JUNE, 1927. ONE SHILLING NET

THE OCCULT REVIEW

Contents

RIDER & CO., PATERNOSTER HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4
UNITED STATES: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 131 VARICK ST., NEW YORK.
NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, BOSTON; WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, CHICAGO.
CANADA: THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., TORONTO.
AUSTRALASIA: GORDON AND GOTCH, LTD.
SOUTH AFRICA: CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD.
CAPE TOWN: DAWSON AND SONS, LTD.
INDIA: THACKER AND CO., BOMBAY AND CALCUTTA.
"THEOSOPHIST" OFFICE, ADYAR, MADRAS.

George Sherringham 1907.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York Post Office, Sept. 18th, 1907.

THE OCCULT REVIEW

"NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI"

VOL. XLV

JANUARY—JUNE 1927

LONDON

RIDER & COMPANY

PATERNOSTER HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4

PRINTED BY THE ANCHOR PRESS, LTD., TIPTREE, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

CONTENTS

JANUARY

FEBRUARY

MARCH

CONTENTS

The United Lodge of Theosophists,

62, BAKER STREET, W.1.

EXISTS for the sole purpose of studying and spreading broadcast the Teachings of Theosophy contained in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge.

HOLDS that the unassailable *Basis for Union* among Theosophists wherever and however situated is "similarity of aim, purpose and teaching," and therefore has neither Constitution, By-laws nor Officers.

LIBRARY and READING ROOM, OPEN DAILY (except Saturdays and Sundays) from 2.30 to 5.30 p.m.

STUDY CLASS, by Question and Answer, WEDNESDAYS, 8.15 p.m.

PUBLIC LECTURES, SUNDAYS, 8.15 p.m.

JUNE 5th. THE LAW THAT COMPENSATES.
,, 12th. PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.
,, 19th. MASTERS AND THEIR MESSAGES.
,, 26th. WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

THE BLAVATSKY ASSOCIATION

The following Books may be obtained POST FREE on application to the Hon. Secretary, 26, Bedford Gardens, Campden Hill, London, W. 8.

	£	s.	d.
THE MAHATMA LETTERS TO A. P. SINNETT	1	1	0
INDEX to the MAHATMA LETTERS		1	6
THE LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY TO A. P. SINNETT	1	1	0
H. P. BLAVATSKY, HER LIFE AND WORK FOR HUMANITY. By A. L. Cleather		3	4
H. P. BLAVATSKY, AS I KNEW HER. By A. L. Cleather		3	4
H. P. BLAVATSKY, A GREAT BETRAYAL. By A. L. Cleather		1	8

GUARANTEED TEXTUALLY ACCURATE EDITIONS of Mme. Blavatsky's works can also be procured to order.

CC

THE
OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

ALL COMMUNICATIONS INTENDED FOR THE EDITOR should be addressed to the Editor "THE OCCULT REVIEW," PATERNOSTER HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4.

BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS AND "THE OCCULT REVIEW" SUBSCRIPTIONS should in all cases be addressed to RIDER & Co., PATERNOSTER HOUSE, London, E.C.4. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to RIDER & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Twelve months, THIRTEEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE. Payments must be made in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All applications respecting these should be addressed: The Advt. Manager, "THE OCCULT REVIEW," 34, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. Tel.: Central 1462-3-4-5. RATES: On application.

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscript submitted.

Subscribers in India can obtain the Magazine from Thacker & Co., Bombay and Calcutta; or from *The Theosophical Publishing House*, Adyar, Madras.

VOL. XLV JUNE 1927 No. 6

NOTES OF THE MONTH

DAZZLED by the brilliance of his achievements in the realm of scientific discovery, man seems to stand in danger of losing sight for the time being of the eternal values by which alone his permanent progress is to be measured and his real course in evolution guided. He is rapidly coming into possession of material knowledge wherewith, unless a realization of the true end of life shall find a place in his consciousness, he is likely to succeed only in wrecking the great civilizations which he has built with so much labour upon the basis of his material endeavours, to say nothing of the possibility of his turning upon himself to his own destruction the potent forces to which modern science has given him the key. Not that scientific progress is either unnecessary or undesirable. It is, in fact, the keynote of the present stage of human evolution. But that does not exclude the reality of the dangers which go hand in hand with material achievement, especially when it is divorced from moral progress.

The tendency is for moral or spiritual progress to be regarded as something entirely separate and distinct from scientific develop-

ment ; yet where is the value of the latter without the former ? Scientific research and human ingenuity devised the horrors of the great war. The issue, however, lay not with the mere manifestation of physical force, but with the moral and spiritual qualities of the combatants. It was the character of the men who fought that was the deciding factor. There is a real danger lest it be forgotten that no civilization that excludes a consideration of human values is secure. Only to the extent that the finer things of the human spirit—those moral and spiritual qualities which have always been regarded as the special province of religion—are recognised and built into the social fabric, is the civilization of which they form an integral part likely to endure. Let us not forget that the civilizations of the past have blossomed, flowered and finally decayed, for the reason that their material progress outstripped the spiritual. Always with great material advancement comes the danger to the collective spirit of losing its hold upon those inner realities from which it draws its vitality. Ever the spirit of man must stretch forward and upward to that something which is just beyond its present reach, unless it is to sink back to the level of the animal with which it is harnessed.

SCIENCE *v.* RELIGION.

Science wrests from nature her hidden secrets and immediately man prostitutes them to pandering to the animal within him. Then again, in times of crisis this surprising being will show himself capable of rising to heights of heroism and self-sacrifice which bear indisputable witness to the reality of the hidden god in him. Puzzled and bewildered, he listens to the voice of science which bids him look outside to the world of phenomena, and shows him how to conquer external nature to serve his own ends ; while religion on the other hand beckons him and directs his gaze within to a realm of moral and spiritual values which at first sight appears to have nothing in common with the universe of material things. Yet all the while he realises instinctively that the principles which govern that inner and invisible world are eternal and true in character, and the only possible basis for security and harmony in the collective life of his kind.

Yet there is no real disharmony between the two. Science and religion are only facets of one truth. The one Reality is consciousness. Within and without are relative terms, having reference to the direction of that consciousness. Attention may be directed to the one to the exclusion of the other. Neither extreme is desirable. Where the claims of the external world usurp their

sway to the exclusion of the inner, there the hidden springs of life are dried up at their source. Sooner or later, in spite of apparent progress, disingetration and decay will inevitably set in. Where, on the other hand, the consciousness is directed within to the entire neglect of the outer world, there all incentive to action is removed, and physical progress becomes an impossibility. Is it possible to conceive of a nation of pure contemplatives ? While man is physically embodied he has both to *be* and to *do*. The virtues of the saint are mere abstractions until they find expression in action.

Material science in itself is no menace to civilization. The menace comes from the neglect of the inner realities. Where intellect divorced from morality is the ruling power, there strife and separation are in the natural order of events. The basis of all that is most worth while, all that is most enduring in human values, is to be found in something beyond the range of the intellect, of inestimable importance though it is. From the purely intellectual point of view why should I surrender my happiness for the sake of another ? If by sacrificing others I can contribute to my own happiness, why should I not do so ? Science as such can adduce no valid reason against it. It is one more indication of man's duality. The god within him will not be denied. Divinity will out.

THE DUALITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

Since man thus constitutes a link between the animal and the divine, it becomes more and more imperative as material progress is made, that his inner growth and outer mastery of nature should proceed step by step with each other. Where either lags behind there will be strain and distortion. In view of the rapid strides being made in scientific advance to-day, the need for attention to be directed to the unfolding of man's inner life becomes increasingly urgent if disaster is to be avoided. Whether this be accomplished by the way of orthodox religion, or through psychology, which is fast assimilating the truths of occult science, matters little. To the mind accustomed to the broad generalisations of modern science, the limitations of the orthodox creeds will scarcely prove acceptable. To such the line of approach will undoubtedly be along that of theosophy or occultism, which may perhaps be regarded in the light of extensions of the science of psychology.

To the occultist, of course, the duality of man is a basic truth. Equally fundamental is the truth that man is not left to wander

in the bewildering maze of human life without help and guidance. Having something of the god within his nature, he is ever being silently and unobtrusively led upwards by his higher kin. He is generally unconscious of such guidance, except in the rare instances where one of the gods is manifested in the flesh to found a great religion. Man's unawareness of being guided signifies but little, however, when it is remembered that spiritual power acts by way of inspiration, and that inspiration is more effective when the recipient is unconscious of his overshadowing. The prompting of the lower by the higher, the gradual uplifting of the centre of consciousness, is one of the universal facts of life. It matters not whether the voice is that of one's own conscience, of a personal Saviour or religious ideal, or the "voice of the silence," or one's "spirit guide" so long as it bears the accents of that loftier something which is above and beyond ourselves, and "makes for righteousness."

DO THE MASTERS EXIST?

The occultist is fond of speaking of the "elder brothers" or perhaps of "the masters," as signifying this collective brotherhood of the spirit which is ever silently and secretly wooing man away from the animal centre of his consciousness to the spiritual. To some such highly specialised centres of spiritual energy existing within the Brotherhood a name will sometimes be given; but whether such *foci* be designated by a name or not, the actuality of that reservoir of spiritual power known as the great White Lodge, the white Brothers, or the Masters, is beyond dispute. It is evidenced by every spontaneous manifestation of spirituality whose fragrance serves to refresh and uplift a grey and dreary world. In view of such a conception of the great spiritual Brotherhood which overshadows and guides humanity, disputes as to the actual existence of this or that particular Master or Brother appear futile. Spiritual beings who have put aside once for all the limitations of the human personality are hardly likely to be gravely concerned with the opinions of the unenlightened as to the reality or otherwise of their existence. They are quite content to remain unknown and to work unnoticed by the multitude.

Whether such beings are with us to-day in physical form is another question. Certainly Michael Juste, the author of an interesting fragment of occult autobiography which Rider's have just published under the title of *The White Brother*, exhibits no diffidence in making the plain assertion that such is actually the case. Nevertheless, it is well to bear in mind that although

one may feel justified in applying the term " white brother " to a person who has outstripped the crowd in his advance along the Path of Attainment and may have gained some degree of spiritual illumination, this does not necessarily imply that such an individual has reached perfection. It seems doubtful whether a truly spiritual being needs to be constantly hampered by the limitations of a physical vehicle. Says Michael Juste :

" There are magicians who move among us to-day, who know of the world of causes and move in those realms with as much familiarity as they do when walking within the streets and countries of this planet ; people who are unknown, yet in the possession of powers that make them the hidden governors of this world ; men and women who possibly lead quiet and humble lives, yet who meet their brethren in conscious union upon another plane, and there assist to carry out the plan and purposes of their work in incarnation, and oppose the darker forces that attempt to englamour man and prevent him from carrying out his own particular work in life."

The white brother is alluded to throughout the book as " M.," which is not, however, the initial of his real name. Master and pupil first met in the room of an organisation long since defunct. " Modest and aloof, he spoke of simple things in a low and gentle voice ; but I sensed the golden realisations of spiritual things engraved therein, and so told him that I was greatly interested in matters occult. I felt in a mysterious and subtle way that here was one who had delved more deeply than all others I had met. I felt as though the tangled and tall grasses of some Oriental jungle, growing over roads of great antiquity, were suddenly brushed aside, and the subtle current of attraction drew me to him as the planet is drawn to the sun."

Before meeting his teacher, Michael Juste and his friend, who also figures prominently in the narrative, ran the gamut of a wide experience in the Bohemian life of London. Stories both tragic and amusing are told of that queer world wherein they first sought for a clue to the realisation of the ardent dreams of youth. The outcome is thus pictured in the author's words :

" So in Bohemia we met all those souls that were weary of their standardised world. Only later did we realise the sham that lay beneath this way of escape, though this game of pretence did us little harm, for we perceived the dangers of permitting our weaknesses to grow and ultimately overwhelm us. It was quite clear to us, from the little we knew of occultism, that many of

these artists were obsessed, that they saw clairvoyantly what the drunkard sees in delirium tremens: picturesque, colourful, yet nauseating things; and that they had lost their wills and were but open doors to the astral—victims of the unseen and unhealthy forces of evil. But though we knew and understood the spirit of these places, yet we persisted in visiting them until the time came when we lived in our own rooms in Bloomsbury and attempted to carry out our own conceptions of unconventionality and freedom."

THE LOWER PSYCHISM.

It should be explained that the artists in question were generally, like so many in the artistic and literary circles of Bohemia—either drinkers or addicted to the taking of drugs. In such a way an artificial ecstasy may be induced, or some of the lower astral centres stimulated into activity, with ultimate results of a wholly disastrous nature to the nervous system, and the prevention of any further progress in the current incarnation. Some futuristic pictures emanating from such a source are amusingly described as "hysterics objectified into paint, hurriedly wrenched from the abyss of chaos, and hurled violently and savagely upon the walls." Fortunately the author and his companion appear to have escaped the dangerous glamour of their surroundings.

How the inner life first put forth its delicate buds in the case of the subject of this autobiography, may perhaps be inferred from the description which he gives in the chapter of his book headed *A Grey Spring*—one among many poetical and charmingly expressed ideas:

"Though the tender force of a high dream may stretch down and entwine itself around the heart of a man, there are the myriad mirages that distract and bewilder him. And though he may hear a weeping in his heart and an urge to enter into the silence of the Higher Self, he is too weak and too young to translate and understand this divine force that all the prophets and poets of the ages have hearkened to. Instead, often the voice of this dream makes him uneasy, and he plunges still further into things that he can understand. But I believe that dream is the voice of the Higher Self demanding obedience from its human instrument, and it will not release the heart of man from its tendrils, but will compel him to accept, if not by love, then by pain."

The spiritualistic experiences of Michael Juste do not appear to have been altogether to his satisfaction. He describes how,

after attending séances, he began to get proofs in a most unpleasant manner. "After leaving these circles," he says, "phenomena would take place when I was alone. I would hear taps and knocks at night, and on one or two occasions I had the unpleasant and uncanny experience of something dragging me out of the body. This gave me unwelcome proof, inconceivable as it may sound to the materialist, that I possessed another form of consciousness within my body—a detachable something that is fully conscious and aware that the body is but a kind of envelope. I can hear the mental specialist and psychologist, who, never having had such an experience therefore deny the possibility, murmuring in kind though firm accents that I apparently had some strange form of hallucination—all is an hallucination to the blind and inexperienced and to those who will not see—but nevertheless I maintain that such was an experience that occurred. It was as though something had been unlocked and shown to me that spiritualism had its dangers."

To his own observations he appends a comment by his teacher to the effect that, "The child must take its first steps in the attainment towards the realisation of Truth, and in its stumbling it often wanders into the mazes underlying spiritualism as it is understood. But a pure mind and heart will lead him through this land of mist and bewilderment into the world of the soul's awakening. Therefore he should not be condemned if he is sincere, for there are many paths to God."

That spiritualism is the gateway to other things has often proved to be the case, though the universal and indiscriminate attendance of séances is not to be recommended. To certain constitutions it is the reverse of beneficial, as in the case just quoted. Although few occultists practise mediumship in the generally accepted sense, psychic sensitiveness is almost invariably present in a high degree as the result of occult training. The occultist at certain times finds it imperative to avoid the rush and turmoil of great cities, and to live as close to nature as circumstances will permit. Otherwise the nervous strain would prove unendurable. But this does not mean that he is an habitual recluse.

Whoever "M." may be, there is little doubt that he has found in the author of *The White Brother* a devoted admirer. Although few direct clues are given to the identity of the teacher, the work of the pupil, sparing in panegyrics as it is, in itself is a sincere testimony to the high esteem in which "M." is held by his

friend. In the opinion of Michael Juste, "Anybody who seeks earnestly and desires to become an instrument for the gods in helping humanity will probably meet, if he persevere . . . a friend who would help him realise his ambitions." Such a one would probably be, not a Master in the occult sense, so much as a teacher, someone perhaps of the standing of a chêla. What the teacher of Michael Juste has himself to say on the subject of finding the Path is well worth noting in this connection :

THE WATCHER.

"Within the soul of each mortal dwells a watcher, one who waits patiently for the time when his charge will cry out for a consciousness of the divine realities, and when that occurs the inner watcher guides the seeker into a series of experiences that will perfect and make him fit to enter the temples of Truth. Wherever the seeker dwells, whether he be white, yellow or black, whether he dwells in a hovel or a palace, directly he desires to become a helper for humanity and work in unity with the laws of the spirit, directly he listens to the compelling voice of intuition that bids him seek beyond the glamour of events, and he obeys it, then the watcher within him takes him upon a voyage that can only end when the seeker has found his own."

Perhaps the most severe strictures in the book are reserved for the unscrupulous use of hypnotism. As Michael Juste points out, there are many phases of this force, from auto-suggestion to mass hypnosis ; while the mental bludgeon that is put into the hands of the student of many modern schools of business training is only paralelled by the wooden club in the hand of the footpad. A heavy karmic responsibility attaches to the promulgators of such systems, as well as to the student who puts the teachings into practice.

The true function of the hypnotic and magnetic arts is curative. A distinction is made because, although the visible effects are the same, the principles involved are different. Hypnotic action is almost purely mental. Mesmeric or magnetic action involves a combination of vital and mental force. One of the best and most occult works on mesmerism that we have ever read was that by the late A. P. Sinnett, *The Rationale of Mesmerism*. Unfortunately this has been long out of print. Happily the gap is to some extent filled by the publication of an abridged translation of the work of Baron du Potet*, a French magnetist and daring

* *Magnetism and Magic.* Du Potet. London: Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 6*s*.

experimenter, the English translation of whose *Magie Devoilée* has also long since been unobtainable.

MESMERISM AND MAGIC.

Du Potet, like all disciples of the school of Mesmer, affirmed the actuality of the magnetic fluid. This fluid is projected by the direction of a strong, clear and unwavering *intention*. It is the intention which makes all the difference between a mere geometrical figure, and a magic symbol. The experiments of Du Potet on sensitive subjects and magic symbols strongly impressed with the operator's intention, cannot fail to bring home to any unbiassed reader the conviction that in the powerful will lies the chief instrument of the ceremonial magician. The Baron's experiments, in fact, border closely on ceremonial magic.

One experiment in particular seems to me to be of value as proving the actual existence of the magnetic fluid. A circle was traced on the floor, with the intention of confining the subject placed within its compass. Two lines were drawn, again with intention, one *to* the edge of the circle, one *from* the circle's edge. Three persons in succession were placed within the circle, and their actions observed. In every case it was found that in trying to escape the subjects turned to the line that was drawn *from* the circle. During the test, it should be remembered, the Baron took precautions to give no clue to his sensitiveness of the intention impressed on the lines upon the floor. In case it may be argued that unconscious telepathy played a part in this phenomenon, and that the result is explicable on a purely hypnotic basis, it might be useful to put on record one of the most indisputable proofs of the existence of the magnetic fluid that I have come across.

I was engaged in an argument with a relative who used to practise mesmerism, as to the extent to which suggestion accounted for mesmeric phenomena as apart from the action of any mesmeric force. With a view to proving to me that suggestion had no part in the matter, the mesmerist determined to play a harmless prank on one of his subjects. Standing in the hall, he made passes over the doorway into his study. The intention was that the sensitive on his arrival would be unable to enter the room. I myself was to admit the subject, while the mesmerist withdrew. To my secret amusement, when the subject arrived, he walked without hindrance straight into the study. I had caught my relative this time, I thought.

Noticing that the sensitive had his cap in his hand, I made this an excuse for trying again, and suggested that he should hang his cap in the hall. He turned to do so, but could not get out of the room ! Sounds of merriment brought the mesmerist on the scene, and he was obviously puzzled by the turn of events, until we recollected that the passes had been made from the hall inwards. The sensitive was able to go with the stream but not against it.

Unexpected as it was, this seemed to me to afford the clearest possible proof of the actual existence of the mesmeric fluid.

Du Potet's experiments indicate beyond any doubt that he was a powerful ceremonial magician, so powerful indeed that sometimes half his audience would fall beneath his spell in the course of his demonstrations. "Many magnetisers," he says, "use magic unconsciously." And further, "Every magnetic sign is also magical, for it contains within itself a germ which can bring light to others. Every magnetic sleep is magical: but nowadays those who can cause it do not know its real meaning. Indeed, we ought to substitute the word 'magism' for 'magnetism.' The presence of magic can soon be detected. During experiments we have only to notice the results of the first rapports set up between two nervous systems ; it is clear that thoughts have begun to travel and can bear commands invisibly through clothes and flesh, and traverse walls and space. All healing without the usual medicines is due to a quickening force acting on matter."

The resemblance between the phenomena of mesmerism and those of magic is too close to be accidental. They are branches of the one Secret Science. Some day, perhaps, mesmerism will come into its own again. As Mr. Lee, the translator, says in his Introduction, "Magnetic research will bring us towards the psychology of the wise adepts of old." Mr. Lee also takes occasion to comment on the account of Du Potet given by the editor of Larousse's *Dictionaire Universel du XIX Siecle,* where it is given as his opinion that "this magnetist was one who abandoned himself to reveries and fancied he was reviving occult science." Such a verdict has no other effect on a thorough-going occultist than to raise a smile. As the translator bluntly remarks, "This is the kind of epitaph often written by the children of Time on those of Eternity."

THE EDITOR.

THE ETHICS OF GNOSTICISM

By JEAN DELAIRE

AS an example of one of the many ironies of life, it is interesting to remember that those of the Church Fathers who, like Tertullian, indignantly repudiated the accusations of immorality brought against the Early Christians by the Pagan world, yet themselves lent a most willing ear to similar accusations brought against the Gnostics. Indeed, for one of them at least, Epiphanius, nothing seems to have been too bad to be believed about the doctors of the *Gnosis* and their deluded disciples. No tale was too sordid, no accusation too foul, to be seized upon by the worthy bishop of Salamis, and used as a weapon in his controversial activities. As an inevitable result, to this day every infringement of moral law, as well as every extravagance of belief, is all too often connected with the name of Gnosticism.

Yet, quite apart from the fact that recent scholarly researches have clearly revealed the unreliable nature of much of the " evidence " collected by Early Church Fathers against their heretical opponents, simple common sense tells us that the pupils of such men as Marcion, Basilides, Valentinus—to name only these three —all known in their day as men of the most ascetic character, could hardly have been guilty of the gross practices attributed to them by popular prejudice ; or that their central doctrine of the indwelling God could have been generally interpreted in terms of an unbridled licence.

It may be conceded that in its later stages, and especially in that hot-bed of religious folly, Byzantium in the last days of the Empire, Gnosticism appears to have shared in the general decadence and depravity of the times—although even here we are entirely dependent for our judgment on the historians of the orthodox party within the Church.

We possess one source of information, however, that is untainted by criticism, malicious or otherwise, and that is the *Pistis-Sophia*, the only one of the many Gnostic " Gospels " that we possess almost in its entirety ; and it is a work belonging precisely to those days when, so we are told, the corruption of the earlier teaching was greatest ; yet, despite certain doctrines which to the modern mind may appear fantastic, it contains the loftiest ethics, as well as a profound, if often involved, philosophy.

Nowhere, in all its three hundred odd pages, do we find the least trace of that moral twist with which the patristic opponents of Gnosticism so persistently identified its doctrines ; not a trace of that pernicious belief attributed to Gnostics—as to their intellectual descendants in the Middle Ages—that as God dwells in every man, all human instincts, desires and passions may therefore be indulged in without restraint. Isidorus himself, son and pupil of Basilides, vigorously denounces the idea that man cannot, or need not, conquer his lower self, or animal nature. If this were so, he argues at some length, then " the worthless of mankind " would disclaim all responsibility for their acts, " saying : ' I was compelled, I was carried away . . .' whereas it is the man himself who leads his desire towards evil. . . . Our duty is to show ourselves rulers over the inferior creation within us, gaining the mastery by means of our rational principle."

The Gnostics ever clearly affirmed that man *as man* is weak, if not sinful, and only attains to immortality by shedding the merely human to become clothed with the Divine, the Christ within. And if it be objected that such accusations of moral delinquency as the Church Fathers levelled against them could hardly have been made unless they had had some foundation in fact, are we not justified in asking what truth lay behind the accusations of incest, cannibalism, and other hideous outrages habitually and judicially made against the early Christian communities ?

As far as we are able, through the pages of the *Pistis-Sophia,* through those of the New Testament Apocrypha that reveal traces of Gnosticism, and through the allusions of the less prejudiced of the Church Fathers, to reconstitute the ethics of Gnosticism, they appear in their outer manifestation to have been a Christianised form of Freemasonry ; but how far these forms varied in the different schools it is impossible to tell. With that master-mind, Marcion, the communal worship—probably the private worship also—seems to have followed more or less closely upon the lines of the more orthodox religion ; for Marcion was a Catholic in the true sense of that much-misused word. He dreamt of establishing over the world a Gnostic form of Christianity, *i.e.,* a Christianity that should be a *Gnosis* or Wisdom-religion as well as a system of ethics. To Marcion, as to so many of the doctors of Gnosticism, any attempt to circumscribe this universal Gospel within the narrow limits of Judaism was pure anathema ; so that we may safely conclude that in the system

of Ethics based upon these beliefs, there was less insistence on the Mosaic code of Law than there was, say, among the Ebionites or other Judaeo-Christian communities, and, conversely, more insistence on the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount.

It was stated in a preceding article* that Basilides claimed to have received his doctrine from a disciple of Peter, even as Marcion claimed to have derived his inspiration direct from Paul ; and the Evangel of Basilides, moreover, is said to have contained the esoteric teaching of Our Lord, that given in secret to the disciples of the Inner Group. If this be so—and there is no valid reason to disbelieve it—the ethics of Basilides and his school must necessarily have been of the loftiest character. Indeed they probably enshrined the innermost doctrine of Initiation, communicated by the Master only to His tried disciples, hints of which are to be discovered in all four of our canonical Gospels, but especially in the Gospel according to John.

There is a wealth of meaning in that Marcionite inscription discovered in the ruins of a Syrian temple : " To the Lord and Saviour Jesus, the Good " ; for we know that Gnostics used the word " Good " in its transcendental sense of *perfect,* or *perfected* : the Initiate—or, in a still loftier sense, that Absolute Existence which they called " the Good God." To the discerning mind it must be evident, therefore, that for the enlightened Gnostic the end of all evolution was the perfectioning of man—the discovery of his " indweller of Light," and his complete identification with it in a mystic at-one-ment.

We are told that secret signs and passwords were in use at the public worship of certain schools of Gnosticism, and we gather that there was an habitual interchange of views between the various leaders of these schools in different parts of the Roman world. What this communal worship consisted in—when it was not the celebration of the Eucharist according to the " orthodox " rites—it is also impossible to tell ; for, like those of the other Early Christian sects, and probably for the same reasons, these meetings were held in secret—hence the signs and passwords, many of them of a masonic character, already alluded to. The doctors of the Gnosis have kept their secret, and we are reduced to conjectures. But if we would hazard a guess as to the influence of their beliefs on their daily life, we must bear in mind the fact that in their own opinion—amounting with some of them to an ardent faith—the great doctors of Gnosticism were not the

* See *The Genosis as a Christian System.*

exponents of any new doctrine, still less the inventors of any new system ; but the faithful transmitters of the *Gnosis* or Wisdom of the Ages, that Knowledge of the Eternal which they called by so many names—the Virgin of Light, the Eternal Æon, the First-Born of God. This knowledge had been proclaimed from time to time by divine messengers, but had been fully revealed only by Jesus under the direct inspiration of the Christ, Himself conceived as a Cosmic Power or Attribute of the Godhead.

We must bear in mind also that the Ethics of Gnosticism were the ethics of a community that believed in the spiritual aspect of Evolution—or, more correctly perhaps, that knew no other aspect than the spiritual, just as the evolutionists of the Darwinian school know no other than the material, For the Gnostics the universe existed for the sake of the soul as for, the Brahmins before them—and who can say how much of esoteric Brahmanism and Buddhism is to be traced in Gnostic tenets ?—the leaders of Gnosticism appear to have conceived Evolution as a twofold process—the evolution of the Form-side of Nature, Matter, or Plasm, taking place simultaneously with the involution of the Life-side of Nature, or the immersion of Mind (the Divine *Nous*) in Matter.

" The Mystery which is beyond the world," says Christ in the *Pistis-Sophia,* " that whereby all things exist : It is all evolution and all involution."

In other words, Evolution is ever preceded by Involution : Mind " descends " into matter, and re-ascends through matter (usually called " the great Abyss ") back to the Plerōma or world of pure Light whence it has come. And the soul of man is the direct reflection of this divine Mind or World-Soul, and therefore itself potentially divine.

Nowhere explicitly stated, this conception is nevertheless implied in most of the Gnostic fragments which we possess, and, amid many confusing details, seems to be the central theme in that Bible of Gnosticism, the *Pistis-Sophia.* To know this is eternal life ; for this is the true *Gnosis*, the divine Wisdom, which —to borrow the words of a still older scripture—" when it is known, all things are known "(Upanishads) ; for then all is seen in the light of divine illumination ; no longer its broken reflection, but the One Reality Itself is perceived. Perceiving It *within himself,* Man is free, free from the necessity of re-birth, from the compelling cycles of generation, free from the pairs of opposites, or—in modern phraseology—free from the law of Relativity,

eternally living as a Centre of Light in a world of Light, a Centre of Consciousness in the All-consciousness of the universe.

Could any but the noblest system of Ethics be logically evolved from such a belief, once that belief was sufficiently clear-cut and vivid to demand expression in daily life ? We need not draw upon our imagination for an answer to this question. The early history of Buddhism clearly reveals the practical outcome of a whole-hearted belief in the supremacy of the Spirit. It is true that for the primitive (as for many later) Buddhist communities, all life, except the Absolute Life, was illusory ; to the Gnostic all life was the result of a " fall "—the fall of Mind into Matter—therefore deemed transitory and, to that extent, also illusory. In terms of Buddhism, the web of illusion must be broken ere liberation be attained. In terms of Gnosticism, the cycle of generation must be transcended if true salvation is to be obtained. In other words, both systems—as do all religions in their innermost meaning—bid Man renounce the illusion of the lower self, and in and through the Higher Self (the " in-dweller of light ") attain immortal bliss.

Whoso believes from his heart that a fragment of Divinity dwells within him as the Life of his life, nay, that he *is* this God-in-man, will naturally strive to live worthily of the in-dwelling Presence, to make manifest the Hidden Light.

" Master, my in-dweller of Light hath ears," Mary Magdalene is made to say in the *Pistis-Sophia*, " and I understand every word thou utterest."

In this one sentence do we not hold the clue to the probable—may we not say the inevitable—ethics of Gnosticism ? While in ill-balanced minds this belief might well take the form of an extreme asceticism, with all its potential dangers of secret vice, in well-poised and saner minds it would express itself in a life of saintly endeavour, in a constant striving to live divinely, to seek the hidden Christ in all men, the Divine Life in all that lives. Incidentally we learn from the sarcasm of St. Augustine that even in his days—at the end of the sixth century—Gnostics were still strict vegetarians, because they deemed it impious to destroy any of the forms in which dwelt the Divine Life.

Gnosticism is said to have died out of the world, persecuted out of existence by triumphant orthodoxy soon after the martyr death of Manes. But the religion he founded—Manichaeism—itself persisted far beyond his day, appearing and re-appearing in a number of sects during the Middle Ages and not entirely

unknown even in modern times—while in its purer form the *Gnosis* can easily be traced in some of the more philosophical systems of our own age. Certain scholars claim to have discovered Gnostic signs and symbols in many of the glyphs used by the Albigenses, Cathari, Illuminati and other ancient sects. Undoubtedly the *Gnosis* assumed a multitude of outer trappings, was known under many names in the course of the ages ; but the inner sign and symbol was ever the same : Belief in the Light that lighteth every man, irrespective of deeds or creeds, and an unshakable conviction that there is but one *Gnosis* in all the worlds—the Wisdom that is eternal because it is divine.

THE HIDDEN SPRINGS OF ÆSTHETIC JUDGMENT

By A. L. B. HARDCASTLE

THE secret power behind the great æsthetic movement of the Victorian era associated with Bunthornes and sunflowers was greater than will ever be known. Through weaklings and degenerates messages from the heights may be given out fitfully and perhaps most inadequately, but they are nevertheless valuable and very far-reaching in their influence.

An art-critic writing in 1890 said the whole object of the renaissance of beauty-worship was not to make men move, but to make them sit still, not creation but contemplation, to silence the voluble crowd and arouse, if only for one moment, the spirit of wonder in their souls. A channel may thus be opened which connects the mind with its immortal home, with the things that pass not away, and redeems and liberates all the finer faculties.

There was also a school in Paris in those days, called the Archaicistes, who did not try to paint what they saw but "who tried to see something worth seeing; not merely, they said, with actual and physical vision, but with that nobler vision of the soul which is as far wider in spiritual scope as it is far more splendid in artistic work." (Oscar Wilde's *Intentions*, p. 199.) Thus the matrix of a sense of beauty is a wondering, an ever-living, ineradicable question in each growing soul, as it works to solve the mystery of a system the order and harmony of which it feels, but the intention of which it knows not.

The silence of this unrevealed purpose fascinates it, haunts it, allures it, and eludes it, and it lives ever in the imagination, if it has once dawned on the mind. It creates what Clive Bell calls "a ferocious spiritual appetite." It is surely true that ugliness causes despondency, and suggests failure.

Is it possible that beauty is, at it were, the growing point of sensuous life, the earnest of an upward rush from hidden spiritual springs, developing towards more and more perfect self-expression in the outward form? For the only thing in life which is irresistible is the feeling that we are in the presence of some concentrated but unknown energy. The conviction that there is so much more to know about life, awakens a spirit of wonder in

the soul, and when this is aroused it is the beginning of the perception of beauty and the root of all true culture.

Rodin said that the essence of the beautiful was beyond our sense-perception. Is it not the infinite touching us as in a dream: the unborn hovering and shadowing new life? It is the inscrutable over-soul of a thing which surpasses the capacities of the form to express except as an elusive possibility.

When a sensuous thing is growing towards harmonious relations and delicately perfect interactions with the great play of universal life, it gives delight, and then it is what men call beautiful. It appeals to the synthetic sense, and the whole soul expands, and this rapture is spiritual, an ecstasy of the mind.

So the feeling for Beauty might be defined as an ecstatic perception of the great trend of evolution—the secret that all things end in song, in perfection and uttermost peace. It arouses the intensest desire for growth. All human pain is enshrined in an artistic creation, and yet art has no sadness in it. It contains the compensation of the infinite laws to which it has been made subservient, and to which it owes its life.

Where is Beauty? asks Nietzsche. "There where I am compelled to will with all my will," and it might be added, there where I see that my will to live more fully, more harmoniously, with more joyous expansion shall reign; where I see that I shall achieve, and that my achievement will open new vistas of happiness and fruitful effort.

After all what *is* the beautiful? Something that makes people search dimly for a more defined ideal, and ask the name, as it were, of their distant star, and make obeisance to something ever-shining, yet ever unattainable. Is not the essence of Beauty its elusiveness? Forever it evades our grasp.

Hegel said Beauty was the "sinnliche erscheinung der Idee"—the idea appearing in sensuous form. The voice of Beauty speaks softly. She slips into the awakened soul, says Nietzsche, in his strange metaphorical style. He says that beautiful things teach hope. They teach gratitude also, and the joyous duty of seeking more beautiful things on this earth. Their elusive nature makes their pursuit infinitely fascinating. Beauty is an indication, a suggestion of the living tendency of things towards some as yet scarce-dreamt-of perfection.

We can never utterly posesss the beauty of a beautiful thing We can only align ourselves with its life, living beside it and, as

it were, keeping time with the rhythm of its pulse. And then, perchance, we shall find that that rhythm has a certain power of expanding vitality, and that it will lift us over the rough places of life, giving us a mightier, a more joyous and a vaster outlook.

By appreciation, by adoration, we instantly add our own life to the life of the beautiful thing or beautiful scene we are looking at, and so become, or rather feel, that we *are* joint creators with God, heirs of divine power.

" Every spirit builds a house," says Emerson, for the abstract and the concrete must of necessity be combined. A beautiful human face is a type in which universal and abstract qualities combine happily and peacefully with the personal expression of a character which is individual and practical. Any sign of struggle or conflict in the features mars the beauty at once. The Attic look described so often by scholars is the impress of the wonderful Greek calm, the fearless peace in the presence of every fate, and beauty in perfect rest.

This implies intellectual power, the power of mind above all, watching all with a serenity which has in it no disdain. " Those who wonder reign, and those who reign rest." This gift of repose is a *sine quâ non* of any lasting facial beauty. It is the faculty of resting, as it were, on the wing; of being calm amidst all storms.

Fixed stars are always wanted.

CONCERNING DREAM POETRY

By ETHEL ARCHER

PEOPLE like to see their own thoughts in print, as they themselves would, if they could, have so expressed them ; and when these thoughts border upon the occult and mysterious they are doubly gratified.

What man is there who is not secretly proud of his dreams, and who is not interested to know that his own particular and (as he thought) unique dream has been dreamed by another ?

So it is that the stories that people know from their own experience to be true are those that they most appreciate. They may say of a certain strange tale that " it *may* be true," but of the other they can definitely say, " I *know* it is true, and the fact that I myself have experienced it gives to it an additional value and interest in my own eyes."

Hence it is that people who are in advance of their age can never be popular except with a small minority. The great mass of people have never been taught to reason for themselves, and so, being unable at first sight to say whether a thing is true or not, rather than believe or admire what may after all prove to be false, they prefer to walk in the old paths, meet the same old plots in fiction, the same old metaphors in poetry—in other words, remain just comfortably where they are.

By the time, however, that these new ideas have had time to filter through and become absorbed by a number of persons, they have become self-realised facts for a large majority ; hence the extreme popularity of a poet in one age who has been hopelessly neglected in the age preceding it.

Lord Dunsany in one of his fables makes Fame say to the Poet : " I will meet you in the graveyard behind the workhouse in a hundred years." This saying has been quoted before by the writer of an article on Shelley, but I trust that I may be forgiven for the repetition.

In spite of all our so-called culture, we have advanced very little in many things, in matters of judgment least of all ; and we still have the foolish habit of contrasting and referring everything new to some by-gone happening or old ideas. But when nature jumps, as she does every now and then, unless we make up our minds to jump with her, we shall remain behind with a host

of obsolete ideas and false comparisons. "Coming events cast their shadows before." "I conceive of a man as always being spoken to from behind and never able to see the Speaker." Both of these judgments are right. The truth is that there is *no* past or future, it is always present, and *the man who realises this is the man with Vision.*

The realm of what we call imagination may be likened to an immense reservoir in which the drops of water are the different rays—according to his rate of vibration and response to a particular ray, a man is able to see and feel, and *those who respond to the same rays will have similar vision.*

But these are merely passing thoughts.

The subject of dream compositions, and of dream-poetry in particular, has been so often treated theoretically by persons having no pretensions to the gift themselves, that perhaps it may be of interest to the general reader to hear the matter re-stated by one who has had experience of both, and whose work has appeared from time to time in some of our better-known magazines.

Of course, R. L. S. obtained many of his finest plots in this way, and with short-story writers it is a fairly common phenomenon; but it is not, I think, so common with the poet. To a person who indulges in drink or drugs anything may happen, but I am thinking at the moment of a person who does not drug or drink, who has read amazingly little, but whose dreams at times would suggest that half the literature of antiquity had been absorbed.

To prevent misunderstanding I would say at once that the dreamer, who is likewise a writer, is in no sense a medium, nor has she ever used a planchette, written mechanically or been dictated to by voices, and what is more rare, her waking inspirations are more concentrated and sustained than the dream ones; Most mediums are quite unlettered persons. Often they cannot speak the king's English. The person, whom we will call "Ignota," comes of cultured parents, but when, at the age of thirteen and also at ten and eleven, she wrote poems that might have passed for those of Keats or Milton, written in their adult years, she had never so much as heard of the former, and her sole knowledge of the latter was confined to a portion of the *Ode on the Nativity* and the first few lines of *Paradise Lost* given for a school imposition. It seems so obviously to suggest a case of hereditary knowledge, and goes so far to disprove the assertions

of those persons who would argue to the contrary, that I have thought it worth while to append a few of the earliest poems.

But to return to dream poetry.

One of the most noticeable things in connection with such composition is the extraordinary sense of conviction which it carries with it. It would almost seem as though, freed momentarily from the shackles and restraints of the conscious, the subconscious mind were able to select with exactness the images which it required—universal types, as it were, from out the great gallery of the subliminal, which may be likened, in the realm of poetry, to the portrait paintings of the great masters.

These portraits are as fresh to us to-day as the day upon which they were painted, and in like manner *Kubla Khan*, the most perfect of dream poems, will never cease to haunt and attract any reader with a spark of intelligence or imagination. Even children, who cannot possibly understand the words, are fascinated by the indefinable ring of mystery and truth, the unmistakable magic of the poem. There have been, of course, notable examples of dream composition amongst the great musicians, but we will confine ourselves in this article to dream poetry.

As an experiment, I tried the effect of *Kubla Khan* upon a child aged three-and-a-half years. She listened attentively, and I am sure her subconscious mind absorded it all, even if her conscious did not. When I stopped she said "More, more," In the same way I noticed that she was fascinated by certain music of Grieg's, especially by the *Dance of the Gnomes*. Her excitement became intense. She danced wildly, stamping her little feet, and she obviously "lived" the music. Had he been able to witness the performance, I think that the great composer might justly have felt gratified by the very real and vivid appreciation shown to his Elf music by this living Elf of the twentieth century.

When in doubt as to the value of a dream poem, try its effect upon an imaginative child with a love of rhythm—it is there that you will find the answer to your question.

One of the strange things about dream poetry is that if you do not at once write it down the idea vanishes, and no mere effort of will can recall the same, though the rest of the dream may be remembered perfectly. It is, therefore, advisable to write it down at once, even if it should be in the middle of the night.

Only after many years has this truth impressed itself upon me. Having a naturally good waking memory I concluded that I could remember in the morning. But alas! The next day all that I could ever remember was that I had forgotten.

Sometimes one awakens with the tail end, as it were, of a poem or article one has been reading. One tries desperately to catch it, but the thing vanishes, for all the world like a train disappearing round the bend of a tunnel. We can only hope that one day it may return, but we can never be sure. *Perhaps, when it does, we shall have entirely forgotten that we dreamed it, and be astonished at the suddenness and clearness of the inspiration.*

In all dream poetry, no matter how well expressed, there is always a certain eeriness. It is as though, during waking hours, one were to have a vision of the supersensible world; or, to take another simile, as though, whilst the sun were still high in the heavens, one were to see as through a transparent veil the moon and stars shining in the black vault of night.

A dream is, as it were, the shorthand or algebra of waking hours. One sees a picture, but the words which describe it are far more vividly impressed on one's mind than when awake, and the two are inextricably blended. Just in the same way one is able in a dream to see both sides of a thing at once, though in the dream it may seem to be facing one. It is as though one became the object looked at and the object became oneself—as though it were neither and yet both of these things at the same time. What probably has occurred has been a uniting of subject and object; and the waking mind, in trying to describe the happening, has naturally become confused.

It must be obvious to anyone who has thought at all on the matter, that in dreams we do transcend both time and space, and this same transcendence is one of the peculiarities of all mystical illumination—hence the power of dream poetry, for in the reader also it produces that same uniting of subject and object, that sudden *vision,* of which we have spoken.

The following are a few of the dream poems of "Ignota." In each case the accompanying picture was very vivid and conveyed instantaneously the words. *Black Ice* seems more like poetic prose, and has somewhat the rhythm of a translation, but in all the other dream poems the rhyme and rhythm are quite clear.

BLACK ICE.

Like a wreath of purplish smoke, a dark cloud drifted across the face of the moon. In the black branches of a tree the wind shivered.
The snow lay piled in heaps, and in the depths of the canyon below all was icy, still.
The gibbet creaked, as the corpse swung, far out over the ravine, gazing with unseeing eyes on the fathomless depths beneath.
In the Lost, ebon spaces of the sky, a solitary Star flickered . . . and went out.

(1920.)

This picture is sufficiently grim and horrible to have been conjured up by Poe in one of his most desponding moods.

The *City of Indolence* conveys to the reader the same dead weight of horror and gloom.

THE CITY OF INDOLENCE.

Betwixt the battlements of Day and Night,
Lost to the Light, and hid from the Sun's ray,
A gloomy city lies, whose people's might
Is sunk in Indolence, and dark Decay
Hangs o'er their ruined splendour. Here desire
Dies, of dejection bred : and a false fire
Flickers, the ghost of Hope.
Silent the folk, their ways are dark and drear,
No converse hold they with the upper air,
Naught lives but lassitude and deep despair. (June, 1924.)

Perhaps it would be as well to mention that the dreamer had *not* read Thompson's *Castle of Indolence* or any of Dante's *Inferno*.

The following is a fragment of another poem, the remainder of which was lost, and the writer is a little uncertain as to two of the dream words as the poem was *not* written down until the next day.

'Mid foes too visionary to fear,
Through shadow clear as day
I pass beyond the mystic weir
That sets the worlds at play.
Foaming and tumbling through the sky
Goes the great and awful River,
Bearing the Ship of the Souls that die
At the heart of the world's endeavour.

This poem was dreamed in 1918—the adjective in the second line may have been 'bright,' and the fifth line may have been "'Dashing' and tumbling . . ." but "Ignota" thinks *not*

Another poem, dreamed on October 5, 1912, is *Epilogue* or *Nirvana*—either title would be suitable.

The silent voices of the Dawn
Are waking round me, Life is still—
And Death in transport seems as Life,
The Higher Servant of the Will.

I know not if I die or live,
Or if I move or cease to be—
Save only that within my heart
Lies Love's untrammelled ecstasy.

Here is another, dreamed in 1909, and called rather appropriately

THE DREAMER.

In the grey dim dawn where the Souls Unborn
May look on the Things-to-Be,
A tremulous Shade, a Thing Unmade,
Stood Lost by the Silent Sea,
And shuddering fought the o'erwhelming thought
Of its own Identity.

Is the frenzied form that derides the storm
A Ghost of the Days-to-Be ?
And the restless wave but the troubled grave
Of its own dread Imagery ?
Or merely a wraith cast up without faith
From the jaws of a phantom Sea ?

To his Love Unborn in that grey dim dawn
Did the Shade of the Dreamer flee ;
Nor marked he the flood where the Vision had stood
Which mocks for Eternity.
For the soul he would wed was the Hope that had fled
In the battle with Destiny."

The first few lines of this poem were *dreamed*, the remainder were written weeks afterwards, in a half dreamy mood ; but it is obvious that they belong. They seem in a strange way to suggest the poems of Poe, but the only poem of Poe's that the writer had read was *The Raven* which *The Dreamer* certainly does not resemble.

In concluding this article we would say that the normal poems of " Ignota " are characterised by a quiet, at times almost an exotic sense of beauty—the very early poems, those from ten to fourteen years of age, are remarkable for their deep religious feeling combined with the beauty of a pagan imagery: *the dream poetry is invariably morbid*, the poem *Nirvana* being the solitary exception.

It would be interesting if anyone with a knowledge of the brain's working could say why " Ignota," who is far from being a pessimist, has never had a happy dream poem. Who knows ? Perhaps in the years to come we shall be able to *dream to order* !

VOODOOISM

By THEODORE BESTERMAN

THE negro of the United States was forcibly removed a few generations ago from his West African home. It is now too late for him to return, for he has adopted many of the white-man's beliefs and regards his African brothers as "savages." Living in his enforced and now inevitable exile, he consoles himself with song, with religion and with sex, especially with song. Pathetically he chants such a reel as this:

> W'ite fo'ks lib in a fine brick house,
> Lawd, de yalluh gal do's de same;
> De ole nigger lib in de Columbus jail,
> But hit's a brick house jes' de same. (p. 8.)*

Here, however, we are only concerned with the Southern negro's religion and magic. His ideas in this connection throw interesting light on the controversy about the immediate sources of man's beliefs. Are they spontaneously originated in each geographical or racial area, or are they derived by migration from a common centre, such as Egypt? Or, still further possibility, have they come from an area now lost, possibly Atlantis? This is one of the most interesting and important problems of contemporary thought.

Now what do we find amongst the Southern negroes? The very close investigation of Dr. Puckett has revealed the fact that only a very small proportion of the negro's beliefs, sayings, etc., in this area can be traced back to his West African ancestry. But of these few beliefs one or two are exceedingly important. Let us consider one of them more closely, voodooism.

Some students derive this word from the name of Peter Valdo, the head of the Waldenses (whence admittedly the French *vaudois*, a witch). But it must now be generally acknowledged that the real origin of the term is the Ewe (West African) word *võdu*, god. The *võdu* cult was carried to Hayti by the slaves, and also to Louisiana, and from these natives undoubtedly the voodoo is descended. Its chief features to-day are the worship of a fetish, serpent-worship, and the submission to a voodoo queen who held office for life. The reality of the negro's belief in voodoo is unquestionable; he introduced it even into his prayers when he was converted to Christianity, as in the following song

* Newbell Niles Puckett, *Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro*. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, London; Oxford University Press, 1926. 9 in. x 6 in., pp. xv + 644. Price 22*s*. 6*d*.
All subsequent quotations are from this valuable book.

(the word voodoo is sometimes pronounced hoodoo by the negroes):

> Keep way f'om me, hoodoo an' witch,
> Lead mah paf frum de po'house gate;
> Ah pines fer de gold'n harps an' sich,
> Oh Lawd, Ah'll jes' set an' wait. (p. 168.)

The practices connected with voodooism were frequently obscene and always unpleasant. White women were attracted to it, and at last it was suppressed, publicly at least. The last of the voodoo queens was a woman called Marie Laveau. It is stated that this Marie Laveau "had a live snake which she kept under her bed and fed like a baby. When its mistress died the snake departed and the negroes said it was the devil gone to claim her soul." (p. 180.)

So far as we can judge, the celebration of voodooism appears to have been nothing more than a sort of glorified spiritualistic sitting. The queen was always dressed in red. The members invoke the voodoo god, begging him to bring down curses or blessings on specified persons. The queen then went into convulsions, and the god spoke through her, answering the requests, and laying down laws in the name of the serpent. Then begins a dance, and the following chant bursts out, evidently a memory of African days, for no sense can be made of it otherwise:

> Eh! eh! Bamba, hen, hen!
> Canga bafio te,
> Canga moune de le,
> Canga do ki la
> Canga li. (p. 182.)

A ring is traced on the floor by means of charcoal, and within this ring any candidate for admission has to dance until convulsed. At a later point the candidate had to put his feet on the box containing the sacred serpent, and everybody went into convulsions. In fact, convulsions and meaningless chants (meaningless, that is, to the singers) appear to have formed the chief parts of the ceremonies. Such was the modern voodoo, traces of which still exist. As late as 1895 the practices were so current that police interference was necessary, and even to-day such an advertisement as the following may be seen in New Orleans newspapers: "A wish obtained without voudouism. Please call on Mme. Genevieve . . ." (p. 192.) The whole thing is truly a mystery, which appears to be beyond explanation along any customarily recognised lines.

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS

By WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

I. INTRODUCTION

THE time seems ripe for a fresh study of the religious philosophy of the Hermetic schools of Egypt. The labours of many scholars and the publication of a new translation of the *Hermetica* have made the work relatively easy (*Hermetica,* by Walter Scott. 4 vols. Oxford The Clarendon Press).

Everyone must be grateful to Mr. Mead for his pioneer English translation published in 1906, which he described as "Studies in Hellenistic Theosophy and Gnosis," a very apt sub-title. I look back also to a book I long treasured called *The Divine Pymander of Hermes Mercurius Trismegistus,* translated by Dr. Everard (1650), and reprinted in a nice edition in 1886. I suppose it would not be amiss to think of these three works as devotional, expository, and higher-critical respectively. Mr. Walter Scott has worked upon the Greek text which he prints with his English version. A small book by Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, known as *Personal Religion in Egypt before Christianity* (1909, Harper & Brothers), has been of great service to me, as I shall show.

The body of Hermetic Literature comes to us in a fixed form, defended by tradition. Like the *Old Testament* or the *Dialogues* of Plato, it asserted itself, became a classic, and has only lately come under the scalpel of the critic.

Such books provide us with portraits which we come to admire, from which a halo rediates afar ; and the sense of reality arises in us as we contemplate the sacred features. It is therefore difficult and unpleasant to witness that holy portrait becoming merely a picture, and the picture finally an illusion. I fear, however, that we must now bid farewell to Hermes the Thrice-Greatest, and thank him for his centuries of inspiration.

And worse is to come. Somehow Hermes Trismegistus became early identified with the Egyptian divinity Thoth, who, in our own day, was credited by Theosophical clairvoyants with having led a migration of the Arabian race from Gobiland to Egypt, forty million years before Christ. If, therefore, Hermes be Thoth and Thoth be the World-Teacher of forty-two million years before our day, his writings must surely be the most ancient

in the world, and therefore the most interesting. Moreover, anyone laying hands on Hermes must first dispose of Thoth: no easy matter, as we shall now see.

2. A GLANCE AT THOTH

Professor Patrick Boylan has brought together all the relevant facts regarding the figure of Thoth in Egyptian manuscripts and inscriptions (*Thoth, the Hermes of Egypt*: Oxford University Press, 1922). His work enables us to trace the growth and complex function of this divinity, and to understand how it was that he came to be identified with Hermes, the messenger of Zeus in Greek mythology. The identification was largely due to Herodotus (430 B.C.), and to Plutarch (75 A.D.). Plutarch uses the name Hermes instead of Thoth in his rather confused account of Osiris and Horus. In the purely Egyptian books, of course, the name Hermes does not appear, but always Thoth and its synonyms; his character and functions become richer and more definite as time passes. I will now attempt to state in a few words the main features of Thoth, chiefly in order to serve for our closer and better study of Hermes Trismegistus.

> In the earliest legend Thoth is an advocate and friend of Horus, a court assessor, or scribe. He is the secretary of Osiris, the scribe of Re, the Sun God. Writings and books thus are associated with him from the first. He is also the god of Law and Right, of funerary sacrifices—the god of the dead, a magician and a physician.
>
> Thoth becomes in time the lunar deity and thus has powers to regulate the agricultural life; the calendar, and all that follows from it, is ordained by him. A further extension in Thoth is seen as the founder of social order, the head of various departments of civil and religious life. On a grander scale he is the source of the Cosmic Order. He is the "Lord of Laws." His knowledge was encyclopædic: nay, omniscient. He invented language, script and literature: "He knows what is in the heart," "Thou lookest into hearts"; "He that looketh through bodies and testeth hearts."
>
> Finally, being so richly endowed, is it surprising to find that Thoth exercised the functions of Creator, corresponding to the Demiourgos of the Greek philosophy? This would put him back more than the modest forty million years of Mr. Leadbeater's world chronology, and would make his books still more entrancing.

It should be added that the epithet "Trismegistus" is a Greek translation of an Egyptian term applied to Thoth, which meant "very-great-great."

3. THE ORIGIN OF THE HERMETIC WRITINGS

The word "origin" signifies not only authorship, place of composition and date, but chiefly, I think, *purpose*; an undated work, anonymous or pseudonymous, often reveals its authorship and its date by the expression of its purpose; and this is the case, in part at least, with the *libelli* of the Corpus Hermeticum. In general, Mr. Mead decides the issue of date by his sub-title "Hellenistic Theosophy." The word *Hellenic* is used to denote the pure classical culture of the Greek people, and *Hellenistic* for that culture which overflowed its own civilization and sank into others—Egyptian, Jewish, Persian, Indian, etc. Alexander the Great was the foremost of the political Hellenistic forces and the city he founded its chief centre. The beginnings of the Hellenistic movement may be dated about the third century B.C., which thus gives the Hermetic writings a fairly late date. But they cannot be usefully dated *en bloc*; we want to know their chronology and relationship to each other: for the present order of the *Corpus* is dislocated. Here I find Sir Flinders Petrie's book very useful.

The broad conclusions as to the period of composition of the Hermetic writings is 500 B.C. to 200 B.C. by Sir W. Flinders Petrie; Mr. Mead would assign a somewhat later date before the Christian era; Mr. Walter Scott decides that most, if not all of the *Hermetica* that have come down to us were written in the third century after Christ. This divergence of opinion is disconcerting, but we must accept it for the present. We are at least enabled to give a long farewell to Hermes Trismegistus, the Egyptian Thoth their traditional author.

The internal evidence points to strong affinities between Plato and the *Hermetica*; and the inevitable question arises as to who was the earlier. It would indeed be exciting if we could believe that we have in these documents the seed-germs of Plato's Dialogues as was once believed by some of the Christian Fathers. I am puzzled by a remark of Mr. Mead's (Vol. III, p. 227): "Plato, of course, depends on Hermes, not Hermes on Plato; of this Tertullian has no doubt." But Mr. Mead himself must have

doubt, for (p. 322) he says : " An unbroken tradition of type and form and content to the earliest Ptolemaic times " has been proved. This makes the writings post-Platonic and pre-Christian with certain very interesting results.

4. THE PURPOSE OF THE TREATISES

As hinted above, the most important element of " origin " is not necessarily date, but the aim or purpose of the works ; and this can be learned from a study of their contents. I shall attempt this in two specimen cases, beginning with the oldest—*Isis to Horus*.

The *libelli* are not by a common author and witness to a growth of opinion from the decline of Egyptian theology through a phase of asceticism to cryptic neo-Platonusm. The authors are Egyptians, and admit no indebtedness to Persians, Greeks and Romans, their conquerors. They know their Plato, but never mention him ; Zoroaster, Vedânta, Stoicism, Chaldæism and even Buddhism seem to lurk behind the scenes. The Old Testament is known, and, by some writers, perhaps even the New. In short, the tap root of the *Hermetica* is Egyptian personal religious aspiration, and the other roots draw nourishment from all available sources.

Logically and historically all this could happen. The Persians first conquered Egypt in 525 B.C., and brought hosts of Indians in their train, as well as their own Zoroastrian faith ; there was a great dispersion of Jews at the fall of Jerusalem in the sixth century B.C., and they would have taken their scriptures with them. Plato had finished his great philosophical work by 330 B.C., and his *Dialogues* were carried wheresoever Greek culture was diffused. Asoka, the Buddhist emperor of India, sent a mission to Hellenistic Egypt in the middle of the third century B.C.

Egypt—and perhaps Alexandria especially—was the religious and philosophical melting-pot of the Western world, far more than Athens or Rome. The *Hermetica* are the scriptures of a religion ; quasi-mystical, gnostic and ascetic, intensely personal and almost devoid of national sentiment. Hermetism, without a Hermes, came into existence in response to the demands of the mind and the heart, just as Christianity rose in the midst of a Roman oppression, for similar reasons : but not without a Christ !

5. KORÈ KOSMU

"Isis to Horus" (excerpts XXIII, XXIV and XXV from Stobaeus) is the oldest and basic group of the whole collection. Isis recounts to her son Horus what she had learned from Hermes, "the writer of the records." The opening words have a singular interest, which I will quote now and explain later :

> "Inasmuch as heaven with its many circles is placed above all the world of things below . . . it must be that all the world which lies below has been set in order and filled with contents by the things which are placed above ; for the things below have not the power to set in order the world above. The weaker things then must yield to the stronger ; and the system of things on high is stronger than the things below ; and is wholly steadfast and cannot be apprehended by the thoughts of mortal men."—(*Hermetica*, Vol. I, p. 457.)

The sole Ruler summoned a council of the gods and called upon them to create a cosmos out of chaos. He himself began by separating the homogeneous mass into heaven and earth and filling the former with stars. "God spake and it was so." "God smiled and bade Nature (physis) be." Nature brought forth seed which was flung upon the earth.

Next, out of a mass of substance called "soul-stuff," compounded of fire and air, God made many myriads of souls, differing from one another in sixty grades. He located them in the intermediate region of the universe. Animal souls were likewise made out of mixture of earth and water. The souls were endowed with a lower power of creation. They made birds, fishes, quadrupeds and reptiles. Next, God arranged the zodiac.

Then the souls became presumptuous and audacious, and disobeyed God's commands (attempting, I think, to invade heaven and make themselves equal to the gods). In short, they were punished by being imprisoned in bodies made of the mixture of earth and water, and were expelled from heaven. The work was done by Hermes, who thus was a demiourgos. They prayed that they might be made to forget the bliss they had lost, and thereby be released from sorrow. They were placed under the dominion of Desire and Necessity ; were promised a return to the higher

world; but if they added to their sins, at death they would be "transformed into the bodies of beasts." The following is a passage I will quote textually:

> "The destruction of your bodies then will be the starting point for a rebirth, and their dissolution a renewal of your former happiness. But your minds will be blinded, so that you will think the contrary, and will regard the punishment (*i.e.* embodiment) as a boon and the change to a better state (*i.e.* death) as a degradation and an outrage. But the more right thinking among you those who look forward to the change. And having thus spoken, God vanished from their sight."

The inevitable declension of man followed their imprisonment in the body and their subjection to Desire and Necessity. They quarrelled, oppressed, and fought one another, making slaves of the vanquished.

Then the four elements rose in protest against the evil introduced by man. Fire, Air, Water and Earth were polluted by their audacity. It was then that God promised to restore the earth to harmony by sending down Osiris, "the efflux of God," with Isis his wife. They taught religion and thereby put a stop to mutual slaughter. They consecrated temples, gave sanctity to the oath or pledge of good faith, founded law and justice, invented mummification. They established the order of prophet-priests to nurture men's souls with philosophy, and their bodies with medical art.

Then follows a long account of psychological and social structure and natural history.

(*To be continued*)

CHASTENING NIGHT

In the cool darkness I breathe the clear night air :
With rhythmic flow
The little winds in softest music blow,
Changing to song my prayer ;
To crystal song, whose liquid notes tossed free,
Like jets of purest joy, make musical
The stillness of the night.

If God is light,
Then I have seen Him where no darkness falls,
Where midnight, veiled in silver crepuscule,
Shines, like a bride before refulgent dawn . . .
Daybreak in June ! Where the wild sea bird calls
O'er the far islands of the grim North Sea,
Treeless and isolate. . . . If God is light
There hath His splendour shone !

But in the hours of tranquil breathing night
God comes as never in the garish day,
Havening my spirit in the brooding darkness,
And in the balm of silence folding me.

O sacramental gifts
That gently steal upon my spirit, changing
To mystic light and word within me, ranging
More swiftly and more surely than the Spring
Pulses to flight and song in the wild bird !

So in the chastening night
Adrift beneath the stars, when all is hushed,
The peace of veiled eyes and muted lips
In benediction falls. The many fade,
Their myriad forms am I ;
All colours glow to one pure flame within ;
Wonder is stilled, serene and unafraid
I am song in the silence,
Light in the darkness of the sky.

BRENDA MURRAY DRAPER.

COLOUR CONSCIOUSNESS

BY THE LATE HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON

A PALMIST once looking at my hand remarked: "Your feeling for colour amounts almost to a sixth sense." Yet, I doubt if she knew what she meant by this, and I am sure I did not at the time. What I did know was, that to me colour, sheer colour, was a joy, that a spot or splash of pure colour striking my eye anywhere, amid any surroundings and under any circumstances, gave me a thrill of equally pure pleasure. I knew also that certain things of a more or less abstract nature were associated in my mind with colour. This was especially so with names. When I was a child I judged a name to be "pretty" or "ugly" by the colour which accompanied it, and for years I assumed that everyone saw names in colour as I did. Later, however, I discovered that most people had not the faintest idea what I meant. I think only one or two among my friends see names as colours, and names to them are coloured differently from what they are to me.

I do not know how far it would be admitted that I have the "colour sense" from the artist's point of view.

I am unable to express, adequately, through the medium of paint, my feeling for colour. Long ago I gave up the attempt to do so, and only renew it occasionally. Yet I am convinced that my inability to express myself after this manner, far from disproving that my "feeling for colour amounts almost to a sixth sense," in reality confirms it. For, if one's consciousness of colour be in any degree an approachment to what may be called a sixth sense, one would reject the pigments to be found in a paint-box as insufficient for one's needs, as too coarse for the rendering of that diaphanous, transparent loveliness which the colours of a sixth sense must surely have. The nearest to these in external manifestation are the hues of the sky during a fine sunset, also the hues of flowers, notably those of the rose and certain exquisite orchids.

When I was a very little child I was addicted to personal adornment with what I used to call "jewels." At that age I was content to wear coloured glass beads, but my pleasure in jewels has never left me. I know now that my sense of colour has been implicated in this love of adornment, since precious

stones can furnish the outer symbol of the inner beauty better even than can sky or flower. They are more available, they do not fade, they can be ever present to the eye, and they reflect light to a far greater extent than most material objects.

The next step I took in the consciousness of colour as something more than mere colour, was when I began to feel the fringe of things on a plane other than the physical. Colour-cure interested me greatly for a time, and with some difficulty I procured Professor Babbit's elaborate work on this subject and read it through. I used coloured papers for various reasons, and drank water that had received a ray of sunlight through blue grass. I did not pursue these experiments very far, but I am sure that highly organised and sensitive people will, in time, respond to the curative vibrations of colour in preference to the reactions of poison as medicine.

The reason why I left off my experiments in this line, was probably because colour-cure is merely a by-product, so to speak, of that after which I was groping. But when I wrote *Carmela*, a poetic drama that turned upon the influences of precious stones, and followed this by a duologue in verse entitled *Hidden Meanings in Fair Things*, which was just a discussion on the significance of colour in dress, I was no doubt trying to give expression to my sixth sense, though I may have been but dimly aware of this at the time.

There is a delightful book written in the eighteenth century by Bernardin de St. Pierre. As a model of fine French writing it was given me to read when I was in the schoolroom; the *ideas*, however, propounded by the author, though admittedly fascinating, were held in the nineteenth century to be fantastic and unscientific, especially the idea that treats of analogies, such as the seven colours in the rainbow, the seven tones in the music-scale, and such like. Yet it was just this very idea that had a real attraction for me. Even during a period when my bent was toward the reading of scientific literature, and I put away from me all theories that did not receive the benediction of the high-priests of natural science, I used now and then to dip surreptitiously into old Bernardin's volumes, always with the feeling at the back of my mind that, while it was a pity he wrote so beautifully about a fallacy, there nevertheless was surely "something in it." But Bernardin de St. Pierre will yet come to his own. Genius has been defined as "the power to see analogies," and according to this definition he must have had

genius. To the septenary of music and colour he added the septenary of the senses.

There came a time, at length, when I began to understand the importance and significance of analogy, and also of symbolism which is an arrangement of signs by which the eternal analogies are epitomised. Arthur Waite has said in his *History of Symbolism*: "The awakening of the sense of symbolism and the initial gift which it bestows upon the things without, is the hint of a great significance behind which, indeed, there is almost an indefinite diversity, an unmeasured depth and wealth, which to the poet are the source of inspiration, to the seer the spring of prophecy, to the mystic the great fount of correspondences by which he forges the strong chains of union, *binding all worlds together*."

Long before I read these words I had felt, and had often asserted, that "everything hangs together." Perhaps I had got at this by much reading, and some writing, of *poetry*; but I never had the smallest difficulty in apprehending how such apparently dissimilar things as colours, tones, planets, precious stones, the divisions of man's body and of his whole being, had their interdependence and correspondence. Everything hangs together; and though to some people this may sound like nonsense, my consciousness of seven colours in a ray of light was sufficient to justify my belief in seven senses to match.

I remember how one day, sitting on a bank of thyme with young bracken uncurling its fronds among gorse on the slope below, I discoursed to a friend on our latent possession of two more senses than the five of which we are aware. I remember I speculated as to what the sixth and seventh senses would be. My idea was that the sixth would be telepathy, the communication of mind with mind independently of language, and the seventh would be a fusion of all the senses, in which fusion expression through one sense would simultaneously be an expression of all the senses, the sense which fuses all the others being what I call the "colour-sense."

Mr. Stephen Mackenna in his novel *The Sixth Sense* (published in 1918) clearly assigns that place to the awareness of unuttered thought possessed by some minds in a certain state of development, a form of thought-reading or thought-transference which is unconscious telepathy. But in spite of the sequence in which the idea came to me first, I have never quite made up my mind whether the next sense to unfold will be telepathy or colour-

consciousness. It may be, however, that these two undeveloped senses, the higher vibrations of which should have some correspondence with other septenaries, are themselves interchangeable and capable of fusion, so that it is not easy to decide which will be the sixth and which the seventh.

There are a few people—but only a few—to whom the assertion that "one can see music and hear colour" is not sheer nonsense; yet the musical term "chromatic scale" is familiar to all, and since "chromatic" means "pertaining to colour," there must have been some connection between colour and tone in the mind of whoever first brought that familiar phrase into use.

In odours there must also be a corresponding scale, in grades analogous to colours or tones. We may trace it in the variations of odours, pungent odours, incense odours, languorous odours, up to the luscious scent of the narcissus and the exquisite perfume of the rose. And as much may be said for savours; these two senses of smell and taste being, in their turn, also interchangeable. As for the sense of touch, there is assuredly a scale of *feeling*, from common contact up to the subtle magnetism that brings touch of all the five senses, nearest to the sixth, and possibly the seventh. The vibrations of a highly magnetic touch are very near to those of telepathy and to those of perception through colour, of which we may get some faint idea from the authentic fact that blind people have been known to sort out variously coloured skeins of wool by touch. Scriabine, the great Russian musician who died in 1915, seems to have realised these analogies and correspondences which I, in my trivial speech, have spoken of as "all things hanging together." Had he lived to get his orchestral symphony performed to the accompaniment of colours and perfumes, our perceptions would have been quickened to the apprehension of what Francis Thompson has sung:

When, to the new eyes of thee
All things, by immortal power
    Near or far
        Hiddenly
To each other linked are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star,
    Seek no more!
    Oh, seek no more—
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore

Readers of Leadbeater's books are familiar with the idea of thoughts being translated into colours on the inner planes. To those who have the clear-vision, the predominant colour in a man's aura is an indication of the quality and intensity of his thought. They will also recall the illustrations of *thought-forms*, and the colours these assume. There are carnal thought-colours, emotional, intellectual, and spiritual thought-colours, and many shades and gradations of thought and colour between each of these. Incidentally Leadbeater alludes to colour-forms produced by sounds, by music especially, so that here we have the analogy between colour, sound and thought.

It was on June 4, 1915, that I became suddenly aware that the palmist had been more right than perhaps she understood, and that colour was, in some way, an added sense to me. Yet for some time I just left it at that, not knowing how I was to make use of this added sense.

It must have been about three months later that one morning while endeavouring to bring something through from the night's profound sleep-experiences, I received in a flash the brief intimation : " Think in colours."

Then I knew. The production of colours on the inner planes corresponding to the quality and intensity of a human thought, was only half of the process. That was the negative side of the colour-sense. But the complete colour-sense was positive and creative, and I could use it inversely. What I realised was, that on all the planes of consciousness colour existed, out of which I could make thoughts, with which I could create what I chose. As soon as I knew that I had at my disposal a creative medium more plastic, and probably more accurate, than our familiar means of perception, I began to seek for the scheme of relation between colours and ideas.

I started with this : If certain thoughts are perceived on the inner planes as certain colours, then I can surely use such and such colours for the production of such and such thoughts or ideas.

Out of the seven colours which the spectrum reveals as synthesised in a ray of white light, there are three principal and four derivative. The three principal ones are red, blue and yellow. Combining these we get green, orange, violet and what is called " indigo," which is purple or blue at the lowest rate of vibration. This much can be obtained with three pigments on a palette. But to those who can perceive on the inner planes,

or to that imagination which is the poet's inner vision, the fusion of astral and transcendental blue, red and yellow also produces derivative colours of every conceivable shade or tone.

To those who have thus studied thought in its relation to colour, the colour corresponding to thoughts of love is rose-red, up to a delicate rose-pink; aspiration, inspiration, idealism, is seen as blue, while any use of the mental faculties, whether as ordinary mundane knowledge, or as the highest intuition, sets up vibrations of yellow. The derivative colours also correspond to certain qualities of thought. The more delicate is the shade of any colour, the higher is the rate of its vibration, implying thought that is directed to the higher planes. The stronger, cruder shades of colour, vibrating at a slower rate, denote the thought-quality used for the daily needs of mundane life. The difference between noble and ignoble thought is the difference between clarified and unclarified colour. If the thought is muddy, the colour will be muddy. Envy, jealousy, fear, hatred, spoil the clear prismatic hues with blotches of dirty brown and green, smoke-grey and rusty red. On the other hand, the most uplifted thought is so faintly tinted that it approaches the white ray of light. No human thought, however, is seen as absolutely white.

In order to use colour as an added sense, one must realise the colour-scheme of thought on these lines, and then reverse it. Every class of thought is expressed in its appropriate colour, therefore why should one not attract clear and lovely colours so as to surround oneself with beautiful and harmonious thought? "Thinking in colour"—or rather perceiving through the colour-consciousness—would soon clarify one's thought atmosphere, since surely one would preferably visualise the hues of the rainbow or the sunset to those of a London fog or a polluted river!

Having tried to follow the intimation to "think in colour" (which I interpret: To perceive through colour-consciousness), I have found that the reaction therefrom on the quality of my own thought and on the thought-atmosphere surrounding me, has been beneficent, healthful and harmonious. And in view of the eventual development of a sixth and a seventh sense, that one of these will find its expression through "colour-consciousness" is an idea, I venture to think, not wholly devoid of value.

WHAT OF THE DARKNESS ?

By EVA MARTIN.

"If we permit this force to work spontaneously, disastrous consequences may ensue. . . . We discover that we have been the architects of our own sufferings. . . . The life of this underworld controls us unceasingly."—CHARLES BAUDOUIN.

"Perhaps the most fruitful of all our recent discoveries will turn out to be that which is gradually revealing to us the extent and character of the unconscious mind, and the possibility of tapping its resources. . Here . . . is the source of that intuition of the heart to which the mystic owes the love which is knowledge and the knowledge which is love. Here is the true home of inspiration."—EVELYN UNDERHILL.

Mysterious and deep-hidden fount of power,
Submerged foundation of this frail "I am,"
Beneath whose all-pervading rule men cower,
Victims of self-created pain and sham
Distresses—can it then be true
That through abysmal spaces locked from view
There wander sombre phantasies of ill
To cloud the mind's bright mirror; that there breed,
In silent worlds to which man has no clue,
Hordes of ancestral memories that instil
Into the warm, divinely-sculptured frame
Wherein the spirit dwells,
So strange a tendency to heed
In life's vast peal only discordant bells ?

Great is my shame
If lurks this traitor in the heart of me—
This miser who, while free
To store earth's finest gold, hoards nought but dross!
And, Secret Being, how forlorn your plight,
How terrible your loss,
If tones of love and joy ne'er penetrate
To that dim underworld!
Are Beauty's pennons furled,
Dust-covered and forgot, while you, disconsolate,
Sit shrouded in the banners of the night ?

You who control the life-breath, you who guide
The hot, impetuous tide
Of the red blood that softly croons life's praise
Down those hid waterways
Where no barque steered by Will may e'er set sail,
No wind of Thought prevail
To check the rhythmic surge,
Nor any moon of Reason urge,
When heart-beats fail,
The ebbing pulse to speed its mournful dirge:
Are you indeed the lord
Also of pain ?—the unsuspected cause
Of human woe o'er which the angels weep ?

Broadcasting soundlessly by private laws
Your urgent signals, swift and undeterred
As tempest-driven flight of homing bird,
Are you the weaver of phantasmic lies
That blind men's eyes
Ev'n in the daylight meadows where they reap
Crops sown by you in darkness? . . .
Now on your buried harp-strings strike one chord,
While I, with ear pressed to the ground,
Hearken each sound
That murmurs in the subterranean deeps
Where you abide, where sleeps
In nightmare horror that tenebrous throng
Of dread desires and soul-deluding ills.
Let me lean long
Here where the river of memory, from the hills
Far beyond birth descending, leaps and spills
Her waters o'er the rocks of life to-day:
What is the message, say?
What shall I hear when echo dies away?
And what, when mists have vanished, see
Mirrored in that obscure profundity?
Ah, must I fall and drown in dark despair,
Finding that it reflects but evil powers,
And holds no fair
Heart-easing images of stars and flowers?

* * * * *

Nay, what is this celestial song that rises
In soaring cadences, these golden lights
And verdant ways, these joy-illumined faces,
These fragrant memories drifting from the heights
Of long-past lives? What radiant veil disguises
Worlds that were rumoured hideous with strife?
And what enchanted glamour fills the places
Whose degradation menaced human life? . . .

"No veil, no glamour: here unshrouded Truth
Dwells in serenest beauty: and here flow
The healing waters of Immortal Youth.
Who drinks thereof shall know
Fountains of Power Creative, and who looks
Therein shall see all loveliness revealed.
Here Wisdom's self, forgetting earth's dull books
Of hard-won knowledge, walks the shining field
Of pure Delight,
And who discerns the way
To follow in her tread shall greet the Day,
And bid farewell to Night!
Here the small self that grieved so long alone
Clasps an Eternal Comrade, fears no more,
Mounts upon sunbeams to a starry throne,
And finds unending heavens to explore."

CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, are required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the* OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Surely Mrs. Davey could not have read Mr. Chaylor's letter when she asks how he had offended, and what truth believed in by spiritualists he had denied. If she had read the letter she would have found that he quoted with approval the words " Pure spirits . . . cannot, even if they would, span the abyss which separates their world from ours." This is against the experience of thousands of spiritualists, and it is obviously a statement which " goes out of its way to offend."

I should be sorry to attack Theosophy. There are Theosophists for whom I have a deep respect. But so long as they follow Madame Blavatsky in describing the spirits of the dead as astral shells I have no faith in their speculations. I am aware, however, that many of them have learned by experience how false are such views, and how much harm was done by their promulgation. The reason why the teaching of psychic truths has been left largely in the hands of earnest but unlettered men is that the educated students of occult matters have been led away to the Himalayas when England needed them so badly. They are in cloudy mountain-tops, and out of touch with the work-a-day world which lives in the shadow of death.

As to Madame Blavatsky, I see no reason why the acceptance of the ancient wisdom of the East should be coupled with her debatable career. In my letter I made the true statement that she was originally a furious spiritualist, and that she abandoned the cult when under a temporary eclipse in America, and that Koot Hoomi seemed to take the vacancy left by John King. Mrs. Davey asks what all this has to do with Mr. Chaylor's article. The answer is obvious. It was this action of Mrs. Blavatsky's which gave Theosophy that anti-spiritualistic bias which has kept the two movements apart when they should have been in close sympathy and alliance.

A long letter from Madame, dated Dec. 3, 1874, appeared in the Boston *Spiritual Scientist.* In it she said, speaking of spiritualism, " For fifteen years I have fought my battle for the blessed truth. For the sake of spiritualism I have left my home, an easy life among civilised society, and have become a wanderer on the face of the earth. Knowing this country [America] to be the cradle of modern spiritualism I came over from France with feelings like a Mohammedan approaching the birthplace of the prophet. I will defend it so long as I have a breath of life in me."

This surely proves my point that she was a complete spiritualist, though it might be reinforced by very many quotations. Within a year came the great reaction against spiritualism in America, due to the alleged exposure of the Holmes mediumship. This was followed by her recantation and her compilation of *Isis Unveiled*, which was edited rather than written by her. Mr. Coleman, in a careful analysis, has shown that a hundred books were used for its production, and that when the unacknowledged quotations are taken out there is practically nothing left. Industry and selective ability were there, however, in their extreme form, and for this at least she deserves the credit. She was, like most people, a mixed character, with abnormal strength to balance an abnormal weakness. But her greatest and most permanent error was to give a false view of the possible relations between the living and the dead. It was that, and not anything which spiritualists have done or said, which has made a rift between the two great bodies of psychic thought.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE MASTER JESUS

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In reference to Bishop Pigott's denial that he stated to me that " the Liberal Catholic Church has nothing to do with the Master Jesus," I should like to say to your readers what I said to the members of the Christian Mystic Lodge of which I am president, and in whose *Transactions* the statement in question was published. Standing in front of the altar in our sanctuary, and speaking as in the presence of Our Lord whose Symbol was above me, and whose Name I had just invoked, I said to them, *That statement was made to me by Bishop Pigott in response to my request for an official ruling on this point.*

I raised this point with him because it was repeatedly cropping up in the questions asked at our lectures, and many people had taken exception to my statement that the Liberal Catholic Church was not a Christian church in the sense in which the word is ordinarily used, as being a church dedicated to that manifestation of the Christ-power which came through Our Lord Jesus the Christ, but might more properly be called a Maitreyan Church, being especially concerned with the work of the Coming World-Teacher. This conclusion I had arrived at as the result of the study of Bishop Leadbeater's books, in which this viewpoint is put forward without any equivocation whatever, and after conversations with several different priests and prominent members of the laity of that church. These conversations took place in the presence of witnesses who are prepared to come forward and vouch for what was said on those different occasions.

Perceiving, both as an occultist and a Christian, the vital importance of the point raised in the paragraph of which Bishop Pigott com-

plains, I took the opportunity of an interview with him to ask for his official ruling, which I obtained after making it quite plain that I asked for it in order that I might answer authoritatively the questions asked at our lectures. He unhesitatingly confirmed the view that had been expressed to me by other members of his church, and supplemented it by the further statement that they had decided to make the Liberal Catholic Church the church of the Coming World-Teacher, and had lost a number of supporters in consequence. He also asked me what manner of people were the pupils of the Master Jesus, as he had never met any.

I have asked myself, as I daresay a good many of your readers have done, what is the motive for this repudiation of a statement which was made to me with every appearance of sincerity, and which attracted no comment in any quarter at the time of its publication three months ago. Perplexing as it may appear to your readers who have only seen the letter of repudiation from Bishop Pigott which you published last month, it is even more perplexing to me, who have in my possession another letter from him, written in answer to one from me in which I gave him the evidence I could bring forward in support of my version of the affair, saying that he proposed to do nothing further in the matter, and asking me to allow it to drop and not to put in our magazine the disclaimer to which in a previous letter he had requested me to give publicity. Yet, in spite of all this he sends you the letter of repudiation you published in your last issue without any intimation to me that he had again shifted his position, so that our magazine went to press without any reference to the matter.

Not being a member of the Liberal Catholic Church, its theology is no affair of mine, and I am quite willing to concede the same freedom of thought and expression to others as I claim for myself; I am only concerned in this matter with the question of fact. If Bishop Pigott's disclaimer is accepted, I stand convicted of gross misrepresentation. It is from that imputation I desire to clear myself, and I therefore offer you as briefly as possible such evidence as is available in support of my version of the incident. The full evidence, together with the verbatim text of the correspondence which has passed between Bishop Pigott and myself, will be printed in the May number of the "Transactions of the Christian Mystic Lodge."

I am, yours sincerely,
VIOLET M. FIRTH (Mrs. T. Penry Evans)
"Dion Fortune."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent A. V. O. asks if I can explain why the name Jesus has been omitted from the blessing in the Liturgy of the Liberal Catholic Church. I do not know why it was omitted; that is to say, I do not know what was in the minds of those who framed the Liturgy when they decided to omit the name Jesus at this point.

Many of us in the Liberal Catholic Church recognise a distinction between the Lord Christ, the Founder and Head of the Christian Church, the perfect epiphany and Representative of the Second Person of the Trinity, and the disciple—now the Master—Jesus. Possibly it was to emphasise the high Source of the blessing, that it is the blessing of no less a Being than the Lord Christ Himself, and not for either of the reasons suggested by A. V. O., that the omission was made.

Yours faithfully, F. W. PIGOTT.

"GUIDES"—WHAT ARE THEY?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—A correspondent asks the question, "Who are these unseen 'Guides' . . ." The answer is that they are the material of human effort. They take the form of a voice on the inner planes, and fill the vacant space created by the forcing of thought from ordinary channels. According to Dion Fortune (*vide* "Seeking the Master") guides are "human beings of a lofty type who have no physical bodies." This, however, is giving them more credit than that to which they are entitled; since they are essentially a part of the mind of the pupil.

When, later, the guide disintegrates by the consuming force of effort (or, as Dion Fortune puts it, when "withdrawn for other work") its place is taken by the higher entity, "Master."

The transition of the personality to a still higher plane makes it clear that the Master, in turn, was a similar product of the efforts of the pupil.

It is therefore seen that whilst these entities are able to maintain an impression of separateness for a limited period, they are compelled ultimately to reveal their true nature, and to resolve themselves accordingly.

Yours faithfully, J. O. THAIN.

THE OCCULTIST AND FLESH EATING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—It is with regret that I feel compelled to give challenge to Kaikhoseu Sorabji on his statement in your correspondence columns.

Kaikhoseu Sorabji points out that the researches of "Sir Jaghadis Bhose have destroyed the last shreds of justification for vegetarianism on humanitarian grounds alone . . . and has established that [plants] feel pain and suffer death pangs like animal organisms." The writer deplores the lack of intelligence and clear thinking on the part of the "occultist."

May I ask what Kaikhoseu Sorabji intended his readers to understand from his term *occultists*? We have (1) *Yajna-Vidya*, knowledge of the occult power by the performance of certain rites; (2) *Mahavidya*, magic of the Kabalist and the *Tantrika* worship, often Sorcery of the

worst description ; (3) *Guhya-Vidya*, knowledge of the mystic powers residing in Sound ; (4) *Atma-Vidya*, the science of, or the knowledge of the Soul.

This last is *Occultism*. The first three named are branches of the Occult Arts. To be brief, the prisms through which Occultism appears to those ignorant of the true meaning of the word are as multi-coloured and varied as human fancy can make them. The Occult Arts are as a glowworm compared with the blazing sun of Occultism. Occultism is a science and not a vague, dreamy drifting or imagining. It is a systematised collection of laws applied to bring about a definite end. May I also point out that Occultism is an applied science of *psychology*, and *not* a science of ethic, though ethic is certainly the foundation of it ? Strict vegetarianism is one of these rules. An Occultist omits meat from his diet because he wishes to avoid the animal desires and activities stimulated by such food. He chooses his food out of the most highly vitalised products : fruits, cereals, etc. He is a vegetarian, not from humanitarian motives solely, but because such a diet tends to the growth of a strong, pure, and sensitive body, while flesh foods create impure thoughts and feelings, and retard the development of the finer forces of his soul. So much for the " humanitarian grounds."

The results of Sir Jaghadis Bhose's experiments are not news to an Occultist ; hundreds of years ago he was aware of the high state of consciousness in plants. May I point out that Sir Jaghadis Bhose performed his series of experiments to establish on a definite basis of physical fact the *knowledge* of his forefathers ?

A little clear thinking *is* wanted ! The above scientist has proved that plants can be stimulated, fatigued, excited, depressed, and poisoned, and *not that they can feel pain* as we know it, but that vegetable consciousness reacts to outside impacts in a manner similar to animal organisms. A savage will bear with composure, and recover from, tortures that would prostrate a civilised man from nervous shock. If, then, such a short distance down the scale of evolution, there is a relative insensitiveness to pain, where, in a classification of pains, should we catalogue the agony of a bitten apple ?

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT J. SCRUTTON.

" AT THE CROSS-ROADS."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I am vastly indebted to your correspondent " Sanitas " for his letter, and especially for his defence of Bolshevism as being but the karmic retribution for the sins of a corrupt " czardom," as it gives me the opportunity of refuting an argument that has been the basis of much clever propaganda in " occult " circles. This has been, in effect, that it would be wrong to endeavour to oppose Bolshevism,

and even meritorious to expedite its working, because thereby we should be assisting and working in harmony with the Law of Karma!

Now this Law is much misunderstood. Were it not so, such fallacious arguments could not gain the credence they do. The Law of Karma is primarily that Divine Plan by which an ego is brought into contact in each life with just those influences which, by its reaction to them, will supply the experiences required for the development or elimination of certain definite traits in the Character. The whole object and purpose of the Law of Karma is, in fact, the upbuilding of Character. It is in no sense a *punitive* law, as is so commonly believed and taught, though it is obvious that if certain defects in character have developed, the experiences necessary to bring about a readjustment may *appear* punitive.

In the case of the corrupt "czardom," it is conceivable that the sufferings of many individuals within that clique may have indeed been karmic; but as it is now ten years since that tyranny passed, and all the world has seen the steady uprising of a still greater tyranny which oppresses with even more ruthless severity many of the very same individuals who suffered under, and opposed, the previous evil, it should be clear that this karmic theory regarding Bolshevism will not do. It does not fit the facts.

Furthermore, the Law of Karma being a *Divine Law*, are we then to be asked to believe that the Divine Father whose Name is LOVE either makes use of, or sanctions, such criminal and devilish manifestations of hate and cruelty, or that He has anything to do with a code that seeks to negative every spiritual aspect of life?

No. Russia was chosen for this unholy experiment, not because of any karmic necessity, but because the mentality and temperament of the Russian peoples presented the conspirators with just the material they required for entrenching their sadist and atheistic hierarchy behind the fanaticism, ignorance and greed of a *mass-mind*. The secret leaders of Bolshevism are no administrators of Divine Law, but Master criminals seeking by means of superb psychology and the use of occult powers to dominate the entire human race, and ultimately to blot out the Divine Name from the soulic consciousness of His children.

Had "Sanitas" taken the trouble to read my article carefully, or, alternatively, had he not in his letter deliberately endeavoured to confuse the issue by attributing to me statements I did not make, I would have endeavoured to deal with some of his other points. As it is, I merely ask your readers who may be interested in this question to read his letter *in conjunction with my article*, and judge for themselves.

I do not expect that "Sanitas," or any who share his views, will be converted by this reply to his letter. I merely state the facts so that those who already know the truth may be confirmed and strengthened in the holding to it.

Yours faithfully, HEIMDALLR.

"SEEKING THE MASTER."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—As a defender of the ancient Secret Doctrine, the oldest profession (emanation) of faith in the world, "the glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," the birth of a Master, I take issue with Ion's definite challenge to a statement in Dion Fortune's article "Seeking the Master."

It was there stated: "There is such a thing as telepathic suggestion, and if you have reason to believe that this is at work, if you find ideas obtruding themselves in your mind which would not normally find tolerance there, then you would do well to conduct the meditation that shall make clear your path in a church where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, for into that Presence and potency can come nothing that maketh or worketh a lie."

I fully agree with his deduction that "this statement and its implication *are not true.*" I hold that "telepathic suggestion" of the "group mind" is a dangerous and erroneous doctrine put forth to deceive the common people, to keep them in ignorance. It is an attempt of some central leader to let *his* conscience be *our* guide, an unwarranted assumption.

Call this individual conscience, this "mysterious something within" each one of us the Master, a "vital force" or an "inherent intelligence," and you will have found a solid foundation to build upon, which will give you the *real facts* about the ancient Secret Doctrine. All that remains to be done is to discover and locate the organisms in our bodies which give life to them, and which emanate an essence and a substance which exists of itself and gives being and existence to others. This is the *true basis* of the ancient Secret Doctrine, and not "the seven root races" so ingeniously advocated and erroneously promulgated by Madame Blavatsky and her followers. Instead of "the seven root races," they are "the seven pillars," hewn out by Wisdom upon which she hath builded her house, the human body, which is "the temple of God." Prov. ix, 1.

Schopenhauer truly says: "He who denies the existence of a vital force denies his own existence, and may congratulate himself on having reached the acme of absurdity."

This "vital force," as Ion truly says, "is a neutral natural force, neither good nor evil in itself, but (as Eliphas Levi said of it) 'it can be used either for the greatest good or the greatest evil.'" I call this vital force the primordial substance. Whether Ion would agree with me in this I have no way of knowing. What I object to, is his language which follows: "But—*it has nothing to do with God; it has nothing to do with Christ; it has nothing to do with the Holy Spirit*, for the realm in which this Trinity operates is within the soul only, and never, directly, outside of it." (Italics his.)

Now, using Ion's own words, " this statement and its implication *are not true.*" It has everything to do with God, or man as Creator ; with the Son, or male child as his offspring ; and with the Holy Spirit, as the innate intelligence in mankind, for " the kingdom of God is inside of us." Luke xvii, 21. The Bible repeatedly declares that " *all things* are *out* of God." and since God as the ALL is Infinite, Absolute, Eternal and Unchangeable, nothing can be added to or substituted from the ALL. There is nothing outside of the ALL ; if there was, the ALL would not be the ALL.

Here is where the fatal mistake is made by all students of occultism, which led Madame Blavatsky to condemn the *real* Secret Doctrine, in the following words, found in Vol. II, page 555 : " It is no explanation to say, as Eliphas Levi does, that God, the universal Love, having caused the male *Unit* to dig an abyss in the female *Binary*, or chaos, produced thereby the world. Besides being as gross a conception as any, it does not remove the difficulty of conceiving it without losing one's veneration for the rather too human-like ways of the Deity. When she made this statement she erred, " not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God." For " God chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God chooses the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty ; and the base things of the world, and things which are despised, *hath God chosen*, to bring to nought things that are, so that no flesh should glory *in his presence.*"

" God is Love," and Love is universal, for it embraces ALL. " Love never fails, and takes no account of evil." In all its manifestations it is good and evil combined in Unity ; " God manifested in the flesh, and justified by the Spirit." " Have faith in God." Why ? Because " without faith it is impossible to please God," and this " faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen " for nine months. Such is the Divine Love Essence, and this it is that is imparted to, and implanted in, every creature at the moment of conception.

Creation is Love's goal, and Love active seeks for Love responsive. It has one aim : To kindle a kindred fire from its flame. If this be a gross conception, so be it, for " our God is a consuming fire." There can be no self-complacency with God's Love, neither could He provide a self-satisfied health-saving guide or shepherd for our salvation and redemption. Divine pleasure is in the fulness and expression of Love, and Love embraces everything. To speak of a happy shepherd with an incomplete flock, or even of a happy flock with comrades missing —the ninety-and-nine safely sheltered and one lost—would be to malign both sheep and shepherd.

C. DE VOS.
Teacher of Bible Biology

Coopersville,
Mich., U.S.A.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL is excellent, though it happens that there is only one paper which reminds us of historicity questions and Gospel problems. It may be remembered that last year Dr. Strömholm presented certain highly individual, if not revolutionary views on the riddle of the New Testament, and that in January, 1927, Dr. Vincent Taylor adduced his reasons for regarding the alleged riddle as a creation, more or less, of the Swedish scholar. It was not an end of the subject, for Dr. Herbert A. Watson, a past Hulsean lecturer, comes forward in the new issue to affirm that the previous strictures "dealt all too kindly with the theory," and proved in consequence "a little cruel to the New Testament." How cold are these baths of learning; but as regards the sacred texts one would have thought that long since they had become impervious to feeling. In any case, Dr. Watson must "protest even more strongly." The opinion that Jesus lived some four generations earlier than is supposed usually and that His imagined contemporaries were 120 years later rests on nothing better than an alleged confusion between "certain actions or statements of Jesus Himself." The two conflicting parties for whom He was Son of God or, on the contrary, Son of David only, are further fictions arising out of the original invention. There is at least no evidence of their existence and hence none also for the subsequent affirmed union between them. In a word, for Dr. Taylor, these sects have been "made in Sweden," and the argument, taken as a whole, moves in a vicious circle, fallacious in sentiment and false in story, the Jesus of its reverie being "the mere creation of an illogical process." It is likely enough: but we might spend a few years on an examination of the Swedish product in conjunction with the counter views, and frankly there is not time. It remains, moreover, that in all probability we may have something to deal with by way of rejoinder from Dr. Strömholm himself. *Prima facie*, we are disposed to agree with Dr. Watson that "there is no question of resuscitation in the Christian belief"; that "it won its followers on the spot and at the time"; and that it "began at once." There is nothing antecedently colourable in a proposition that the zeal of Paul in respect of a risen Christ was kindled 120 years after the event. But our days unfortunately are no longer 120 years, during which the spirit of faith might strive with the spirit of New Testament riddles, real or supposed.

Miss M. A. Hamilton discusses the question of Love; that which it is; how it is treated by poets and modern novelists; the relation of passion to love; after what manner—if any—love may transcend sex; of emotion beyond passion; and of that "sacred flame" which may receive the ministry of these and other contributories, and yet is

above all. It is presumably this which typifies in its symbolism the imagined perfect state of love, that which is authentic and endures amidst the discipline of suffering and service, while for ever it wearies not. The study is suggestive, but does not exceed these measures. It is followed immediately by Prof. J. S. Mackenzie, with a consideration of love and reverence in their different modes. He proposes that love in its higher aspects " is hardly distinguishable from reverence," and cites from Goëthe's WILHELM MEISTER a long and unconvincing paragraph on the latter subject. The make-up of love is admiration, loyalty and benevolence, between which—as it seems to us—the essential quality slips triumphantly through: they are of its accidents and not its nature. The kind of love under notice is connected vaguely with religion and devotion to God, but the analysis reaches no issue; there is no " shaping spirit " of imagination and there is no flair, much as we value the dictum that " life is not to be interpreted in terms of the nettle and the oyster, but rather in terms of the oak and the eagle, the rose and the nightingale." It has not occurred to either writer that love is the desire after union in all directions and as such eludes definition. If we turn, however, many leaves of the HIBBERT and do something more than glance at Mr. Edmond Holmes and his " last guess at truth," we shall get ultimately into touch with something which is on the living side of the subject and its side of deep reality. He has recited his views on the relation of spirit and matter, on being and the all of being, and on " the All which is also the One." Thereafter, at its value as dogma, he presents an idea of " all-embracing love " as the breath of the being of God and adumbrates a mode of the human self which embraces all in love and so also becomes as all in all. After such manner can " love make all things one " and " the secret of Eternity is in its keeping."

There is a profound truth delineated in Mr. G. R. S. Mead's contribution to the most recent issue of *The Quest*, an " adventure "—as he calls it—" in Quest-Land," pursued in " the Mystery of Man's Whence and Whither." An old revelatory maxim affirms on the part of the Divine Teacher as follows: " Thou couldst not have sought me, if thou hadst not already found me," and Mr. Mead affirms analogically on his own part that " we have ourselves to become the path " which ends in " the knowledge of God." And again: " In our deepest spiritual ground we know already what we seek," the distinction being that there is a kind of " knowing in faith," as at the beginning of Quest, but there is that which belongs to the term and is called "faith in knowing." So did " the High Prince " Galahad, who was born in the Grail Sanctuary, undertake the Great Quest, with his peers and co-heirs of the Holy Order of Knighthood, and returned in fine to the Sanctuary, with all the Quest-Palladium present in his heart throughout, but achieved at the end in full. It is said also of the Instituted Mysteries that those who pass through their experiences bring out from them only that which they have taken in, and therefore much or

little, according to their own measures. But they bring it forth after another manner, for that which was implicit in the mind has been unfolded therein : a world unrealised has been brought into realisation after a certain manner. Mr. Mead refers to such implicits as a pearl of great price " hidden in every one of us," a deposit of the wisdom of the world, " won by the experience, not only of countless generations of mankind and of all the lives preceding and accompanying man on this planet, but also of the infinite micro-organisms " below the so-called life-level. Mr. Mead would recognise also another and greater pearl, which is not of heredity but the root of union between the life of the soul and God, in virtue of which we do not merely " know already " that which we seek but are the search-object and the term of search. He says that we shall solve the problem of our " whence " and " whither " when we become " spiritually self-conscious." The key of all is within us, and it is found " by winning to the freedom of our true selves." Among other QUEST articles, we have read with deep interest the late Miss Felicia Scatcherd's record of experiences in automatic verse. There is also Miss Tubby's study of the word " telepathy" as a descriptive laboratory label which is not " to be construed as a fundamental scientific explanation."

The current official organs and other periodicals belonging to the Theosophical movement and its connections do little but reflect and vary what is known already respecting events and propositions. Over the signature of Mrs. Besant we hear much about the Happy Valley in California as the centre of a " new civilisation," if the funds needed are forthcoming to lay the foundation stones. The latter are literal and material in a very obvious sense ; but they are figurative and emblematic also—perhaps more than all—for the " living stones " are essential as well as bricks and mortar, or the ashlars from the quarries. This is high symbolism, and it has been with us from the days of St. Paul to those of Robert Fludd and the Rosy Cross, though it is cheapened not a little by the unhappy suggestion that those who open their purses in response to the present " appeal " will in so doing become such living stones. But in spite of descents like this—they are not infrequent—from uplifted peaks of Darien, and amidst too many false enthusiasms, it is impossible not to feel at least a detached sympathy for Mrs. Besant and the manifold if fevered activities of her great age. She is ever on the crest of the wave, ever in a big " doing "—whatever we may think of the schemes—and in the " suffering " as often as not, amidst the storms of criticism. What is to come of it all is another question and may be left wisely to the issue of time and circumstances. We hear strange stories too often, as—for example—that there is another Krishnamurti at Adyar, of whom Theosophy does not speak and who is still of tender years, but of preternatural knowledge, especially about sacred texts. Meanwhile, we mentioned last month our feeling that " Krishnaji " himself is growing up, and the measure of his claims seems to be expanding

also. In an address which he gave at Chicago, which was printed by THE HERALD OF THE STAR and reproduced by THEOSOPHY IN INDIA, he informed the audience not alone that he desired perfection and to be "like the Buddha," not alone that on a certain occasion he had a vision of his Teacher, of the Master by whom he is overshadowed, but that he looked upon the world through Him and understood them all in a different manner from that which had obtained previously. The experience has remained with the seer, and it has become his wont and habit to see all through his Guide. "I seem to feel that He is in me and I in Him." In this manner he considers that he has found what he wanted—that is to say, "the embodiment of all things." There is no question in our mind that these statements connote a stage of growth in the claim put forward on behalf of the speaker, and they are the more significant as on this occasion they come from himself and not from the sponsors who testify concerning him and his mission to come. . . . The THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW touches upon no subjects but those of general interest, as—for example—on food reform and a New Health Society, on the quest of ideals, in which Mr. Wodehouse affirms, following the deeper Mysticism, that "every idealist has already within him that which he pictures himself as seeking"; and on the Mysteries of Osiris, the last being of considerable interest; but (1) the evidence produced is insufficient to prove that they were Mysteries of Initiation rather than Mystics of Religion prior to the age of Apuleius, and above all (2) that any candidate took the part of Osiris, especially in his state of resurrection. . . . THE THEOSOPHIST has completed its study of Persian Mysteries and draws attention to the "fundamental conception of God" as "the sole source of Being," as the One "in whom is submerged whatever becomes non-apparent, and by Whose Light whatever is apparent is made manifest." New Theosophical periodicals are a feature of the movement, produced sometimes under old titles. A *mensario theosophico* has begun at Rio de Janeiro in Spanish, under the familiar denomination of LUCIFER, and reports at some length a conference held in that city on the field of possibilities offered by such a foundation as the Theosophical Society. There is also THE CHRISTIAN THEOSOPHIST, a minute publication printed in Guernsey and published apparently at Chorley Wood by the editor, who is known in the movement under her literary pseudonym of Jean Delaire. It contains particulars of the opening of the Christian League Lodge of the Theosophical Society in January last, a syllabus of studies during the present session, on the Christ-Idea through the ages; a short article on the Church of the Living Christ; and a few thoughts of mystics. The experiment may be compared with the TRANSACTIONS of the Christian Mystic Lodge, belonging to the same Society, which is dedicated to the interpretation of Christianity "in terms of Theosophy" and of "Theosophy in terms of Christianity." This is an older foundation and has issued forty-six numbers of what may be termed its official organ, which is produced

in clear typescript, awaiting that time when it can be printed in the ordinary way. The last example has papers on Meditation, on Pentecost as an inward experience, and on Glastonbury as "the holiest earth in England." It appears that there is a Chalice Orchard Club, with its headquarters at that place. The Christian Mystic Lodge is in the charge of Dion Fortune, who regards the present position of the Theosophical Society as "profoundly unsatisfactory," owing to (1) credulity, (2) personality worship, and (3) devious methods. On the other hand, the Christian League Lodge exists, as stated, "to unite all who desire to restore the Ancient Wisdom to Christianity," and it makes no reference to controversial subjects in THE CHRISTIAN THEOSOPHIST, or, indeed, to any present activities of the Society.

With reference to our unbiassed investigation last month of the claims made on Apostolic Succession by or on behalf of the Liberal Catholic Church, we have received certain pamphlets from the English Headquarters, being (1) on the Lambeth Conference and the validity of Archbishop Mathew's Orders ; (2) on Facts regarding Episcopal Succession in the Liberal Catholic Church ; and (3) a Table of the Affirmed Succession, including a statement of principles and summary of doctrine. We learn from these sources that the supposed "providential omissions" of Bishop Mathew, when he consecrated Mr. F. S. Willoughby, were that "he forgot the Imposition of the Book of Gospels and the Litany of the Saints." It is argued that "no theologian would regard these as in any degree essential." Subject to an examination of the Roman Pontifical and to the rulings, if any, of Canon Law, we are disposed to agree, and to regard therefore the case for "Orders" and "Succession" in the Liberal Catholic Church as so far and so much better than we were in an evidential position to think when we wrote previously. All this is on the score of impartial justice ; and, for the rest, it should be repeated that the subject at large is of interest only on the bare question of fact and in no wise on that of values. For us the true ordinations are not of hands, of imposed Gospels or of recited litanies ; they are of God and His Spirit

REVIEWS

THE MONKEYS OF HAI TU. A novel by Maxwell Carnson. London: Hutchinson & Co. (Publishers) Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS fascinating yarn opens with a strange séance, where a Chinese coolie is in communication with the spirit-world. Among other things he assures a young English girl that her lost lover is not dead, as she had thought. Her father gets a message from his dead wife, and this sets the pair off on a strange adventure up-country, where they penetrate into a state cut off from the rest of the world, but nevertheless possessing electric light and escalators. This domain is guarded by a weird fascisti-like guard, faithful and quite unbribable, under a kind of thought-power control, which they obey from a distance. A later chapter relates something of the occult arts of old China, when a scene of evocation is brought up vividly before our imagination. We are given a close contact with various Chinese, who are human and in some cases quite likable people, far from the "yellow devils" of the gutter press, or the uncultivated barbarians of popular belief. The story moves rapidly, with plenty of exciting incidents, and incredible plots and counterplots are developed and exposed in turn, in the struggle for the control of the "god" Hai Tu, and the state of which he is the nominal ruler, though he is governed by a wily priest and his beautiful daughter. Disregarding the Shakesperian care for the groundlings, there is a pleasant lack of unnecessary bloodshed, for the tale is one of intellectual battles rather than the crudities of mud and blood. As this gifted author develops his (or her ?) powers and adds still further knowledge of the occult, we may expect some even finer work than this.

W. G. R.

THE CHAKRAS. A Monograph by C. W. Leadbeater. Adyar. Madras, India: Theosophical Publishing House. Price 17/6 net.

THE most striking feature of this work is an impressive series of colour plates symbolising, rather than actually representing, the principal *chakras* in the etheric double, and also some of their relations to each other and to the body. The five chapters deal mainly with their biological functions, and we are given most of the directly relevant published information about these centres of force and form, together with some description of the inception and effects of the successive colour rays. One of the well known Hindu symbols is added, together with an interesting reproduction of a diagram from an old French work. The relation of Sanskrit phonetisation to form is slightly touched upon.

As usual, the principal method of "awakening the *chakras*" is not stated. The bald statement which only would be possible in print would surely evoke trouble for the writer and his readers, and it is best withheld and left to the sensitive and delicate intuition of the advanced student.

It seems, however, that quite a number of other highly interesting facts could safely have been included in this volume; and further apt illustrations could be found in ancient temple "decoration." The Egyptian repeating spirals are full of significance in form and colour. The "g thering" and transmuting quality of successive *chakras*—each

differing in potential and in index—up to the *brahmarandhra*, which contains more than all the rest together, is not sufficiently emphasised; nor the importance of their delicate mutual relation in the decision of both form and function. None works "to itself alone," but as beads on a string; and each conditions all the others, and those next to it most of all. The work will be of great value to the young student, stimulating his research in the right direction.

W. G. R.

LES MANIFESTATIONS MÉTAPSYCHIQUES ET LES ANIMAUX. Par Ernest Bozzano. Paris: Editions Jean Meyer. Price 9 francs.

THE ancient Christian tradition that as the animal creation shared in man's fall it must share also, to some degree, in his redemption and its privileges, seems to be ignored by many orthodox Christians, who are fond of asserting that "animals" have no souls.

As a matter of fact, the very name "animal" is an assertion to the contrary; for an animal, according to etymology, is a creature possessed of an *anima* or living spirit. There is therefore nothing really absurd in the idea of animals—even the lowest—assisting in metapsychic matters and living, so to speak, their own spiritual lives.

As M. Ernest Bozzano reminds us, the modern science of psychology would seem "incomplete and even inexplicable" unless it took into account the existence of the animal "psyche," of its inherent faculties and sensitive reactions, and its possible powers of acting apart from the body and of surviving that body's death.

This carefully compiled volume gives us a record of a hundred and fifty curious psychic incidents in which animals are concerned, and in which they play a leading part. We have stories (all carefully authenticated) of hallucinations and telepathic messages apparently conveyed by animals; of animals as ghosts, and as ghost-seers; of the faculties of clairvoyance and clairaudience displayed by animals; of the mystic sympathy between animals and human beings, shown in premonitions and so on, until the effect of cumulative evidence becomes considerable and the reader is prepared to give his assent to the conclusions drawn by the painstaking writer and compiler; namely, that the supernormal faculties of man's subconscious self are not entirely absent from the subconsciousness of animals, and that those dumb companions who share with us in mortal change and decay may share with us also in our intimations of immortality.

We may add that the evidential value of the book is not its only merit. The stories are interesting in themselves, and the reader in search of mere entertainment may enjoy them on their own less serious merits.

G. M. H.

THE REVOLT OF SIENA. A Play in Four Acts by S. Elizabeth Hall., M.A. London: Erskine Macdonald, Ltd. Price 5*s*. net.

THIS drama deals with a stormy period in the history of one of the oldest and proudest of the Italian City States. Midway in the sixteenth century, Siena was in evil case. The Spaniards, who had entered the city as friends and allies, were showing themselves insolent oppressors, and Mendoza, the Spanish Commander, had roused general hatred by his proposal to build a fortress "to keep the turbulent citizens in order." At this

critical point, Miss Hall's play commences. As might have been expected, the building of the fortress makes "the turbulent citizens" considerably more turbulent instead of less, and the final scene represents them gleefully demolishing the hated tower.

A mysterious incident (the ringing of the town-bell, as if by unseen hands, when the bell-tower was considered inaccessible to any but the Spaniards themselves) has previously formed the turning point in the fortunes of the city, and given the victory to the Sienese. As one of the characters very truly foresees :

> "Should any toll
> The Mangia bell, at the first stroke, the whole
> Inflaméd crowd of citizens will rise. . . ."

Miss Hall has taken obvious pains with her historical facts ; and the rhymed verse, in which all the characters invariably converse, maintains a fluent smoothness and regularity.

G. M. H.

A PERSIAN ANTHOLOGY. By E. G. Browne. With an introductory Memoir by J. B. Atkins. Edited by E. Denison Ross. London : Methuen & Co. Pp. 165. 5*s*.

EXCEPT for Fitzgerald's translations of Omar Khayyám's *Rubaiyát*, Persian poems are almost wholly unknown to English readers, and this selection is most welcome. Its appearance coincides with a new edition of Professor Browne's travel classic, *A Year Among the Persians*, which had long been out of print. Though the anthology is but a slim volume, the contents cover a wide ground, the poets numbering twenty-six, and covering periods from the tenth century onwards. The most recent is by Qurrat-ul-Ayn, who as a follower of the Bab was martyred in 1852. She is said to have composed one poem given in this volume on her way to execution. In the original it is written partly in Arabic, partly in Persian, and, with its intricate internal rhymes, has been wonderfully rendered. Professor Browne was greatly attracted by Babism, and the heroism and constancy of its early followers.

The first poem given in the authology is by the greatest of the Indo-Persian poets, Amir Khusraw, born in 1253, and is a most touching lamentation on the death of his mother :

> "Where are thou, mother mine, in what strange place ?
> Canst thou not, mother, show me thy dear face ?
> From heart of earth come smiling forth once more,
> And take compassion on my weeping sore !
> Where'er in days gone by thy feet did fall,
> That place to me doth Paradise recall.
> Thy being was the guardian of my soul,
> The strong support which kept me safe and whole."

The poem might have been written yesterday.

Professor Browne was not only at home in the Persian language, but was saturated with the spirit of the people, their mystery and mysticism "dreaming the dream of the soul's disentanglement."

ROSA M. BARRETT.

PHENEAS SPEAKS, Being Spirit Communications in the Family Circle. Reported by Arthur Conan Doyle, M.D., LL.D. London: The Psychic Press and Bookshop. 215 pp. Price 3*s*. 6*d*.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE had no easy task, as he himself says, in deciding to publish these home-circle communications, often so intimate and personal. But, as likely to be helpful to others, he has sacrificed his own natural shrinking in the matter. The book contains about a third of the communications received up to the time of its publication. Those not included seemed unlikely to be of general interest, some also were prophetic, and not thought desirable to publish yet. Pheneas first came through in December 1922. After a time, talking was substituted for writing, without the medium, Lady Conan Doyle, ever completely losing consciousness, Pheneas said he had died thousands of years before, near Arabia, and was said by other controls to be a very high-up spirit. He certainly gives excellent advice and beautiful descriptions of the Unseen. He constantly bestows unstinted appreciation upon Lady Doyle's beautiful character and usefulness, while Sir A. Conan Doyle, in his frank humility, does not hesitate to publish even those messages which contain warnings addressed to him for impatience or too great absorption in business affairs.

Incidentally Sir Arthur refers to the objection some Christians undoubtedly feel to these messages as likely to interpose a third person between the soul and the Saviour. But he looks upon them as steps leading upwards. "We do not neglect God by honouring one whom we look upon as nearer to Him than we are ourselves." In deprecation of undue humility Pheneas said more light was needed. "It matters not whether a servant, a slave, or a wise man pulls up the blind."

The whole teaching given by Pheneas is uplifting and should lead all readers to form a higher conception of the possibilities and responsibilities of right living on earth and of the wonders and beauty on the other side. In a reply to the question, Why do we get so few messages about the future? Pheneas said: "It will be better for them now to leave what they [the higher powers] have told you to sink into your minds." And again "Love, not fear, must reign in each heart. . . . The knowledge of the real and human happiness in the higher worlds ahead will give a man courage in facing sorrows and difficulties on this earth. . . . The winter frosts are approaching; then the dawn; then the spring of eternity. And above all, then the sunshine of love—God—Just that, God!"

ROSA M. BARRETT.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THEOSOPHY. By Theodore Mainage. Translated by Suzanne Duché and Yvonne Cooper. London: Sheed and Ward. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

FEW Theosophists, I imagine, would dissent from the opinion expressed by the publishers of this volume on the lucidity with which the author has explained the tenets of "this remarkable cult." The whole of the first part—a matter of over a hundred closely printed pages—is devoted to an admirably clear and, for the most part, impartial exposition of the teachings of the Theosophical Society. But it is when M. Mainage approaches his real task—that of destructive criticism—which occupies the second and more important part of the book—that his troubles begin.

Theosophy, like any other religious or philosophic system, has weak points which are open to attack, but a Roman Catholic critic, like M. Mainage, who attempts its overthrow, has need to proceed delicately to the assault, for there is every chance that he may himself fall into the pit which he has digged for the discomfiture of his adversaries. And, as a fact, this is exactly the misfortune which has befallen our author. His arguments, pushed to their logical conclusion, are just as damaging to his own faith as to the Theosophical position. One example, perhaps, will suffice. M. Mainage undertakes to show the Theosophical God "in an unconceivable chimera," and one of his arguments is that "a limited Infinite" is incredible. I leave it to Theosophists to answer the point as it affects their own views, but I would point out to M. Mainage, in all reverence, that the central figure of Christianity—according to the teaching of his own church, true God and true Man—supplies an irrefutable instance of the limitation of the Infinite. For the rest, M. Mainage is too fond of stating preferences instead of putting forward arguments, to be a very convincing critic. I should add that the translators have done their work excellently.

P. H.

THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS. By J. Krishnamurti. London: G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Pp. 107. Price 3s. 6*d*. net.

MANY people will be anxious to read this book, with a view to finding out what special message it has to offer to an expectant world. The "talks" which compose it, however, were given to a small circle of friends, not to the world at large, and they are further limited by dealing with one particular subject—that of happiness. Consequently, it would be unreasonable to be disappointed through finding that Mr. Krishnamurti, addressing a few chosen individuals, not especially hampered perhaps in their search for happiness, has not anything strikingly appropriate or new to offer to the great mass of struggling and burdened humanity. The talks show an increased maturity of thought and a wider range of language, and mark in these ways a distinct advance on any previously published work of his. But there is one trick of expression which becomes peculiarly irritating when met with again and again in the course of a hundred odd pages—the trick of repeating words and phrases until the reader feels dazed by accumulated tautology. To take a few examples: "All the little struggles, the little turmoils, the little disturbances of life"—"When you have filled yourself with it, when you are part of it, when it is your own, when you know the truth for yourself"—"You have your own particular god, your own particular delight, your own particular way of speech, way of thought, way of expression." Such examples can be culled from almost every page—often two or three from one page—and a device which may on occasion be used quite legitimately, for the sake of emphasis, loses all effect when so overworked, and obscures, rather than illuminates, the thought behind the work.

It is very interesting to find Mr. Krishnamurti speaking so definitely as he does here against the prevalence of separate creeds and doctrines and religious "forms" generally. Years ago, in *At the Feet of the Master*, he wrote: "You must learn that no ceremonies are necessary." Now he says again:

> You need not go and worship at little altars all your lives when the great Temple of worship is there . . . you are wasting your time at these shrines. . . .

If you believe in the Teacher of Humanity, you are also *beyond* all altars, dogmas and doctrines, and see the Truth through all the screens that hide the Vision. . . All forms of outward worship, all interpreters of God, cease to affect you. . . . It is no good clinging to . . . your own particular form of devotion or worship.

These pronouncements, taken from different chapters of the book, afford cause for wonder when we remember that his followers have recently revived, and are flocking in numbers to, one of the most ritualistic forms of religion known to man. Perhaps some day the seeming anomaly may be explained. In the meantime, *The Kingdom of Happiness* can be recommended for its simplicity and its sincerity, and for the author's obvious desire to help others to attain that happiness and peace which he himself apparently has found.

EVA MARTIN.

THE MOON'S NODES. By George White. London: C. D. Dutton. Pp. 74.

HAVING studied the influence of the Moon's Nodes in natal astrology for the last fifty years, the author of this book, who is also the founder of the London Astrological Research Society—now makes known the results of his investigations. It may be said at once that he is able to bring forward convincing evidence in support of his theory, and no astrologer who reads the book carefully is likely to deny, in future, the influence of the nodes in a horoscope. But Mr. White makes a large claim when (on p. 18) he writes: "When I have finished this book I shall have proved the Dragon to be the most potent influence in the horoscope." The most potent influence in what sense—materially, mentally, or spiritually? —is of course the first question that arises. And the question is more or less answered a few pages further on.

The Nodes in the main seem aligned towards material matters and mental processes, and the order or tendency of things, towards what might be termed "Luck." A tide of affairs accelerating or retarding our aims, intentions and interests—the Head blessing our endeavours, and the Tail causing difficulties or miscarriages, and frequently disgrace.

From which we may conclude that the Dragon is of more especial interest to exoteric astrologers, and that those who concern themselves with the esoteric—the inner and spiritual—interpretation of the stars, will not find their judgments much affected one way or the other. The outward effects of the Dragon's Head and Tail, however, as regards "Luck," good or bad (so-called) seem well-established, and all who want to know more about this should make a point of obtaining Mr. White's little work. He has some interesting remarks to make also about eclipses, and their effects by direction, and the book is illustrated by several example horoscopes.

EVA MARTIN.

APOLLONIUS ON THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By E. U. Bennett, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. P. 95. Price 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

HERE is another volume in the well-known To-day and To-morrow Series, which will be welcomed by all who are interested in its subject. Mr. Bennett has evidently striven very hard to maintain an attitude of abso-

lute balance and detachment; indeed, in his efforts to remain unbiassed he seems sometimes to be a little over-severe, as in his strictures on the character and motives of the Rev. Stainton Moses, which seem scarcely "evidential," to say the least. But after sitting judicially "on the fence" through a good many pages, he does in the end come down definitely on the affirmative side in answer to his own question: "Has psychical research really any future?" and declares that:

> Amid the limitless possibilities of the next fifty years—great developments in surgery, bio-chemistry, television, lighting and transport—it may be that not the least of the discoveries which glorify the new age will come from the scientific results of psychical research.

It will be seen that these results are placed in the future, not in the past, and many readers will think that Mr. Bennett dismisses too lightly all that has already been done in the psychical research "field." He quotes in this connection the words of William James—"Hardly as yet has the surface of the facts called 'psychic' begun to be scratched for scientific purposes"; and, bearing in mind the last three words, perhaps it may be admitted that this dictum still holds good. In any case, the little book is well and concisely written, and deserves to be read.

EVA MARTIN.

NOTES ON THE ORIGINALITY OF THOUGHT: The Concept of Internal Necessity: Poetic Thought and Constructive Thought. By Leone Vivante. Translated by Professor Brodrick-Bullock. Pp. 227. London: John Lane. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE subject of this book is accurately explained in its sub-title. The author attempts to demonstrate the essential and profound truth of spontaneous poetical expression, and he thus emphasises what might be called the natural truthfulness of spontaneous thought or of subjectivity. The exposition of this view is clear, and the author's style is vivid and lucid, though in this he no doubt owes much to Professor Bullock's admirable translation.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF WITCHCRAFT. By Montague Summers. Pp. xi., 623. London: Kegan Paul (The History of Civilization). Price 21*s.* net.

IN reviewing Mr. Summers's previous volume on *The History of Witchcraft*, I explained his views on this subject: that it is the work of the devil, that Spiritualism is its modern representative, and so on. In the present volume Mr. Summers develops the same theme, at greater length and with still greater fierceness. Mr. Summers undoubtedly possesses great erudition, especially in the more out-of-the-way fields of learning. I have great admiration for his work in other fields; and I have the pleasure of knowing him personally. I find it rather difficult under these circumstances to reconcile my duty to the reader with my personal inclination. The reader shall judge for himself; here is Mr. Summers on John Knox.

> It is, perhaps, no matter for surprise that under that quintessence of verjuice and venom, John Knox, whose loathsome slime

fouled Caledonia from north to south, and ate like a putrid sore through to the very heart of her children, an intenser gloom, a deeper despair, fell upon the unhappy land. (P. 201.)

Queen Elizabeth is "a lewd old strumpet." (p. 117.) Of Edward Fitzgerald we have this :

That the spirit of the writer of a poem which, however great the beauty of its quatrains, contains in those honeyed words the most poisonous philosophy that ever crutched knock-kneed pusillanimity, does not rest in his grave I can very well believe. (P. 184).

We can only wonder, on putting down such a book, whether we are living in the twentieth century or whether we will not presently hear at our door the knock of an inquisitor. I really believe that Mr. Summers would defend the summary execution, as painfully as possible, of all spiritualists and all those non-Roman Catholic sects, to which he refers in terms that I do not care to reproduce, in order to give him an opportunity for a fine description of the tortures.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

FRANZ LISZT : The Man of Love. By Guy de Pourtales. Translated from the French by Eleanor Stimson Brooks. London : Thornton Butterworth, Ltd. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

WHEN Franz Liszt was six years old his father asked him, "What would you like to be when you grow up ?" "Like that man," replied the child, pointing to a portrait of Beethoven. There was prophecy in the wish, just as there was prophecy in his father's dying warning, uttered some ten years later. Both prophecies are traced through their fulfilment in this brilliant and absorbing book. But one may be allowed to wonder whether the setting forth in vivid word-painting of the follies and errors of a man's or woman's life may not cause regret, even sadness, to the soul whose earthly past is dissected so unflinchingly . . . the tangled past from which the progressed soul has shaken itself nobly free. So it was with the Abbê Liszt, who donned the Franciscan habit in the zenith of his prime, and thus achieved in a measure a thwarted longing of his youth.

Romance, Religion, Music, and Mysticism, were the four cardinal points of his mental and spiritual horizon. Touching indeed is Liszt's prayer of contrition, and this book would for many readers have been still more fascinating had only his adventures in the world of music, and his supremely beautiful life of religious fervour, his noble generosity, his wide-minded consideration for others and often self-effacement in his profession, been the only themes of this devoted and sympathetic work.

Many great names that glittered on the contemporary roll of fame meet us continuously. Wagner of course, and princes, peasants, gipsies ; all have a footing on the stage of this glamorous story. Beethoven's kiss first set a star on the boy Listz's forehead, and long years afterward, on his playing Beethoven's B flat major Sonata, an enraptured listener declared : "We have heard the impossible !" For indeed no words seem able to convey the magical power of this Wizard of the Piano !

EDITH K. HARPER.

PRINTED BY THE ANCHOR PRESS, LTD., TIPTREE, ESSEX, ENGLAND.