Sir Hugh Walpole's work is neither representative nor epoch-making.

There is nothing else to criticise. For when Mr. Landau leaves personalities and proceeds to such things as the guilt of the aristocracy (with special reference to their lack of artistic sense and the way in which they have abused their power and thrown away the wonderful opportunities given to them especially between the reigns of George IV and George VI), sex, feminism and so on, he is shrewd and penetrating. His criticism of the theatre appears a trifle unjust, for that is about the only English institution connected with art that seems trifle. The opinions expressed in these pages by the famous ones—whether religious, scientific, artistic, economic—all appear mediocre compared with the simple idealism of Unwin the publisher. As we could rightly expect from Mr. Landau, the spiritual issues remain for him—and, as we hope, for all reasonable beings—the principal ones. In not a single interview is the spiritual aspect of the questions and answers lost sight of. Readers of *God Is My Adventure* will remember the excellent chapters on Rudolf Steiner, and here again at apposite periods references are made to his work. *Love for a Country* at last is an appraisal of our life and culture written with skill by a natural and highly qualified observer. We could wish that the same tolerance and gratitude shown by the author could be found more frequently among foreigners resident here whose qualifications for criticism are much less obvious. We could do with many more like Mr. Landau. The book has 391 pages, is well indexed and produced. It is highly recommended.

H. K.

APPARITIONS AND HAUNTED HOUSES. By Sir Ernest Bennett. (*Faber & Faber.*) 12s. 6d.

Sir Ernest Bennett appears to possess all the right qualifications for a survey such as is contained in this excellent volume. His interest

in psychical research goes back many years when as a student at Oxford he met and became friendly with the late Frederic Myers, one of the founders of the Society for Psychical Research. His life as soldier, politician, traveller and writer has in no way impaired his interest and has doubtless aided him in maintaining the strict objectivity so essential in research of this nature. The Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's contributes a foreword. Why, we don't know. This is where muddle-headedness steps in. The Dean by inference mixes up with Christianity the results of work which can and must only be considered in the nature of a contribution to science. The Church has nothing to do with ghosts. It is right and proper for the Dean, if he so wishes, to take an interest in this particular kind of research; it is right and proper if he so wishes to write a foreword to such a book as this, but is neither right nor proper to confuse issues. In his first paragraph, the Dean admits that the purpose of the book is to ". . . awaken scientific curiosity." He then goes on to say that the facts contained in this book must not be waived aside because the Christian's faith in immortality is based on more "abstract and more spiritual evidence." But the book itself, in treatment, narration, plan, selection and analyses is entirely first-rate. The authenticity of the evidence is beyond question. The author's "Summary and Conclusion" is an eminently satisfactory chapter in the best scientific manner, and the occultist (who certainly will not agree with much of it) will nevertheless be in no doubt of the ultimate value of painstaking work of this kind. The book (396 pp.), beautifully produced and well indexed, is divided into six main sections—Recognised or Identified Apparitions; Unidentified or Doubtful Apparitions; Apparitions of the Living; Apparitions of Animals; Apparitions of Inanimate Objects, and the excellent Summary and Conclusion already referred to. The book is exciting and full of real interest from beginning to end, and it should find a ready welcome at the hands of those mystics and occultists who have not yet abandoned hope of science, whilst the intelligent student will see a very close connection between the work of Dunne (serial time); Professor Rhine of Duke University (E.S.P.) and the volume under review. An extraordinary thing is that all of these books by independent thinkers and having no obvious connection except to the student of occultism, should all be published by Messrs. Faber. We shall watch their catalogues with interest.

H. L.

REINCARNATION FOR EVERYMAN. By Shaw Desmond. (*Andrew Dakers.*) 5s.

Those who have listened to Shaw Desmond lecture and who may have read his previous books and his articles on aspects of Spiritism in early issues of this journal, will sense in this latest volume the very real development of the author. For we make bold to say that three years ago Shaw Desmond could not have written the book. If there remains any doubt of this assertion we have only to turn to his previous work on the same theme, "We Do Not Die," which rests almost exclusively on a spiritistic basis. It is true that acknowledgment is made in this new book to the work of Dr. Eugen Kolisko, but the whole tone of the author's approach is more scientific and restrained. This is not meant to be destructive criticism—quite the contrary. Only such methods as those now being used by Mr. Desmond will succeed in allowing a filtration of objectivity into the rarefied realms of spiritism, where only a portion of the adherents in any event believe in reincarnation. There seems to be no unanimity of opinion among the disembodied entities which haunt Queen's Hall on Sundays in regard to this very important occult plank. We respectfully suggest that all the "Grey Owls" and other disembodied redskins call a pow-wow in order to decide this question and to advise British spiritists finally and once and for all whether or not reincarnation is a fact. However, Mr. Desmond is convinced of it, and we regard him as being without doubt the most able and certainly the most scientifically-minded of eminent present-day exponents of spiritism. As an introduction to the serious study of reincarnation the book could hardly be bettered, and we commend it to all spiritists who find pleasure in doing a little thinking on their own account. Chapter V, *Science and Reincarnation*, is virtually a digest of Dr. Kolisko's lecture given under the auspices of this journal last winter, and is extremely lucid and interestingly written. On page 226, Mr. Desmond relates: "A long time ago, a

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

Christian, a Buddhist, a Shintoist and a Confucian met in a distant part of Thibet. As the Englishman, the Indian, the Japanese and the Chinaman came together, by accident, as it were, they exchanged bows. It being suggested by the Chinaman that they should enter into a discussion of their respective creeds, so that they might not only exchange bows but ideas, and that they each might learn from the others, this was agreed to, and the Chinese gentleman was appointed a kind of chairman or arbiter. The Chinaman, with the benignity and understanding of his race, then proceeded in due course to ask each of the others to declare his faith, he invariably making his request in the following form:

"Sir, may I ask which is your beautiful religion?"

That doubtless also reflects Mr. Desmond's own mental attitude. It is the only truly spiritual one and in great need of immediate worldwide application if the human race is to extricate itself from the turmoil of to-day. This book is the first one in the initial list of a new publisher, Andrew Dakers. The production is good; printing, paper and binding are good value, but we do wish there had been an index.

EDITOR.

BEHOLD, THIS DREAMER! By Walter de la Mare. (Faber & Faber.)
21s.

This book is a treasure; buy it and keep it at the bed-side. It is a big book, 686 pages plus a complete index. The publishers have been generous; binding, paper and printing are exactly what they should be for a book of this nature. The first 110 pages are devoted to an essay, *Dream and Imagination* by Mr. de la Mare, perhaps as lovely a piece of writing as there is in our language. The remainder of the work is an anthology of prose and poetry about dreams—all kinds of dreams. There are excerpts about day-dreaming, Evening and Night, Waking and Watching, Bed, Sleep, The Stuff of Dreams, The Artist—the whole province of dreaming and imagination is covered. And those who cover it are our poets and writers, their contributions being selected by one whose own work bears every sign of immortality. This is a book-lover's book, not to be read systematically, but to be dipped into, preferably in bed. Open it where we will, there is either ingratiating beauty or hard-chiselled truth in every page. We open at random page 673 and read old John Donne. Says he: "That there are distinct orders of *Angels*, assuredly I believe; but what they are, I cannot tell; *Dicant qui possunt; si tamen probare possunt quod dicunt*, saies that Father. Let them tell you that can, so they be able to prove, that they tell you true. They are Creatures, that have not so much of a Body as *flesh* is, as *froth* is, as a *vapor* is, as a *sigh* is, and yet with a touch they shall molder a rock into lesse Atomes, then the sand that it stands upon. . . ." And cragged, thundering, bad-tempered Thomas Carlyle is caught in an off-moment. "Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body; and that fade-away again into air and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific fact. . . ." The lines of Siegfried Sassoon, *At the Grave of Henry Vaughan* are included appropriately enough in the section "The Phoenix":

Above the voiceful windings of a river
An old green slab of simply graven stone
Shuns notice, overshadowed by a yew.
Here Vaughan lies dead, whose name flows on for ever
Through pastures of the spirit washed with dew
And starlit with eternities unknown.

After a selection of this kind how can we be surprised to find Vaughan's own *The Evening Watch*, a dialogue between Body and Soul, included under "The Drowsy Approaches"? If we turn to the index of authors we find succeeding one another, Paracelsus, Pascal and Coventry Patmore; Tchekhov, Francis Thompson, Tennyson and W. J. Turner (whose articles on Music in the MODERN MYSTIC delighted so many readers). Lafcadio Hearn rubs shoulders with Robert Herrick, Hazlitt and Homer; Flaubert, Benjamin Franklin, Monk Gibbon and Goethe. Havelock Ellis looks across the page at Kant, while Charles Lamb and Colonel Lawrence are not far away. This is not a book to buy as a present, for if you succumb to opening and "looking in it," you will never part with it. There is here the

corresponding note to every stage of development, of insight, of appreciation; there is here, if you like, the key to every psychology. To possess this book is to hold a great deal of what is best and beautiful in the literature of dreams and dreaming, a mirror that detects and reflects the soul's breathing.

EDITOR.

America—Past, Present and Future (continued from page 380)

earth, but we need a community of investigators who know every detail of the relationships between Man, Earth, and Cosmos.

Such an "Institute of Man"—or really a University or Academy for the study of Man, Earth, and Cosmos, would be the real focus whence the pioneer spirit of the American people could begin the new adventure.

The present conditions of Europe are, in my opinion, an outcome of the inability to grapple with the destructive effects of the last centuries of modern science. Could not the *constructive* work be started in the West—while still a breathing-space is left for considering the future of Man and the whole World?

(Concluded)

The Soul and the Year (continued from page 384)

They verily return again. Therefore these sages who desire beings, turn to the south. For this is the path of Substance, the path of the fathers.

"But they who by the northern way seek the Self by fervour, service of the Eternal, faith and knowledge, they verily win the Sun. This is the home of lives; this is the immortal, fearless, supreme way. From it they do not return again; for this is the end. . . ."

"The month is a Lord of beings. The dark half is the Substance; the bright half is the Life. Therefore these sages offer sacrifice in the bright half; but the others in the other half."

"Day-and-night is a Lord of beings. Day verily is the Life, and night is the Substance. They waste their life who find love in the outward; but service of the Eternal finds love in the hidden."

(To be continued)

The World of Henry James (continued from page 394)

much in the cautious compromises and conventions of life to distress him. He is thinking of the limitations of human opportunity when, in *The Great Good Place*, he makes his dreamer experience the ecstasy of "moments in which every apprehension counted double and every act of the mind was a lover's embrace."* But in the absence of this desired consummation he devoted the whole of a long life to the cultivation of an unerring sense of beauty. It would be difficult to find a more convincing justification for the consecrated life of the artist than the collected works of Henry James.

(Concluded)

* *The Great Good Place* (N.Y., vol. xvi, p. 253).

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