

# MODERN MYSTIC

*In this issue :*

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# The Modern Mystic

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# Our Point of View

WHO DOUBTS THAT THE MENTAL state of mankind in general has never been so precariously balanced as it is just now? No country is free from some form of nervous debility. In certain countries there is a form of torture imposed for political offences which would horrify the blackest inquisitor; in others the major part of the population has been robbed of individual free-will and have become mere automatons. In those countries which still profess a measure of democratic freedom, there is an unspoken fear which is sapping away whatever may be left of the spiritual. Almost imperceptibly throughout the post-war years there has been a tightening up by officialdom which, for better or for worse, points clearly to a day, not too far distant, when remaining democracies, whether they realise it or not, will be definite forms of dictatorship.

Let us make no mistake about it, this world disease is neither wholly political nor wholly economic; it is occult. None of the dictators was able, during the years immediately preceding his elevation to power, correctly to diagnose the symptoms; symptoms which appeared everywhere after the war and flowered more quickly in the dictatorship countries merely because of racial physiology as well as racial psychology. The democratic countries would do well indeed to give heed to criticisms by Herr Hitler and Mussolini; if they are wise, they will ponder them carefully. They will then decide perhaps that the words freedom and imbecility are not synonymous terms.

What do we mean by imbecility? Merely what THE MODERN MYSTIC has always criticised, a disordered sense of values which discloses our spiritual poverty, but capable of a certain amount of correction by the machinery of the law. It is to be hoped for many and obvious reasons that the English-speaking peoples will defend their liberties at all costs, but it must be made clear that they are worth defending. In this country, for instance, it is only possible to drink beer within certain restricted hours. Whether or not a measure of control of this commodity is desirable, is not the immediate question. The point is that while an otherwise decent and intelligent citizen, quite capable of controlling himself, is obliged to do without a glass of beer, the emotional bodies of young people are the playthings of pernicious jazz importations from America. Those who fail to see the importance of the analogy have much to learn of the connection between the occult and "art." This is only one aspect of objective conditions indicative of the degeneration of the times.

Now there can be no harm in our importing art, provided that it be *art*. As a fact, we English have always imported our art. If we haven't actually imported the artists themselves as in the cases of Holbein and Handel, or ordered it for payment as in the case of the Philharmonic Society and Beethoven, we have been well content to admire the work of continental musicians and painters. Occasionally, as in the persons of William Byrd and Elgar, Turner and Constable, we have produced something to rank with the best in the world, but there is no steady tradition

of art in this country which has a universal character. Our poetry and plays, with the exception of Shakespeare, are a purely *national* tradition. The occult destiny of our race does not lie in the production of art; that is the quite obvious monopoly of central Europe, where there are no figures to compare with those of Newton, Darwin and the rest. Neither is it the function of America to dump its pseudo-artistic wares in Europe,—a purely gratuitous presumption.

There ought to be formulated a fresh *rationale* of criticism. There are well-meaning people who believe that criticism of any kind is wrong, more especially when it is brought to bear on religious or spiritual things. But is it? We have got to remember that to-day there is to all intents and purposes no spiritual life at all and we must ponder whether our present state of evolution is not intended to develop criticism. If we look around we slowly become aware that there are a number of religious, semi-religious, mystical and occult bodies in existence, each without doubt trying under admittedly difficult circumstances to make some small contribution to the common good. But over-riding these there are others which, because of the spiritual poverty of the epoch, and helped by various kinds of propaganda, have caught the popular imagination. They seize on a half-truth, and, probably with the best intentions, proceed to popularise it. It is a question whether these half-truths, because of their inherent danger, should be fought. They start something which because of a complete lack of knowledge or too great a credibility, they cannot finish. It is no secret that the masses not only do not think, but are nearly incapable of thought. That fact is the basis of every successful advertising campaign, and accounts for the vast circulations enjoyed by the sensational newspapers. Were the majority of people capable of thinking, it follows that one or two of the very best newspapers would have circulations that would enable them to be independent of advertisers; and until that happens there can be no such thing as a free press. But fear of criticism among those interested in ethical and spiritual teachings may be more psychological than spiritual. For is it not clearly in the interests of certain organisations whose founders or chiefs have had nothing of their own to offer, whose teachings are common-place thefts from Blavatsky or Steiner, or some other teacher, to discourage criticism in general? The number of truly great teachers who have appeared in modern times can be numbered on the hand. The number of sects founded on their teachings are legion. Their very existence is proof of an incapacity to assimilate the teachings properly; either that, or we can allocate motives entirely unworthy of the name "spiritual."

Close observation shows that those most sensitive to criticism are the students of mysticism who spend most of their lives in the clouds. THE MODERN MYSTIC insists on not only every-day but on every minute application of spiritual knowledge. Such a procedure ensures cognisance of the world one lives in; the world into which we have come to work, act, and *be*; the world which, whatever may be wrong with it could only have been brought to its present state by our own mistaken conduct in

previous lives. Withdrawal from it after the manner of certain mentalities often implies a pathological condition to which added weight is given by undue sensitivity to criticism. No matter how one looks at it, the state known as "other worldness" is an unhealthy state when it isn't an affectation. It directly implies a refusal to accept life and its manifold obligations, and is in essence anti-spiritual. Besides, who amongst us is so wonderful as to be justified in becoming spiritually "coy"? It is a sure sign of egotism and of decay.

We have on many occasions made passing and half-humorous references to the effeminate man. We do not intend this in any objectionable sense; we apply it merely to tastes and every-day conduct. Blavatsky enjoyed a smoke; and there is an excellent story of Steiner at a dinner surrounded by students who, hoping to do the right thing by saying "no thank you" to an offer of steak, were surprised to see Rudolf Steiner accept and eat it! The fascinating feature about all great people, whether occultists or not, is a sterling humanity and plain, good sense. We are led to these reflections by the appalling number of ghostly shop-fronts springing up in London crowned by the delightfully incongruous and naive legend, "Milk Bar." If we stop to think we shall remember an intensive advertising campaign enjoining us to "Drink More Milk." It was a successor of other equally expensive campaigns which demanded that we "Eat More Bread"; "Eat More Fish"; "Eat More Fruit" and, of course, "Drink More Beer." It is estimated that £100,000 will "put over" any advertiser's story to an extent that will definitely make money. Without wishing,—at any rate just now,—to enter into the ethics of big business, we regret very much the sight of thin-necked, pale-faced, anæmic youths perched on top of ridiculously tall stools busily imbibing milk through straws. Oh, shades of Drake! Now apart from a natural fear for the future of the British Empire with which such sights fill us, there happens to be no sense in the milk-drinking habit. Dr. Kolisko could tell us that the food value of milk is almost negligible in the waking and active state; its true value being in the inactive state and during sleep. All advertising campaigns designed to bully, cajole or entice people to form habits of any kind should be rigorously controlled by law. The sense of values in Britain and America is controlled—so far as the large unthinking portion of the people are concerned—by business. It is time that the populations controlled the businesses.

It is easy to see that a great deal of the spiritual distemper of our time is traceable to the economic, artistic and social aspects of modern life. One cannot segregate the spiritual; there can be no spiritual life without a material one. In the well-balanced life the fusion is such that every objective expression is a fully spiritual manifestation. And that is the indictment against our modern hermits and sensitives. Their business is to make a noise; a loud, well-timed noise which should effect a renaissance of thought and a return to mental, spiritual, and physical health.

Mr. William Gerhardi who has now finished his new novel, will resume his contributions to THE MODERN MYSTIC beginning with the next issue. We know that his return will be welcomed by many of our readers who besides enjoying his contributions to the literature of mysticism have an ear for fine writing. It will be noticed that in this issue appears an article on Lafcadio Hearn.

This is the first of the articles we promised and which are more or less "character sketches" of eminent artists and men of letters whose relation to the occult and mystical is more or less obvious. Others will follow. Mr. Raymund Andrea has an entirely new series in preparation and which, for him, will be somewhat of a new departure in the way of subjects. We are also trying to arrange for a medical and healing page. In the next issue there will be an interesting article on Graphology devoted to the hand-writing of musicians.

Readers' attention is drawn to a new book by our contributor, Mrs. E. C. Merry, advertised on another page. It is the first volume of "The Modern Mystic's Library" and is published by the proprietors of this journal. Other volumes are in preparation. They will be printed on good paper, bound in cloth boards, of uniform size, format and type, and will sell at the handy price of 3s. 6d. the volume. Other titles are in preparation.

The review in our last issue by Dr. Lehrs of Albert Eagle's book, and our own comments on Einsteinianism, have called forth a few letters. It should be made clear that Mr. Eagle is convinced that there *is a non-material duplicate of light*, and there seems to be a little misunderstanding about the author's attitude to Euclidean mathematics. It would not be correct to assume that Mr. Eagle merely refutes Einstein because the German physicist does not use Euclidean mathematics. Mr. Eagle's thesis is that space need not obey Euclidean mathematics, and still remain "un-curved," a premise founded upon the probability that measuring rods change their length when moved about in a gravitational field. For of course a great deal of Euclid depends upon the assumption that no internal change takes place when measuring rods are so moved. Euclid's pure, geometrical thought, as Mr. Eagle points out, can withstand all attacks; the Einsteinians should have examined more closely Euclid's physics. But, in our view, Mr. Eagle is correct in believing that the sceptic or materialist is not likely to take any greater interest in the fact of immortality merely because the physicists substitute another dimension of space for what, to them, is the cessation of all and any kind of life at physical death.

From Messrs. Faber & Faber come two books which lack of space forbids us reviewing in this issue. They will be noticed next month. The first is a new work by Prof. J. B. Rhine of Duke University, "New Frontiers of the Mind." It is the plain, and very scientific record of a long series of experiments constituting an enquiry into extra-sensory-perception. In all probability the final end of Prof. Rhine's work will be to give an explanation satisfactory to science,—and incidentally to unprejudiced students of the occult,—of that part of mediumship which cannot be accounted for by telepathy. If the author actually succeeds in doing this, the way will be paved for a great impetus to true occultism.

Another book issued by Faber and Faber is Edward Thompson's "The Youngest Disciple." In the form of a novel, the author sets out incidents in the life of the Buddha and details some of his teaching. It is a beautiful book, extremely well written and shows a very keen psychological insight. This book, too, will be reviewed in the May issue. From the Theosophical Publishing House comes a sixpenny booklet by Paul Brunton, "Western

Thought and Eastern Culture." It is a reprint of an essay which first appeared in the Cornhill magazine for December last. The central theme is the movement discerned by the author towards a reorientation of Western Thought by the ancient culture of the East. It is a timely booklet and is a further confirmation of the fact that mystics and occultists all over the world are widening and deepening their vision to include active objective interest in the physical world, its trends, and probable destiny.

We joined the Paris express at Basle on Sunday morning, March 13th. It was nearly full of the last refugees who had been permitted to leave Austria. In one corner of the compartment was an Aryan countess with many trunks and suit-cases; in another, a dishevelled Jew with two days' growth of beard, no collar or tie, innocent alike of either luggage or money. We heard tales of insult, wanton destruction and cruelty such as one would never have believed possible in a supposedly enlightened age. If the scientists themselves fail to see the falsities inherent in their many theories, an understanding eye cast over events in Europe just now should cause them to revise many of the conclusions which appear to support the illusion of the straight-line progress of humanity. A dining-car attendant, after refusing to accept her country's money from an Austrian girl, proceeded to take advantage of her ignorance of the exchange rates and swindle her out of twenty francs when offered an English pound. That many of these refugees would be refused admission to England was obvious. The fact that to be without a country is an unbearable thought is in itself an indictment of civilisation. England will have to do something about the many aliens now in this country and who will, without doubt, refuse to present themselves at the German Embassy for renewal of their passports.

It is extremely funny to note the comparisons often made to-day between our modern dictators and Napoleon. There is, of course, not the slightest resemblance. The Emperor was royal to his finger-tips. He was an individualist, free from all the nonsense that attaches to race mania. In none of the so-called totalitarian states is there a single element of permanency. They exist solely on fear. The scourging of Jews is an act of fear. A regime built upon such negative and essentially childish notions cannot endure. A strong Germany would use the Jews within her borders. An intelligent dictator would have to admit that a minority, such as the Jews, could never have attained their alleged ascendancy without the aid of the Germans themselves. It is the easiest thing in the world to allow a ready sympathy to dislodge a central truth. The truth is, of course, that all nations have their individual psychology which, in the aggregate, impresses other nations favourably or otherwise. There comes a time when the ideal of true humanitarianism must not be allowed to degenerate into sloppy sentiment, and when certain liberties and economic systems cannot any longer be endangered. A dislike of modern dictators need not be extended to the nations under their rule; indeed, a student of the occult would feel impelled to discover just how far the leader of any such nation is really representative of it, or, alternatively, how far he is leading it away from its true destiny. It is interesting to observe that the power of Mussolini is of a purely intellectual order; that of Hitler merely emotional. No little part of the strength of the English character lies in the suspicion it always entertains toward unduly emotional men,

(continued in page 131)

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# Heinrich Schliemann

by Vigée Lavalette

**B**EHIND THE PASTOR'S HOUSE in a small North German village, is a pond. At midnight a maiden with a silver bowl rises from it; in the village it has been known since the memory of man, and so the water is called "the little silver bowl." But in Ankershagen there is a hill too; and there a robber knight buried his favourite child in a golden cradle.

Pastor Schliemann had seven children, a sick wife and little capacity for saving. Money was often short at the end of the month and he was always sighing over his debts.

"Father, why don't you dig up the silver bowl or the golden cradle?" six-year-old Heinrich asked him reproachfully.

The Pastor only smiled. In the long winter evenings he would tell of engulfed Pompeii and the Trojan war. "Troy was destroyed," he explained, "so that there was no trace of it left."

At Christmas 1829, the seven-year-old boy was given Jerrer's "World History for Children." In it there was a picture of burning Troy, Aeneas in flight carrying his father Anchises on his back and leading little Ascanius by the hand.

"Father, you are mistaken," Heinrich was so happy, "Jerrer must have seen Troy, or he would not have been able to picture it here."

"My son, that is only an imaginative picture."

"But do you think that the walls were so thick?"

"Certainly."

"Then they could not have been destroyed. They must be buried under the rubbish."

The Pastor did not believe that. Neither did his school companions to whom he proudly told the adventures of the Odyssey and the history of Troy. Only two of the girls were serious, and one was called Minna. When she was grown up she was to marry Heinrich and together they would unearth the golden cradle, the silver bowl, and finally the town of Troy.

Misfortune and death came upon the Schliemann family. At fourteen Heinrich had to leave school and work. Weeping, he kissed Minna. As apprentice in a grocer's shop in a small town he sold herrings, butter, potatoes and brandy. The work left no time for reading for he had to be on the go from five in the morning until eleven at night.

One evening a miller came into the shop. He too, was a pastor's son. He had seen better days. The schnaps set loose his tongue and his memories: in front of the shop-boy he recited in pathetic Greek, verse for verse, from Homer's *Iliad*. Heinrich Schliemann did not understand a word but great tears ran down his cheeks. He filled three glasses of brandy and paid for them with the last of his money, just for the sake of hearing the verses again and again. From that time he begged God every evening for an opportunity to learn Greek. He did not know that the first German translation of the *Iliad* had been written 40 years before by Voss, who was also a Mecklenburger and who had died when in the pastor's house in Ankershagen the five-year-old boy first heard of Troy.

Heinrich was nineteen years old. He injured himself one day lifting a heavy sack, spat blood, and was dismissed. He made his way to Hamburg on foot. But no shop would engage a lad who got pains in his chest when he lifted heavy weights. Finally the captain of a brig took him on as cabin-boy. Heinrich exchanged his only coat for a woollen rug and they sailed. But only to be stranded fourteen days later on the Dutch coast. Heinrich Schliemann lay with two teeth broken in, and when he came to, after being unconscious for four hours, he thought he heard a whisper, "The tide has turned. Make use of it."

He had no overcoat, his chest was weak and his face was covered with wounds; but when the German consul wanted to send the rescued crew back to Hamburg, the cabin-boy Schliemann stepped up to him and said: "I have decided to stay in Holland."

Soon afterwards, the Amsterdam export firm of Schroeder & Co., engaged him as messenger and for a small wage he had to stamp bills and letters and take them to post. He read on the way, and talked aloud to himself wherever he went or waited. On Sundays he went to two services,—but only in the English Church, and followed the sermon in whispers: that was the Heinrich Schliemann who was to learn English in six months, French and Dutch in a further six months. He spent half of his wages on language teachers, sent money home, and only paid three-halfpence for his midday meal. His chest ailment was cured: "Indeed I am like one reborn," he wrote to his sisters.

He was twenty-one when he was promoted book-keeper and suddenly had a great wish to learn Russian. In the whole of Amsterdam no teacher was to be found; he himself only possessed a dictionary, and a bad translation of 'Télémaque.' But he found a poor Jew who for the sum of four francs a week was hired, one might say, as an echo,—to hear the book-keeper's Russian words, although he knew not a single word of Russian. The other people in the house complained of so much talking loud. Heinrich Schliemann was obliged to change his room often. After six weeks he was able to write a letter in Russian to the largest indigo merchant in Moscow. Four years later he was his partner.

At once a letter was sent to Ankershagen: he proposed to Minna. But the girl had already married! For the first time fate played against Schliemann. Was it possible that she had forgotten "all our sweet dreams and splendid plans for the realisation of which I now saw such a brilliant chance before me?"

It was a "brilliant chance," an unexampled success, that month after month attended Schliemann the merchant. Slim, brown-haired, with piercing eyes, master of eight languages, he was in the counting house from early morning till late at night. Three months after his arrival at St. Petersburg he obtained an order for Chili saltpetre for a sum of 28,000 roubles. In the second year he lent 57,000 roubles and imported and exported on his own account. When his brother died in America he went over to

visit his grave,—but on his twenty-ninth birthday he suffered shipwreck and was washed up on the Irish coast. However, a few months later he opened a bank in California, and in eighteen months doubled the fortune he had brought with him. He loved America, the land in which everyone is at home, where he found “freedom of speech, religious freedom, and freedom of the press, where,—every man is a king.” As he was there on the 4th of July 1850, the day on which California was raised to a State, he automatically became an American citizen.

Was he to forget his old Greece in the free West? It almost seemed so. Then he was attacked by fever. Fate took him back to St. Petersburg.

Again he dared what no other did. He speculated and won; his wares were spared when others’ burned. . . . At thirty-five he had a million, a wife, children and houses. With an incomparable talent for languages he spoke fifteen. But as yet, no Greek! Had he finally forgotten his childhood prayer?

“I had always longed to learn Greek; but it did not appear wise to me before the Crimean war, for I feared that the mighty magic of the glorious language would take up a great deal of my time and that, therefore, my commercial interests would suffer. During the war I was overburdened with business. . . . But when in January 1856 the first news of peace came to St. Petersburg, I could no longer suppress my wish. . . .” Is there anywhere in the whole world another who would wait until the end of a war to learn Greek? A merchant who on weekdays traded in indigo, oil, cotton and tea and who read the “heavenly verses of Homer again and again” on Sundays?

Thirty-five years! The turning point of man, when he grows out of the guiding hand of the Gods, when his ego begins either to grow victoriously in the prime of life or woefully to fade. . . .

In the middle of his life, from November to January Heinrich Schliemann trembled on account of three millions of money outstanding. If he lost them everything would have been in vain, all his plans would be destroyed. It was at this time that he became white-haired and wise. When it appeared that the loss was “only” 350,000 thalers he packed his trunks. Scandinavia, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Jerusalem, Mecca. . . . Only on the way home did he go to Athens. But when he set foot on ship to go to Ithaca, Odysseus’ home, he received news from Russia: a law suit case had been started against him, and his fortune was again endangered.

Russia had overtaken him once more. In the Senate at Petersburg cases lasted for three or four years. He worked more indefatigably than ever, only interrupted by Homer on Sundays. He calculated, bargained, speculated; was always lucky, and sometimes seemed to be obsessed by money. He turned over ten million marks in six months. Which would triumph; the means or the end?

“In the midst of all the rush of business life I had never ceased to think of Troy and of the agreement made with my father and Minna in 1830 to excavate it one day. Of a truth my heart was not in the money, but only because I regarded it as a means to the fulfilment of my life purpose.”

As soon as the case was won and the last payment made, Schliemann sold out his business. He travelled once round the world, hastily studied archæology in Paris and as his wife refused to follow him, he had his never-happy marriage brought to an end.

Shortly afterwards the Archbishop of Athens received the following letter:

“I beg you to enclose with your answer the portrait of some beautiful Greek woman. . . . I will always carry this photograph in my letter-case and will protect myself thereby from the danger of marrying anyone except a Greek woman. She should be poor but well educated, she must be enthusiastic about Homer and about the rebirth of my beloved Greece. . . .”

Athens witnessed a sensation. A fantastically rich German-American who was staying at the best hotel in the city was looking for a poor Greek wife! One hundred and fifty ladies with their mothers presented themselves. One named Sophia, sixteen years old, and beautiful as Helen was chosen and she had to pass the following examination from her prospective husband: “When did the Emperor Hadrian come to Athens? Which verses of Homer do you know by heart?”

“If you marry me it must be,” he said, and looked at her with a penetrating glance of his bespectacled eyes, “so that we can excavate together and enjoy our common enthusiasm for Homer.”

Sophia and Heinrich belonged to each other as did Troy and Schliemann; he only spoke Greek to her, “the language of my waking thoughts and of my dreams,—the language of the Gods.” He said that he had been led to the choice of this maiden by Pallas Athene. He had his Greek pledge, his million fortune, and was forty-six years old. Life, his life, began.

\* \* \*

A foreigner arrived at Ithaca; with a sun-hat, spectacles and a stick he climbed Mount Aeto. It was July and the thermometer stood at 125 degrees. Workmen had to excavate vases and walls for him. In the evenings he stood on a table in the middle of one of the island villages and read something aloud that the peasants could not understand. Then he translated. Ithaca was the home of a great king named Odysseus, said the stranger, and up there on Aeto is the place where after a separation of twenty years, he once more found Penelope, the most chaste of women; where his dog Argos greeted him and died of joy.

Men and women sobbed; the stranger cried with them. They carried him about in triumph. But as Odysseus came from Troy to Ithaca, so Schliemann went from Ithaca to Troy with the inevitableness of his fate.

Burnabashi, in the north west corner of Asia Minor, is the place which experts considered to be Troy; Moltke, the soldier had confirmed it,—if it was not all a vision of Homer.

Schliemann came, a man who was no archæologist. He brought nothing with him but his Homer and an inner vision which he compared with the reality before him: “I could hardly control my emotion when I saw before me the immense plain of Troy whose image had hovered before me even in the dreams of my earliest childhood. Only, at the first glance it seemed to me to be too long; and Troy to lie much too far away from the sea.”

He wandered about the place and drank from the “heavenly Scamander,”—other people die from the foul water; then he strode with certainty to the low hill of Hissarlik. The ground belonged to an American, who had already excavated and had found nothing.

In Schliemann’s head was a complete plan of the town. He

hastily wrote a dissertation on it—in old Greek—and got a doctorate from Rostock, before he began to excavate.

On the 11th of October, 1871, spades began to work at Hissarlik. A hundred workmen, with almost all of whose tongues Schliemann was conversant, were paid out of his own pocket. He called them dervish or pilgrim, corporal or doctor,—but only the Greeks among them were given great sounding names: Agamemnon! Aeneas! At the same time he fought obstinately with Turkish bureaucracy,—in Turkish, which the Minister in Constantinople declared worthy of a high Mohammedan priest. Sophia, his seventeen-year-old wife, was with him, his sister soul on Trojan ground.

Roman and late Greek remains were shovelled aside breathlessly. He did not seek works of art nor historic times; he searched for the Troy of the *Iliad*! “I will spare no trouble and no cost.”

Two long years he dug, broken only by the winters. Frogs croaked monotonously over the fever district, storks came and went; sometimes a snake crept under the covers at night. Schliemann himself had fever and had to doctor the whole district with castor oil and quinine. Europe sneered: “Naturally he will find nothing, Troy is a fairy tale!” But he was “happy as a king since I can devote myself entirely to my great purpose.”

At a depth of five metres they reached the 6th century before Christ; under that there were clay pots, made by hand, knives of flint,—the stone age.

“What, is this perhaps the great Priam?” asked the European press amusedly.

“No, they are the first who came here after the fire of Troy,” Schliemann answered, unswervingly. The “Times” printed his reports.

Deeper. The work became dangerous in the loose earth. Burnt clay, circular walls, a gate. . . . “Destroyed, burned Troy!”

Twenty-eight feet. It was a hot June morning.

“Go and announce the midday rest,” he whispered to his wife.

“At seven o’clock in the morning?”

“Tell them that to-day is my birthday, and I have just remembered it.”

The workers dispersed, only Sophia stayed with Schliemann. He had seen what no one had noticed: gold shone under the stone. No one but he might cut it out of the stone-hard earth,—he risked his life in so doing, for the great wall threatened to fall at any moment. . . .

Golden beakers, pounds in weight, golden diadems, combs, necklaces, great silver jugs. A royal treasure. The treasure of Priam! Again and again Sophia had to carry a load wrapped in her large red shawl and take it to the hut. Was it not in truth his birthday? Was not Heinrich Schliemann bringing the history of his own soul to light?

On the evening of that day, the 17th of June 1873, the discoverer of Troy sent his last report to the “Times” and ended his manuscript: “I have put an end to the work of my life.”

A man led by a childhood’s dream had unquestionably proved to a materialistic century that Troy was no romance,—and had saved the honour of Homer the historian.

\* \* \*

Proved? By no means in the sense of science. The gold of

Troy and three kings’ tombs of Mycenæ, treasures such as had scarcely been found in such quantity, excavated by Heinrich Schliemann and his wife, were in the museums. After the Acropolis he was the greatest object of interest in Athens, world-famous he was presented with a title by the English. But the experts asked if this dilettante, of whom it was said that he had made his fortune by smuggling, had not bought his finds second-hand and had smuggled them under the earth?

However, this suspicion could not be maintained. Nor that of a German professor, that Troy was nothing more than a Babylonian cemetery,—for under the 25,000 cubic metres of debris only three skulls were found.

But, could a man be taken seriously who, during the excavations, had telegraphed to a Greek minister asking for a painter to be sent for “the dead man with the round face” was very like the picture he had made of Agamemnon? A man who had no answer, when an expert asked about the wound which Agamemnon’s skull must show because of his murder, and who said: “I am said not to have dug up Agamemnon? All right, let’s call him Schulze!” This ex-merchant “was a complete stranger to every scientific method or treatment of his subject, and had no idea that a method and a well-defined technique existed!” Even though with his ridiculous luck he had dug up more than had twenty experts before him, he was still nothing more than an Hellenic enthusiast, no archæologist, one who did not inspire confidence. The serious Leipzig publishing house of Brockhaus intimated to the discredited author, that they were not interested in any more of his books.

An Hellenic enthusiast? Schliemann never denied it. “I am only concerned in Homeric geography, and only Homer and what concerns Homer will interest me in the future. . . .” His language became more and more Old Greek, he addressed his wife and children with Homeric expressions and he assured the Minister of Education in Berlin—imagine it—that Pallas Athene had been made very glad when the Trojan collections were transferred to the New Royal Museum! One Greek Minister had to approve of a telegram with the following opening words: “To the great Vulpiotis greeting!” Not to mention that Schliemann held a copy of Homer over the head of his two-hour-old son and recited Homeric verses to him before he handed him to the Greek priest to be baptised. On her wedding day Sophia heard the oath: “By Zeus, I will marry you again in the next world!” And Schliemann at the age of sixty-two swam with his lawyer out into the blue bay of Athens racing him while citing verses from the *Iliad*, until the younger—most certainly not Schliemann—lost his breath.

He was really an ‘Hellenic enthusiast’! And when this same enthusiast occasionally travelled to Paris to administer his property or hastily sold shares to the value of 30,000 pounds sterling in Cuba and made a profit, the operation confirmed his business acumen,—but certainly detracted from his reputation as a scholar.

It was a long, bitter fight. A man stood against the blindness of a century. But “the Trojan” won at last. Only the details were still questioned, not the fact itself. “The long campaign about the existence of Troy is at an end,” the archæologists had to own. It was England’s privilege to honour Schliemann, when in his Fatherland only a few brave souls acknowledged him. And has not Homer always found especial love in England?

"In London last year I was received for seven weeks as if I had discovered a new part of the globe for England." Schliemann's Mycenæ book first appeared in England, and it bore on the dedication page the inscription: . . . "this account of discoveries . . . tending to illustrate the POEMS OF HOMER."

Gladstone himself, for whom Homer had always been considered as history, and who had himself interpreted Homeric texts, wrote the preface, ". . . there was in ancient poetry a Destiny stronger than the will of the Gods. To me, on this occasion, Dr. Schliemann is the vice-regent and organ of that Destiny." Could it have been better expressed? Fate that Entelechie prepared, striding from deed to fulfilment, itself unconstrained by the will of the Gods. . . . ?

But Schliemann sometimes sighed for one thing: "I wish I could have proved Homer to have been an eye-witness of the Trojan war: Alas, I cannot do it!" His heart felt itself allied with those who had fought like Odysseus on the Greek side for Troy,—and belonged to the singer, who, centuries later, gave battle immortality. He did not know, he could not know in the darkness that still lay over the 19th century that the same soul existed in Odysseus and Homer.

When he, an unknown traveller from Paris to Athens, fell unconscious on the Piazza della Santa Carità at Naples, on Christmas Eve 1890, his task as far as Troy was concerned, was finished.

\* \* \*

But it appears that in the last years of this unusual life a new aim appeared. "He received medals, he was honoured," wrote Sophia Schliemann, "but he already thought that at the time when the Homeric poems were born; perhaps when Troy blossomed, that the Egyptian culture was thousands of years old. He already knew the oldest dynasties by heart, and was learning Arabic. . . ."

When sixty-six years old Heinrich Schliemann hired a sailing boat and went up the Nile. This time Sophia, the Greek without whom "nothing succeeded" was not with him; but instead a friend who had been born in North Germany at the same time as he, Virchow, in whose new pathological system old knowledge of nature rose again. Greece was now finished,—Schliemann's spirit felt its way farther back in time. . . .

Egypt! "In his notes a side stood out, which had played some part in Schliemann's life: his dreams. He wrote them all down," wrote Sophia. Unfortunately, the famous biographer, Emil Ludwig, who had access to the 20,000 papers Schliemann had left, was not interested in the dreams. To be sure, Schliemann is not to be described as a dreamer. Just as he drew the Pyramids and always read Homer, so he went to the markets and carefully noted down the prices.

Virchow, for whom the friend was sometimes "My lord" sat astonished by Schliemann round whom the Egyptians gathered.

"They stared at him as at a miracle when he wrote in Arabic, but he won his greatest triumph in the evening when he recited to them extracts from the Koran. This took place under the broad leafy canopy of one of those magnificent lebbek-trees. . . . A big lantern, like our stable-lanterns, a modern importation, was placed on the sand, the Nubians squatted on the ground, and made a wide circle round the lantern. Inside the circle an open space was left, where soon the beetles collected, trying with busy haste to get to the unaccustomed light, and with their back

legs inscribing wonderful hieroglyphics on the sand. . . . No sound anywhere but the gentle murmur of the mighty river: and there, in the middle of his dusky companions, sat the man from the north, crouched on the wooden bench, proclaiming to them the words of their prophet. His voice, deep at first, rose higher and higher, and when in his own ecstatic way, he pronounced the final words, they all bowed their heads and touched the earth with their foreheads. . . ."

Returned to his Athenian palace from the walls of which 'Homer' shone in gold letters, Schliemann had a marble mask of Cleopatra made and hung it over his writing table. Was Egypt the next objective?

"Many great things still remain to do," he wrote to his young fellow worker Dörpfeld.

And to Virchow, the friend: "Our next journey must be to the Canaries! Or would you prefer Mexico?"

Between the Canary Islands and Mexico there had once existed a continent which was the home of all great civilisations; from which, too, the priest kings of Egypt had received wisdom: Atlantis!

But at this time, before he and Virchow had seen the Canary Islands and Mexico, Heinrich Schliemann's soul crossed the threshold.

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On the 20th of October 1912 there appeared in the newspaper "New York American" an article "How I found the Lost Atlantis," signed by a Dr. Paul Schliemann, who stated that he was a grandson of the discoverer of Troy.

According to him, Heinrich Schliemann a few days before his death in Naples in 1890 had given one of his friends a sealed envelope to keep in safety. The directions on the cover stated: "This may only be opened by a member of my family who solemnly swears to dedicate his life to the research herein described."

And in hospital, an hour before his death, Schliemann had written with trembling hand: "Secret addition to the sealed letter: break the owl-headed vase. Notice the contents. I concerns Atlantis. Dig to the east of the temple ruins of Sais and on the digging field in the Chacuna valley. Important. You will find proofs of the correctness of my theory. Night draws near. Farewell."

On deposit in a French bank Paul Schliemann had found this last letter; had sworn the oath and broken the seal.

Among many papers and photographs,—the work of years of research,—lay the following document.

"I have come to the conclusion that Atlantis was not only a great territory between America and the West Coasts of Africa and Europe, but the cradle of all our culture. About that there have been sufficient debates among experts. . . . In the accompanying material there are to be found records, notes, and elaborations and all those proofs that in my opinion are concerned. . . . In the Bank of France a special deposit has been opened which will be handed over to the bearer of the accompanying receipt and this deposit should be sufficient to cover the costs of this research. May the Almighty protect this important work. Heinrich Schliemann."

The grandson quoted some of the threads that Heinrich Schliemann had given:

"When I carried out the excavations in the ruins of Troy at Hissarlik in 1873, and discovered in the second layer the famous 'treasure of Priam' I found amongst these treasures a bronze

vase of strange appearance. In it there were fragments of pottery, several little worked pieces of metal, coins and objects of fossilised bones. Some of these objects and the bronze vase bore an inscription in Phœnician hieroglyphics. This inscription read: 'From King Chronos of Atlantis.'

In the year 1883 I found in the Louvre a collection of objects which had been dug up in Tihuanaku in Central America (?). Amongst them I found fragments of pottery of exactly the same form and material and also objects of fossilised bone, which were the very facsimile of those I found in the bronze vase in Priam's treasure. I obtained like pieces from Tihuanaku and had them chemically and mineralogically examined. This test showed clearly that both vases, not only that from Central America but also that from Troy, were of the curious clay which is not to be found in old Phœnicia nor in Central America. I had the metal objects analysed and the analysis showed that the material consisted of platinum, aluminium and copper, an alligation which has not been found in any ancient remains and which is unknown to-day. So objects of completely the identical material and unquestionably the same source of origin were determined in these two countries far distant from each other. The objects themselves are neither Phœnician nor Central American workmanship. What follows therefrom? That they came from a common place of origin to the places where they were discovered. The inscription on my objects gave the place of origin: Atlantis!

This extraordinary discovery caused me energetically to continue my search. In St. Petersburg Museum I found an old papyrus roll. It dated from the reign of Pharaoh Senta, of the Second Dynasty, 4571 before Christ. It contains a description of how this Pharaoh sent an expedition 'to the west' to find traces of 'the land of Atlantis' whence 3350 years previously came the forefathers of the Egyptians, as colonisers and as bearers of the whole wisdom and civilisation of ancient Atlantis culture.

An inscription which I dug up on the Lion gate in Mycenæ, states that Misor, from whom the inscription said that the Egyptians are descended, was the son of the Egyptian God Thot, and he again was the emigrant son of a priest of Atlantis. . . . He built the first temple at Sais and there taught the learning of his mother land. This inscription is most important and I have kept it secret.

A tablet which was amongst my discoveries at Troy contains a medical treatise of Egyptian priests,—for many centuries there was a connection between Crete and Egypt,—on the removal of cataract and of intestinal growths by surgical means. I have found quite similar receipts in Spanish manuscripts in Berlin, the writer of which was given them by an Aztec priest in Mexico.

Such things are not just chance. The only possibility is that, as the legend says, there was once a great continent which joined what we now call the New World with what is known as the Old World. That was Atlantis. And from Atlantis Egypt and Central America were founded."

These, according to the statement of his grandson, Dr. Paul Schliemann, in the "New York American" of the 20th of October 1912, were excerpts from the secret report of Heinrich Schliemann.

Dr. Paul Schliemann, according to his statement in the same article, had for six years conducted research and excavations carrying out his grandfather's ideas. He thought he had all the evidence and merely specified details as examples, and promised to publish a book on the subject.

The article in the "New York American" was attacked by the "Fränkischen Kurier" and was described as a "typical example of American love of sensation." And so the matter was buried. Eugen Georg in his book "Verschollene Kulturen" (Leipzig 1930) could only amazedly state that "since then, up to the present day, the whole press has kept silent on this matter."

Alexander Bessmertny, who two years later published the article from the "New York American" in his "Atlantis Rätsel" (Leipzig 1932) reported that he had written to Schliemann's colleague of long standing, Professor Dörpfeld, and received in answer: "Certainly Schliemann had sometimes spoken of the Atlantis problem and I consider it probable that he collected notes on this subject."

The author of this article also made enquiries in Schliemann's house in Athens. But there they could only confirm that there was a Dr. Paul Schliemann; he had been Schliemann's grandson by his first, Russian, marriage.

The book announced by Schliemann's grandson has never appeared.

He himself has disappeared, leaving no trace.

No one could be found who could prove whether the owl-headed vase was a swindle.

Will there be found a man who will be inspired by Schliemann's mighty genius and who, in Gladstone's words, "will set before the eyes of this century of ours an example of pure, devoted and intelligent enthusiasm"?

Whether this question will be answered or not, whether papers are burned and people disappear, the flames of the Gods, afire in a human soul can be extinguished by no power in the universe. They will thirst for the body which will be their tool and through the centuries they will again find a theatre for their deeds.

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RUMMEL

# The Festivals of the Year, and Their Significance for Man and for the Earth

by G. S. Francis



AN ATTEMPT WILL BE made in this article to describe in some detail a certain part of the occult knowledge concerning Earth and man as a natural continuation of the more general theme which was presented last month under the title of "The Living Earth." For much of the matter of this present article I am indebted to Dr. Karl König who kindly permitted translations to be made of lectures given by him at Schloss Pilgramshein near Breslau. Naturally Dr. König dealt with this subject on a broader scale than is here possible, he also quoted many of the sources in Dr. Steiner's manuscripts and books from which particular items of information were obtained, but though the subject must be presented here in a somewhat abridged form and most of the references omitted because they are not yet available to English readers, it is hoped that the manner of its presentation will be clear enough to be interesting and its matter weighty enough to convey a sense of its importance for the modern world.

If we reflect a moment upon the rhythmic life of the Earth, the changes of its countenance as the seasons come and go, we are confronted with a picture of apparent growth and decay ever arising and passing away in which we ourselves are involved, for we live within this interplay of the seasons, our lives are conditioned by it. Our thoughts, feelings and actions are influenced by changes of the seasons, we have one mode of life in summer and another one for winter, while our moods in autumn differ from those in spring. Of these we are little more than sub-consciously aware but if we were able to lift these seasonal changes to the level of clear consciousness we should quickly realise their significance and their necessity. As mentioned in the previous article, if we could regard the phenomena of waking and sleeping as a kind of spiritual breathing, in which waking is the condition in which the spirit is indrawn and enclosed within its body, while sleeping is the condition that ensues when the spirit is exhaled, then we could say that the sequence of the seasons is the expression of the spiritual breathing of the Earth that completes its cycle during the course of the year. In winter the Earth-spirit is enclosed within the Earth-body, it begins its out breathing in spring, exhalation is complete in summer, in breathing begins again in the autumn and in winter the cycle is completed.

We shall never be able to understand the meaning and purpose of the earth until we grasp the vital role the seasons play, for they are just much a part of the life of the Earth as are the mountains and valleys, rivers and seas that form its countenance. The seasonal changes to which the face of the Earth is subject are an expression of the rhythmic beat of time in which the Earth lives. The Earth only realises and expresses its completeness in the span of one year, it cannot reveal its true countenance in a day or a month for its cycle is that of the year. Just as we have our head, trunk and limbs as members of our body so does the Earth have

its spring, summer, autumn and winter, but with this difference, the members of the Earth-being do not lie one beside the other in space, they reveal themselves one after each other in time. *The body of Earth is an organism in time : the body of Man is a structure in space.* But the seasons can also be experienced spatially in the Earth if we travel from north to south. The poles constitute the spatial winter of the Earth, the temperate zones its spring and summer while the equatorial region is its spatial summer. The Earth has its "seasons in space" and its "seasons in time."

## *The Festivals and Mankind*

In the mechanical rush and turmoil of this modern age we have practically lost sight of our intimate connection with the seasons so that we no longer realise the necessity of preserving and celebrating the four major festivals of the year—Christmas, Easter, Midsummer, Michaelmas—those, however, who live much with children soon become aware that these festivals still have an importance in the consciousness of those who are still young enough to have escaped some of the deadening influences of the age and it will be really serious, spiritually injurious, if children are deprived of real experiences of the festivals and are encouraged or forced to grow up as callous and ignorant as most adults are in this respect.

If we adults no longer believe that a conscious celebration of the festivals of the year are a necessity to human life and well being, we shall find a greater difficulty in believing that these festivals are also necessary to the proper conduct of the rhythmic life of the Earth. We are not quite so materially minded as we were, we have learnt, within the last few decades, to think biologically as well as physically, but we still tend to leave soul and spirit out of account. We tend to regard the Earth either as a ball of dead matter or as a mere phenomenon of growth and decay, we forget that in the waxing and waning life of the Earth powers of soul and spirit are at work which express themselves most potently at the times of the festivals. If these festivals were abolished—as some people of our time desire—or if their proper times are changed—as some have already proposed—then not only mankind but the very Earth itself might be shaken out of its true rhythm.

The festivals are time events of primal necessity. Just as we have within us our organs with their physiological functions, in like manner the Earth has the cyclic events of the seasons. As spiritual beings we are able to express ourselves by virtue of the inner organs by means of which we develop our soul powers of thinking, feeling and willing, and in like manner the festivals are placed within the seasons as organs for the spirit of the Earth. They are the spiritual senses of the Earth. Just as we live as spirits within the house of our body and thought arises at the point where our spirit makes contact, *in space*, with the organ of the head, feeling at the point of contact with the organs of the

breast, and willing at the point of contact with the digestive organs and the limbs, so in the Earth the festivals are points or organs *in time* where the Earth-spirit and the Earth-body make contact during the yearly inhalation and exhalation. Thus in spring we have the festival of Easter, in summer the festival of St. John, in autumn the festival of Michael and in winter the festival of Christmas.

According to Rudolf Steiner\* people of earlier times had a more vivid realisation of these things and recognised these critical points in the course of the year as events of spiritual importance. At each festival they came to their temples to receive the words of guidance that enabled them to hold their own against the seasonal forces of the Earth, for in those days, when human beings were less ego-centric than they are to-day, help was needed to prevent human individuals from being swamped by the flood of Nature activity going on around them. They had to be helped to lift their souls and spirits above the forces of nature and to this end the temple priests gave specific commands at each successive festival as a guide to human conduct during each successive season.

In the spring the command was "Know Yourself." At the season of the year when the human soul was in danger of being overwhelmed by the surging nature forces of spring, the attention of man was directed to himself so that he might not entirely succumb to the powers of the Earth.

In summer the command was "Receive the Light." Human souls must not succumb passively and blindly to the powers of nature, they must learn, while living in them, to be personally aware of them by consciously accepting the in pouring light.

In the autumn, when human souls feel the urge to retreat again into their own inner life, the command was "Look around you." Do not become egoistic and self-centred, look around you and become awake to what is happening amongst others in the world.

In winter, when the Earth-spirit is completely in drawn and man is so much thrown back upon himself as to be threatened with inner constriction and spiritual paralysis, the command was "Protect yourself from evil."

But the gods speak through the mouths of priests no more, the guidance given to the human masses through the pagan festivals is now given directly to the individual human soul through the Christian Festivals. No one now need wander in space to find the places whence guidance can be obtained, it is only necessary to attune oneself to the point of being able to experience inwardly the message of the festivals of the year. The temples of this age are no longer in the world of *space*, they are to be found in the world of *time*, in the time cycle of the festivals.

Conscious participation in the festivals is also necessary to enable the human soul to rise above the mere biological activities of the body, for the festivals can liberate healing forces that strengthen and ennoble life. Those who know the true function of the festivals are able to gain access to those healing forces of the universe which, weaving through the festivals, can help us to find and keep our manhood amid the clamorous chaos of the modern world.

#### *The Place of the Festivals in Man*

So far the festivals have only been regarded externally, but

\* *Festivals of the Seasons*. Rudolf Steiner, Ph.D. 10s. 6d.

what are they like when viewed from within. As microcosm the human body bears within itself everything that exists in space and time in the surrounding world—the macrocosm. If this is true then we should be able to find something that corresponds to the seasons and their festivals somewhere within the human body. Just as four seasons follow one another in the *time* body of the Earth, we must look for four organic structures within the *spatial* body of man. These organic structures cannot be single organs, but rather four organic systems that permeate the whole human organism. We find them in bones, muscles, nerves and blood vessels, each of which, in some form or other, is to be found in practically every part of the human body. It is true they can exist as individual structures, there can be individual bones, muscles, nerves and blood vessels, but the first combine to form the skeleton, the second the muscular system, the third the nervous system, and the fourth the vascular system. Different from each other as they appear to be, their mutual connections are exceedingly intimate. As in the Earth transition periods connect spring with summer and autumn with winter, so in the body definite tissues link blood vessel to bone, muscle to nerve, nerve to bone.

The foregoing must not be taken as a mere generalisation. We have to try in special instances to understand the whole of the human organism in relation to the four seasons of the year.

Regard the skeleton. It is the hardest structure within the body, bones lie within the rest of the organism as if they were frozen stiff and by their very rigidity give support to adjacent tissues. We think of bones as inwardly hard, as full of solid mineral deposits, so if we walk over the frozen earth in winter it is relatively easy to see that this hard frozen Earth represents for the year just what the skeleton does for the body, and as the skeleton is impregnated with salt crystals so is the Earth bedecked with snow crystals. In the human body and in the Earth body bones and winter correspond. But this concept can be carried further if we remember that within the hard shelled bones are delicate living substances. Within bones lie the marrow, the source and origin of the red blood that circulates through our bodies. It is within the very heart of the bones that red corpuscles are continually generated to serve as the means of restoring the older blood and to repair the ravages of fatigue. In like manner the seeds of future vegetation germinate beneath the frost bound earth in winter, to appear as green plants with the first approach of spring. Just as the colourless cells of marrow are transformed into red blood within the body, so are the colourless seed-germs beneath the winter crust transformed into the green veil of plant life in spring. Hard bones and winter-earth both bear within their hardened shells the well spring of life.

But what do we find within ourselves to correspond with the phenomena of spring in the Earth? If we regard the constant interplay of expanding and contracting forces at work in leaf and bud, the rise and fall of sap that promotes growth, then we find within our own organism a system that corresponds with this picture of Earth in spring. It is our muscular system, for just as the pulsing blood within our muscles causes the expansion and contraction that gives us power of movement, so does the rising and falling sap give power of growth to the plant life in outer nature. Our muscles are suffused with blood and full of life, fibre by fibre they are knitted together, just as fibre by fibre leaf and stem take shape in the growing plants. Bones are solid

substance but muscles are permeated through and through with fluid, they are, as a matter of fact, simply thickened fluidic substance. Their shapes are not static, they exist in ceaseless change, perpetually expanding and contracting, it is like ebb and flow in the Earth tides, while the pulsing stream of blood in muscles corresponds to the rising and falling sap in vernal vegetation. Blood is not formed in muscles as it is in bones, but it is in the muscles that the blood expresses its own specific energy, just as springtime expresses its own abundant life and vigour in the Earth, so do the blood energised muscles represent springtime in the human body.

Now consider summer when the Earth abounds with the forces whereby flowers and fruits are ripened. In winter it is the Earth herself, in spring the green covering of growing plants, while in summer it is the colour and richness of flower and fruit that provide the characteristic picture of the season. The Earth has reached its highest point of outer completion and is now at rest. Midsummer is a time of quietude in the fullest sense.

In the human body too there is a system that has reached its highest point of completion, i.e. the nervous system with its extensive ramifications. The nerves lie finished and complete within our body, not hard like bones nor alive like muscles. Like summer in the Earth the nerves represent the highest development of the forces of life within our being. Just as in summer nothing appears capable of further progressive change, so in the nerves everything is finished, the constructive process is complete, they are incapable of further development and are now only subject to the forces of destruction and decay. Nerve is polar to blood, in the nerves blood has no free passage, it is overwhelmed. Just as in summer the Earth yields passively to the in working forces of cosmic space, so are the turbulent forces of the blood quelled within the nerves. In the Earth the sap of springtime plants is raised to a higher level in the juices of flower and fruit, but the powers that effect this transformation are not of earthly origin, they radiate inwards from the stars, in summer influences from the heavens refine the powers of Earth. In like manner, within the human body, the influence of the nerves restrains the coarse vigour of the blood and assert their powers of refinement.

The storms of passing summer herald the approach of autumn which checks the expanding exuberance of Earth-life, reverses its direction and guides it back again to its normal home within the soil. The veins and arteries, the vascular system, are the image of autumn within us. They guide and direct the powers of the flowing blood to all parts of the body, they tint the countenance with red just as autumn tints the leaves, and they are themselves, like the processes of autumn, the products of declining life for they are thickened blood from which a portion of vitality has departed. Bones are hard and rigid, muscles are living and mobile, nerves are finished and complete while the blood vessels contain in the blood an inner fire, which they direct and guide, they hold the blood within co-ordinated paths just as the autumn draws the life of Earth back again within herself.

Spring and autumn are intermediaries between winter and summer, muscles and blood vessels are intermediaries between bones and nerves. In winter and in summer the Earth life is quiescent, in bone and nerve organic activity is likewise tranquil. In the blood vessels and the muscular system there is continual movement, an ebb and flow that correspond to the phenomena of growth and decay we experience in spring and autumn.

Having discovered the seasonal correspondences in the human body—winter in the bones, spring in the muscles, summer in the nerves and autumn in the vessels that bear the blood, one question remains; are the festivals of these seasons also to be found in an organic form within the human body? The answer lies in the fact that each of the four systems just described requires a special organ. Just as the four festivals are the focal points of the seasons, so too within our body are four organic structures that serve as the focal points of the systems of bones, muscles, nerves and blood vessels.

If we study the bony system as a whole, with its skull, ribs, limb bones and spinal column it appears as a firmly knit, harmoniously formed structure, but it would be doomed to destruction if there were not living within it, like a seed, an organ whereby its future is assured. Just as in deepest winter when the Earth is encrusted and enclosed within herself the light of Christmas shines forth, bearing in its light the hope of ever renewing life, so embedded within the bony system, not quite belonging to it and yet its noblest part, we find the larynx. It is the cradle in which the word is perpetually born even as at Christmas the Light of the World was born. Without the larynx the human skeleton would have no purpose, without the birth of Christ the Earth would have no meaning.

Easter belongs to spring and points to the central event in the whole sweep of human history, to the event which Rudolf Steiner always described as the Mystery of Golgotha. Within our muscular system too there lies an organ that may justly be called the central point of our whole being, namely the heart. The heart is the constant preserver and sustainer of our existence, everything radiates from it and returns to it again. The muscles are grouped around the heart, receiving from it the needed stream of blood and sending the blood back to the heart again. The heart is the vital centre of our being just as Easter is the vital centre of Earth time and human evolution. Renewing powers of life stream out from the Easter festival to the souls of men and return again. This festival of spring is the festival of the conquest over death which the heart, by its perpetual beat, celebrates unceasingly.

Energies of nerve would also fade but for the fact that within the nervous system there is a small calcified structure which serves as its centre. The pineal gland, embedded within the brain, is the organ that corresponds to the festival in the nervous system. It contains chalk deposits in their most delicate form and, considered with true insight, it is as though this organ represents a counterpart of the bones within the nervous system, as if it carried the influence of winter into the substance of summer, checking the tendency to over-exuberance and preparing for the decline of autumn. The pineal gland represents the festival of St. John within the human body, for when we light the midsummer fires on the day dedicated to St. John and send the blazing light of burning wood shining into the world, it is the outer image of the fire of wisdom shining out from the region of the pineal gland into the rest of the human head. Substance which, in the outer world, has densified into wood that is able to burn and glow has, in the human body, densified into the calcine pineal gland from which an inner fire continually glows.

Finally in autumn the festival of Michaelmas demands attention and this festival we must try to discover in the vascular system. In an illuminating lecture given by Rudolf Steiner on April 10th, 1923, he indicated that a picture of the powers and

forces at work in the cosmos during the season of autumn could be found in the blood vessels of the human body. He spoke of the meteoric showers which appear at the beginning of autumn, piercing their shining way through the darkening nights and indicated that we could find corresponding phenomena in the iron particles within the blood stream. Just as organic iron is continually precipitated in the red corpuscles of the blood, and is the only metal that exists in its natural condition to any appreciable extent within the human body, so does the meteoric iron stream into the autumn atmosphere of the Earth, acting as bearer of those spiritual powers and forces that check the exuberance of summer and provides the Earth with the substance that asserts the autumnal return of her out-breathed life.

Carried by the meteors, a spiritual power enters the Earth, a power that checks and subdues the exuberance of earth life. The iron contained in the blood carried by the blood vessels promotes human inhalation by drawing the oxygen of the air to itself, just as the meteoric iron streaming down to Earth promotes Earthly inhalation by checking the outward flow of life and guiding its return to the body of the Earth. The meteoric iron in the heavens and the iron in the fluid carried by the blood vessels corresponds both in Nature and in function. In the Michaelmas festival we revere the spiritual power that thrusts the meteors down to subdue the super-exuberance of Earthly life.—In the picture of Michael and the dragon we find the same motif.—But these powers of the festival of Michael live also within the iron of our blood where they hold in check the forces of life. As in the world without the flaming dragon of summer is subdued by the meteoric iron of autumn, so does the iron in the blood check and subdue the dragon in the blood.

The organic elements in the human body that correspond to the four festivals of the year have now been indicated and from these we can receive more than a hint as to why the seasonal festivals are necessary. They have not been instituted by an arbitrary will, nor are they just the continuance of an ancient tradition, they are vital necessities to the whole course of Nature in which they are placed and to which they belong. Just as man stands within the kingdoms of Nature—animal, vegetable, mineral—but yet towers above animal, plant and stone, so is the festival placed within its season but yet stands superior to it. The festivals are the high lights in the yearly course of the seasons, they are the primary impulses around which the seasons revolve, they stand within the coursing flow of Earthly time just as man stands within the kingdoms of Earthly life. Just as man is the bearer of the Spirit which will gradually redeem animal, plant and stone, so are the festivals bearers of the Spirit within the earthly seasons. The festivals of the seasons are the focal points at which the Spirit of the Earth and the Spirit of the Universe make contact, and if human beings in this age could find a way to form a new association with these focal points of the year, they would be able to share the outpouring of the Cosmic Spirit as it streams down to this earthly world at the time of the festivals. It is through Man that powers of healing and redemption are to be brought into the kingdoms of Nature, just as powers of healing and redemption are brought into the course of the year through the festivals. Through the festivals and through man powers of healing descend into this earthly world and these powers will be greatly enhanced when mankind learns once again to unite human powers with those of the festivals.

## Song of Brahman

by Hesper le Gallienne

I am absolute Knowledge, Existence and Bliss,  
I am He !  
And though of the world  
Yet the world would not miss,  
I am He !  
Neither Earth, Fire, nor Water,  
Nor yet Son, nor yet Daughter,  
Nor the Now, nor the After.  
I am He !

I am absolute Knowledge, Existence and Bliss,  
I am He !  
I am neither the Blow  
Nor yet am the Kiss,  
I am He.  
Neither Virtue, nor Sinning,  
Nor the Loss, nor the Winning,  
Nor yet End, nor Beginning,  
I am He !

I am absolute Knowledge, Existence and Bliss,  
I am He !  
I am neither the Height  
Nor the gaping Abyss,  
I am He.  
Neither Laughter, nor Crying  
Neither Truthful, nor Lying,  
Nor yet Living, nor Dying,  
I am He !

Such a union would bring human souls into direct contact with the Christ by whom the festivals have been impressed into the very life of the Earth. It is the Christ of whom it is said, "In the Beginning was the Word." By the Word all things were made. From the Word proceed the circling order of the seasons and the four festivals embedded within them. From the Word proceeds the form of the human body into which the seasons and their festivals are also impressed. The Word is the Healer of the World, the Bearer of the healing powers by which man also can act as redeemer to the kingdoms of Nature beneath him. When any human soul receives the powers of Christ into itself it then has access to the realm of healing powers and can bring them down to Earth. The festivals of the year reveal this fact in time, the structure of the human body reveal this fact in space. Thus by a true understanding of the nature of Earth and man, and by conscious union between men and the festivals of the earth, we may learn more of the nature of Christ and unfold a conscious understanding and use of the healing powers that belong to Earth and man.

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The Editor.  
The Modern Mystic.

9th March 1938.

Dear Sir,

We all have our cherished Charities, but I have never made an appeal for my own. Mrs. Scott-Dorrien and I both work together for a slum Soup Kitchen called 'St. Peter's Kitchens' 5, Garrick Street, W.C.2. which is doing wonderful work.

Five hundred men and women from all parts of the country are given free meals there every night. Clothes as well as jobs are found for them, and for three years we have carried on this Crusade.

Men and women who have been in prison or sleep on the embankment flock outside our doors for food. The Minister for War has been both kind and wise, and has taken many of our strong young fellows as recruits. No questions are asked about their past, nor is there any red tape. All we want is to help them, not only from destitution, but despair and to restore their self-respect. Because you do wrong things in your youth there is no reason why you should be committed to a life of crime. On the contrary, we have proved that given a proper chance most of those for whom we have found work have done well.

I would be very unhappy if I had to close down these Kitchens. Anyone who cares to help me might send cheques - however small - to Mrs. Scott-Dorrien, 3 St. George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1.

Yours etc.,

*Mary de Oxford*

# Lafcadio Hearn

by J. Vijaya-Tunga

WHAT A BOON IT IS THAT FOR some people at least the doctrine of Karma offers so intelligible and rational an explanation of the most unlikely phenomena. The things that novelists write and call fiction are very elementary compared to the incredible web of destiny that Karma brings to light. The least little thing has seemingly altered an individual's life, quite often for the worse, and equally often for the better. Even the reading of a headline over the shoulder of another passenger in the bus is sufficient to bring in its train from that moment a whole course of actions and reactions which, to those who are ignorant or sceptical of the workings of Karma, will be bewildering and inexplicable. And when sometimes those actions plunge the individual or individuals concerned into grief, misfortune, or wrong-doing, the moralists and the jurists, seeing only the face of things, judge accordingly. Daily in our newspapers, and in our courts of law, such instances are brought to light. Those whose wisdom does not extend to a knowledge of Karma, when confronted with such instances will be ready to agree with Solomon that "surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird," and that, "that which is crooked cannot be made straight: and that which is wanting cannot be numbered." But Karma reveals a more complete insight into human destiny and a more positive, helpful, and encouraging view than the cynic can command.

Not that there was in Lafcadio Hearn's life that which needs our commiseration. Such sadness of countenance as he had was not so much through the waywardness of the flesh, as in the case of Poe or Baudelaire, for both of whom, incidentally, he had a great admiration and with whom he had in some respects a close affinity, but was the sadness of the spirit,—the sadness which makes the heart better. But there is no gainsaying that in the eyes of discerning people who believe that a thoughtful man who does not go beyond the bounds of his little village throughout his whole life sees and knows more of life and the world than the sailor who can tell you about every port in the world, Lafcadio Hearn's life was full of incident, full of augury and destiny, full of romance. And underlying it all there was an occult destiny.

His father was an Irishman, in itself a significant fact, and an explanation of Lafcadio's life-long interest in the philosophy, mythology and mysticism of the East. There is from the point of view of one like myself a most refreshing predilection on the part of almost every intelligent and educated Irish man or woman for the mysticism of the East. "A.E." had a life-long passion for it, and converted his friend Yeats to the same passion. The elder Hearn was inherently romantic, and did not miss the romantic opportunity of his position as Surgeon-General to the army stationed at Leucadia, one of the Greek Ionian islands.

He married a Greek wife. When he became a professor of English literature in Japan, Lafcadio Hearn would constantly refer to the Greek poets such as Theocritus. Leucadio is pronounced Lafcadio, and he assigned this origin to himself as part of his name.

Lafcadio Hearn was born in 1850 on the 27th of June. There is little record of his childhood. But at the age of fifteen we find him enrolled for a short time as a student at the Ushaw Roman Catholic College in Durham. When he was nineteen he set sail for America, and we find him in Cincinnati in 1869. It is from this date that the genius of Hearn becomes apparent.

His early days in America were far from pleasant. But, here again, one need not commiserate with him too much. If they have done nothing else—(they have done much more in fact)—Americans can at least take the credit for having given genuine dignity to manual labour. After he became famous he wrote in a letter to his half-sister that he had been in turn accountant, messenger-boy, and boarding house servant, lighting fires and shovelling coal for food and the privilege of sleeping on the floor of the smoking room; he had been also a canvasser, a show-card writer and a hack-writer. But this very low strata of society that he was compelled to share was the means of broadening his interests and humanitarian instincts. From having been a menial he was eventually promoted to be a reporter on a trade paper in Cincinnati, called *The Commercial*.

Whether his editor or his readers appreciated the change is not recorded, but certain it is from a glance at the articles he wrote and signed—there must have been numerous unsigned articles which are untraceable—that he gave the *Commercial* a breadth and literary tone that the *Spectator* under Steele and Addison might have envied. He was an omnivorous reader and spent all his leisure in the public library. But he never lost touch with the common run of mankind. And he wrote in those journalistic days of his of the things that concerned the lives of his readers, but he always wrote with a high and humanitarian purpose. For example, he would interview an undertaker, and look up in encyclopædias and elsewhere all about burial and cremation from ancient times and he would write it all in a pithy short article, but pointing the moral to what he believed should be. In this matter he was a strong advocate of cremation. In an article he wrote on March 1st, 1877 entitled "Shall we burn or bury?" he prophesied the use of electricity for cremation, a practice now in use in all modern crematoriums. "The desire for cremation," he wrote, "is a sign of progress, a token of a healthier tendency of mind."

And then he had an innate sympathy for the under-dog and was moved by society's ghoulish attitude towards so-called paupers when they die. So we find another article called *Golgotha* published in the same paper in November 1874. For that article he had interviewed a sexton, and had learnt how the bodies of paupers are summarily disinterred and sold to hospitals and to medical students. He visited the dissecting room of the local hospital, and prefaced his article with the rhyme:

"Rattle his bones over the stones  
He is only a pauper whom nobody owns."

Next we find him exposing the methods of the lunatic asylums in an article called "Mad-House Horrors." Or an article denouncing

Master Barbers who tried to keep down the wages of journey-men barbers. "The Utilization of Human Remains" would be the title of another article, and for that he would visit a fertilizer establishment, and he would describe the fate of dead animals and how tallow, grease, lard and soap are manufactured. In that field he was a fore-runner of Upton Sinclair, and he has described in a few memorable, vivid, words the scene of men taking lunch in one of the filthiest and foulest rooms where the intestines are scraped for sausage skins. Reading only the titles of the articles he wrote as a young man just turned twenty, may deter some people from reading them, nevertheless they were written by a genius who did not preach, nor bore his readers with statistics or a bald account. He wrote subtly, incorporating the fruits of a very wide reading, in a more entertaining manner than Lamb on Roast Pig and with a sensibility and fineness undreamt of by that gluttonous essayist. And that is the peculiar nature of everything he wrote. In 1877 he left for New Orleans, where he forged more links in the strange chain of his destiny.

Here he wrote as a member of the staff, presumably, for the *Times Democrat*. Again working among a most conservative people full of race-prejudice and bigotry, he wrote articles on all sorts of things, all of them tinged with a plea for more understanding, for more of the Christian attitude in our dealings with our fellow men. But this plea was not evident as such. One is beguiled into reading everything he wrote by its sheer charm and ease. For example, he would report a police court case against a Creole moral delinquent with the dialogue of the police sergeant and the victim thus :

"What is your name, curly-head?"

"Ain't got no name."

"Well you don't deserve to have any. How old are you?"

"You can't get nothing out of me, nohow. 'Tain't no use trying."

Cheek by jowl with such scenes his mind would be exploring the involved philosophy and mysticism of the Hindu and he would write in that self-same *Times Democrat* a beautiful prose poem like this story of Subhadra from Indian mythology :

"But when the summer was sweetened with the smell of Madhavika flowers, and balmy with the blossom-breath of the Malikas;—when the waves became warm as flesh and the air vibrant as a harp to the humming of innumerable bees; when the serpents left their holes in the odorous sandal trees to hang in writhing festoons from the branches,—then the disciples beheld a marvellous thing."

It was in New Orleans that Lafcadio Hearn married Althea Foley, the mulatto daughter of an Irish inn-keeper. She had already been seduced by a Scotsman named Anderson and had had a son by him. Those were days when men thought little of seducing maidservants, who were of course, slaves. And where a Negro young woman was concerned they did not think of it as anything unusual at all. Althea Foley's mother had been seduced by her Irish master and the daughter was open prey for any aggressive male of the ruling class. Lafcadio Hearn had a high sense of morality and held seduction to be one of the lowest forms of caddishness. Apart from that he really fell in love with Althea Foley. And he honoured his own idea of what love was by marrying her. Don Quixote, that most exemplary man, who has given rise to a deprecatory term, Quixotic, so unjust really to the memory of both the character and its creator, Cervantes, would have done no less. Lafcadio Hearn was proud of Althea

Foley and to him her antecedents were more romantic than hapless. But he must have suffered at the hands of his compatriots for his Quixoticism. Against their slings and arrows he had the knowledge that two writers whom he greatly admired, Baudelaire and Pierre Loti, had both married out of their race. He was entirely against any race prejudice and conceived that one day there would be a fusion of the races. His marriage to Althea Foley helped to deepen his interest in the Creole people of New Orleans and in their *patois*, customs, and beliefs. This was no cursory interest; Lafcadio Hearn wrote several books on them, including a dictionary of Creole words and a collection of their sayings. The subsequent course of his romantic marriage is obscure, though even after he left New Orleans Althea Foley remained devoted to him and is said to have sent him money. In 1890 Lafcadio Hearn went to the French West Indies and there is an account of the time he spent there under the title of "Two Years in the West Indies."

By this time he was becoming well known as a writer and had attracted the attention of the old-established firm of publishers, Harpers. Under contract to them to write for their magazine he went to Japan at the end of 1891. Harpers and he severed their association, with bitterness and complaints on the part of Lafcadio Hearn, but for the first time in his life, at the age of forty-one, he found himself in his true spiritual home. After a few vicissitudes he found that the Japanese were most hospitable and he became a school teacher in Matsué, a place he came to love greatly and which he has mentioned innumerable times in his books. He married a Japanese wife and adopted the name Koizumi Yakumo.

It was indeed a strange destiny which led this man born in an Ionian island, by way of England, Cincinnati, New Orleans, the French West Indies and New York to small, out of the way Matsué. When two strong men stand face to face though they come from the ends of the earth there is neither east nor west, nor border, breed, nor birth, sang Kipling. Lafcadio Hearn believed likewise and lived up to his belief, which was better than singing about it. He spent the rest of his life interpreting Japan, that is to say the Oriental way of life and thought, to the West, and the West's to Japan. Instead of being contradictory he believed that knowledge would bring union, and make the East and West regard each other as complementary.

The essential Japan typifies, for all its outward Westernisation, the opposite of almost every European standard. The difference is, however, one of attitude and value. Mr. Edmund Blunden, and Mr. Ralph Hodgson, both of whom as successive professors at Tokio University attempted to explain even elementary European conceptions to Japanese students, had to confess failure. It could be realised therefore that Lafcadio Hearn undertook a formidable task, and one in which he eventually succeeded. His writings have to-day become almost a gospel with the Nationalists of Japan, and his works are broadcast very frequently over the wireless there. A Lafcadio Hearn Memorial and Museum is now in course of construction at Matsué. Mr. Nakasuchi, Director of the Hokuseido Press, which owns the copyright in all of Lafcadio Hearn's writings, is the chief sponsor of the Memorial.

Lafcadio Hearn prefaces his lectures on English poetry thus :

"The proper explanation of the Western point of view might be given only by a Japanese professor who should have so intimate an acquaintance with Western life as to sympathise with

it. Yet I fear that it would be difficult to find such a Japanese professor for this reason, that just in proportion as he should find himself in sympathy with Western life, in that proportion he would become less and less able to communicate that sympathy to his students."

In language so simple at times as to provoke academic scorn he explains to Japanese students the subtleties of English prose and poetry. He explains why there is an abundance of love poetry in the West. He contrasts the few existing English poems on bees and ants—two favourite subjects with the Japanese—with the Japanese poems on them. In paying a tribute to Robert Bridges, one of the most sensible tributes by the way, he says, "If a poet has no philosophy, no originality, no passion, what can there be in him? Well, a great deal. It is not necessary to be original in order to be poet; it is only necessary to say old things somewhat better than they have been said before." "Emerson's verse," he tells his students, "is nearly always bad, even when his thought is sublime."

Love, he defines in these terms: "They talk about romantic love, and other such things. All that is utter nonsense. In the meaning of sexual affection there is only one kind of love, the natural attraction of one sex for another; and the only difference in the highest form of this attraction and the lowest is this, that in the nobler nature a vast number of moral, æsthetic, and ethical sentiments are related to the passion, and that in lower natures these sentiments are absent." And he defined that rather elusive word, Mysticism thus:

"When you make religion love, without ceasing to be religious, and make love religion, without ceasing to be human and sensuous, in the good sense of the word, then you have made a form of mysticism."

One has only to read the *Reminiscences* of his Japanese wife to be convinced that with him this was no mere theory. She relates how whenever he engaged a particular *Riksha* he used to ask her—and she was expected to know—whether that particular *coolie* had the reputation of being devoted to his wife. If the reputation was against the *coolie* Hearn would take his custom elsewhere. Hearn took violent dislikes to certain people. There is an anecdote of how he told his Japanese neighbour when the latter came to borrow a corkscrew that he did not like him and refused to oblige him. Such eccentricities upset his Japanese wife at first but later she came to understand him and his best literary work owes much to the affection and care she expended on him.

At the same time he had a very kind heart which could not bear to see cruelty or suffering. And he would feed the water snakes in his garden pond with delicacies from his table and adjure them not to eat the frogs. A vain request alas!

Again, talking to his students and trying to prove that human nature and its aberrations are universal and that the same test provided an evaluation of the individual, be he Japanese or English, be the age B.C. or A.D., Hearn would take as his text one of the idylls of Theocritus. For example, this of Goro visiting Praxinoe:

Goro: Is Praxinoe at home?

Praxinoe: Dear Gorgo, how long is it since you have been here? She is at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last. Euonoe, come and see that she has a chair and put a cushion on it.

Goro: It does most charmingly as it is.

Praxinoe: Do sit down.

"How natural this is!" exclaims Hearn. "There is nothing Greek about it any more than Japanese; it is simply human. The two talk about their husbands, about their dresses, about the cost of things in the shops; but in order to see the Festival, Praxinoe must dress herself quickly, and woman, two thousand years ago, just as now, takes a long time to dress."

He still kept up his interest in the larger sphere of human destiny. His early studies of the Hindu *Vedas* enabled him to understand the Japanese mind and philosophy and legend to an unusual degree. One who is not Japanese can get a better appreciation of Japanese Shinto, or the Way of the Gods, and of Butsudo, or the Way of the Buddha, by reading Hearn's commentaries on them. At the same time he re-wrote some of the beautiful Japanese legends, preserving for them a delicacy and gossamer texture in their English garb impossible in other hands.

The larger issues constantly occupied his mind. On the *Destiny of Solar Systems* he wrote:

"As for the crumbling of the planets we need hardly refer to the astronomical belief that the swarms of asteroids between Mars and Jupiter are the fragments of a broken globe. For systems thus destroyed there can be no resurrection. But as matter and force are eternal, the work of formation and disintegration will continue forever as it has always been. And as a certain number of units are susceptible only of a certain number of combinations, the substance of suns and worlds may have already passed numberless times through all combinations, all forms, all metamorphoses of which it is capable. If that substance have limit its utmost capacities of form and change have been exhausted, and repeated from all eternity and will be repeated in endless iteration throughout endless eternities to come. This system of ours might thus have been formed and dissolved an infinite number of times in the past and would in such case be refashioned and redissolved throughout eternal cycles to come—so that in one sense all which is hath always been, and all which hath will always be, and forms only vanish to reappear. But who may surely say there is or there is not a limit to substance and to life; who may even say that the hundred millions of suns revealed by the telescope are not to the Unknown only as the quivering of animalculæ in a speck of putrid water?"

His concluding note stresses that cardinal point of Buddhism which he described as: "Self is blindness: destroy it and the Reality will be revealed as infinite vision and infinite peace."

His studies into the beliefs in Ghosts in Japan and his comparison of them with Animism and the origins of Religion are equally profound and can only be mentioned here in passing. His last book was called "Ghostly Japan." The printers were setting it in type as he lay on his death-bed. He died on September 26th, 1904. The civilised world is indebted to the Japanese people for the peace and freedom of action and hospitality they accorded him, and which enabled him to fulfil his mission so well whilst at the same time enriching English literature.

His widow sums up his character in these words: Koizumi Yakumo liked extremely the west, sunsets, summer, the sea, swimming, banana trees, cryptomerias, the sugi (Japanese cedar), lonely cemeteries, insects, kwaidan (ghost stories), Urashima Taro (the most popular Japanese legend), and horai (songs). The places he liked were, Martinique, Matsué, Miho-no-seki, Higosaki, and Yakizu. He was fond of beefsteak and plum-pudding, and enjoyed smoking. He disliked liars, abuse of the weak, Prince Albert coats, white shirts, and the city of New York.

# A Legend of Initiation

—OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES

by E. C. Merry

## The Man

I have dreamt in the Air  
where the red-rose essence is fragrant.  
I have bathed in the Dew  
where the rainbow wanders a vagrant.  
I have slept in the Stones  
where the metals imprisoned lie frozen.  
I have waked in the Flames  
where the Sun-breath reddens the ocean.

## The Master

But Nature and Wisdom retreat  
From the Soul that lies down in the Mid-way,  
Enjoying the Elements' life  
With her senses attuned to the noon-day.  
And only the Mountain's ascent  
And only the Cavern's low thunder,  
Only the Heights and the Depths  
Where coldness and heat tear asunder  
The Body the Soul and the Spirit—  
Can bring you the crown of the Living.

## The Man ascended the Mountain

Mountains!—your crags I o'ercame!  
defying the night and the morning!  
Stars!—I fell scorched by your flame  
where my pall was the Heavens' undawning!  
Prayers, that fled fast on my breath  
Swift peopled the snow-whitened midnight;  
Thoughts, that fell rounded in death  
On the snow-drifted breast of the moonlight—  
Breast of the never-born EVA,  
Who was and who is and who will be! . . .

When I woke from my death on her bosom—  
The stars in the night sky above me,  
The snow silver-white all about me—  
There, close at my side grew a Lily:  
And out of the Lily, the BOY-GOD  
Sprang forth like a Rose from the Winter.

## The Boy-God beckoned him to Earth

Headlong I fled to antipodal caverns  
Where rocks in their menace  
Breathed heat of Hell's furnace  
And glittering crystal-bolts  
barred out the Heavens!

## The Man saw and heard

An Aged Man walked there alone  
And pressed his foot-prints in the stone,  
I heard their sound like flame and forge—  
Hammer-blows falling, one by one,  
Leading me on into the gorge.

## Adam

Then in the ravined recesses of darkness  
Where Door clanged on Door in metal-bright hardness,  
And rock-bearing rock engulfed and enclosed us,  
He opened the tomb of all tombs and all ages  
Where ADAM stood upright and sightless and breathing.

His breath was a vortex of rainbow-bright burning  
And circled the World through humanity's yearning. . . .  
Eddy and whirlpool  
Sucking and spraying  
Solving and steaming  
Shining and streaming—  
Breath of MAN'S WISDOM  
Divinely revealing  
World of the Cherubim, World of the Seraphim,  
Kingdoms of Heaven in the Body Adamic.

## The Man saw the Almond Tree

The Old Man led me out again  
Beneath an almond tree,  
Whose rosy petals shaken free  
Dropt down like summer rain.

And as they fell, sprang forth new flowers  
That fell again in rustling showers  
And whispered words to me:

*From the high Mountain bring the Light,  
In the dark Cavern conquer Might,  
Awaken Light through Love.*

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\* \* \*

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# Reincarnation

No. II. PHYSIOGNOMY

**I**F THE IDEA OF REINCARNATION IS to become conviction in our modern time, it must mature through a real grasp of the *facts of life*. Actually there are three possible ways by which the whole question can be approached:

1. By studying the events in individual human lives, which present us with continual riddles; such as, why is one born rich and another poor? Why does one die in early youth, and another in old age? Why has one individual an uneventful life, while another has to face failure, catastrophes, or phenomenal successes? It may be called "destiny"; but the modern mind prefers to call it "chance."

2. The historical approach: History becomes only really comprehensible when we view it in the light of reincarnation. For instance, one cannot explain the events of 1914 by the events of 1913—but only by those which lie much further back in time. Why, for example, was there a sudden reappearance in the 15th century of the Greek culture? Why was there this tremendous interest in the discovery, through excavation, of the great Grecian works of art, although they had fallen entirely into oblivion during the previous millennium? In fact, every age of culture can be said to have its resurrection. To-day, we see a similar phenomenon occurring with regard to the Egyptian culture. There is, for instance, a tremendous renaissance of the Akhenaten culture—after an interval of 3,000 years! These are riddles which, in my opinion, throw light upon the great problem of reincarnation. But for this purpose, we have to study history in an entirely new way. If reincarnation is true, these studies will bring us conviction.

3. The third approach is the most remarkable, and to our present way of thinking, the most unaccustomed; although, strangely enough, it is the one most definitely connected with our natural-scientific age. If reincarnation is true—must it not show itself even in the human *body*?

Think for a moment about the general outer appearance of any one of your friends or of any well-known historical celebrity. You will have no shadow of doubt that each person is a distinct individuality,—a riddle in itself. When we meet someone for the first time, do we not have a momentary impression which is like a question:—what does this face and figure tell me? What do these gestures convey to me? He walks in a particular way; he uses his hands in this way or in that; all his expressions and movements are *his own*; he is himself—but, *who* is he?

I would like to call all this his "physiognomy." But our present science of man gives us no real physiognomical knowledge; detail upon detail, yes; but MAN remains the "Unknown."

How can he become the "known"? By completing the study of man and thus creating a new kind of knowledge about him we must of necessity come to the truth of reincarnation—the direct result of the continuation of the researches already begun by modern science. The science of man *must* in the end reveal

by Eugen Kolisko (M.D. Vienna)

the truth of reincarnation. But for this we must create a new kind of *physiognomical* science.

So the three ways of approach are: (1) through the Biographies of individuals in the present; (2) through the study of History, the same people reappearing again and again; (3) through the study of Physiognomy, the new knowledge of man.

Since the last aspect is not only the most unusual, but also the most scientific, we will begin by discussing it.

Let us first of all put a human being in front of us and quite simply describe our impressions of him. If I do so from my own experience, it is because everyone can get exactly the same impressions.

What strikes one most emphatically, to begin with, is the immense difference between the appearance of the head and that of the rest of the body. The head, I feel, is "old." The limbs are "young." The head is, as it were, an accomplished fact; the body and the limbs are moving *towards* fulfilment. The head is quiet; it is carried along by the body. The limbs are active and are the organs of movement. The head is endowed with a wonderful power of both mental and physical "concentration"; the limbs are distributive:—they occupy much more space.

This of course seems to be very unscientific; but we must begin at the beginning, and without any prejudices; there is no mere theory in what has just been said; so we will continue.

Now let us compare a grown-up person and a young child. In the latter we see the remarkable fact that the head is much larger, in proportion to the rest of the body, than it is in later life. Children have big heads and uneducated limbs; the younger the child, the more "unfinished" are the limbs, and even the whole body. This disproportion is most noticeable in the newly-born child; and in the unborn embryo it is increased to the extent of extreme grotesqueness. The head is then quite predominant and the limbs are like mere appendages from it. The impression is so startling that people who see an embryo for the first time are quite overcome by the ghastliness of its appearance. It is a pity that we are not sufficiently amazed at such things. But I believe that if one is attentive to these fundamental impressions, very much can be learnt from them. We can really see, on looking at a human embryo, that the head *is* older than the rest of the body. It is obvious that this supremacy of the head provides the human being with his capacity of thought.

The limbs, on the other hand, are extremely unskilled, especially if one compares them with those of the animals. The latter develop their limbs one-sidedly—that is, for a special purpose—for flying, running, climbing and so on; and it is remarkable that they do not have to *learn* to use them. It is as though the intelligence with which they are provided is inborn in the extremities, enabling them to be used, naturally, very soon after birth.

The human being, whose head is so much more developed, must make real efforts in order to learn to master the limbs. Is not this a very common experience? Who does not know well

the difficulties of training the child to overcome its clumsiness and lack of skill in handling things! It takes a year before the child can walk, and much longer before you can be sure that it will not drop everything that it picks up! In fact skill with the hands is something which some people never learn at all. Think of the disasters when some children are learning to dress themselves for the first time; and of the terrible labour of making the first "pot-hooks"! Even a worse stage comes when the limbs have grown big; then a fresh education is necessary. And still another training is required before any trade or handicraft can be perfected.

In short, the education of the limbs is never ended. We can truly say that the head is the schoolmaster of the limbs. Of course in a certain way the limbs also teach the head—because all skilfulness can help to train thought; but this is as though one were to say that the schoolmaster also learns something from his pupils.

In the head itself we must distinguish two different parts. The one is the skull with the brain inside it; the other is the face. So now let us look at the physiognomy of a child. How little the face is developed, and how lacking it is in character, as compared with the form of the head which is already in a finished condition. The same education which is needed by the limbs, is also required by the *face*. It takes a long time before it becomes individual; and much longer before we can really control its expressions. Some people never achieve it! This really suggests that in the head and face there is contained a kind of *repetition* of what is in the whole body and limbs. Can we prove this?

This fact is most evident in the jaws and the teeth. The lower jaw is even movable. That the upper and lower jaws correspond to limbs can easily be demonstrated by the history of evolution. Animals in fact make use of their jaws as though they were hands; and they are also more protuberant. The difference between the animal and human head consists mainly in a retraction and even reduction of the jaws and even of the *dentition* in the human being. That this is literally true is shown by the fact that the first dentition in the human being consists of as many teeth—ten in the lower and ten in the upper—as the number of our fingers and toes. One could imagine the two upper jaws as the arms, and the two lower as two legs, which have become bound together. If you take the lower jaw-bone of a dog for instance, you will find it is not a single curved bone, but two separate bones which fall asunder when the flesh is removed.

In man, the highly developed dome of the skull influences, as it were, the facial parts of the head and brings the separate parts together into a unity. A caricaturist exaggerates one part of the face—nose, ears, or something else; and immediately some resemblance to an animal will appear, and we have to laugh at it.

The specifically human face is really due to the fact that the "schoolmaster" in the head does not allow any too violent departure from harmonious proportion. Animals are one-sided. Man is proportioned. He is balanced in every direction; in the proportions of his body, in the proportions of his physiognomy, in the relation between his head and his limbs. Is it not generally acknowledged that the ideal of man is to be a balanced being? But the question is how this balance is established in individual cases.

If we look at a human face we are always seeking—either consciously or unconsciously—for evidence of its harmonious

proportions.\* The human head rests upon the shoulders. It is a self-contained, independent entity. It looks down upon the body and rules over it. Physically, this obtains for every human being. This gives us the impression of the specific human form.

The face is the equivalent manifestation of what lives behind it in the head. The *face* of the *animal* is a mere mask. The face of man, that is, his physiognomy, is the direct expression of his individuality. In other words, it is the position and character of the head and the face which enables man to rule over his body, by establishing a balance between it and his mind.

It has been said above that the head represents a repetition of the main parts of the whole body. This can be proved in all details. One must gather the evidence together from the most varied directions.

The inner organs of the body have all their corresponding organs in the head. The kidneys, for instance, are connected with the eyes. It is well known how kidney diseases are nearly always accompanied by eye-troubles. This is a real puzzle for oculists. Certain liver-diseases—and this is not so well known—show accompanying ear-troubles. The whole brain corresponds to the total mass of the intestines; in the convolutions of the brain one has a repetition, as it were, of the convolutions of the bowels. The connection of digestive disturbances with headaches is quite obvious enough. Indeed, one can tell, by the *position* of the headache, which part of the digestive tract is out of order. But for this one must know the distribution of the various correspondences between brain and intestines. Many healers know them instinctively, but the knowledge can be developed scientifically. By the capacity of the air-spaces in the nose, one can find out deficiencies, or otherwise, in the lungs. The heart expresses itself in the complexion. And so on. The matter however is not so simple as it sounds, because the organs as well as their *functions*, which are conveniently separated anatomically and physiologically in the body, are most complicatedly interwoven in the different parts of the head, although following definite laws. That we have not yet unravelled this problem sufficiently is one of the reasons why so much about man is still unknown. To sum up, the head actually does contain the whole body. Therefore it must develop itself early in embryonic growth. So it is older than the body. And being so, it has the mastery over the body and the capacity to educate it.

Whence come the forces which provide the head with this creative power? What forms the embryo? The answer that is given to-day, is heredity. But this does not answer the problem of individuality. The parents only provide the *physical material* for an embryo. The force by which we create our *individual* body, our whole physiognomy, cannot be explained by the co-operation of parental influences.

We can call this process, by which we create our individual body, and which is expressed mainly through the formative force of the head—*incarnation*.

But from whence do we incarnate? From whence does our individuality come?

We have said that the whole head is built up by forces which correspond to every part of the whole body. But it cannot be this present body that we bear, because it has obviously been created

(continued in page 110)

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\* These human proportions, of the body as well as of the face, are called the proportions of the "Golden Rule."

# Thoughts on the Origins of the Arts

No. II. ARCHITECTURE

by Eleanor C. Merry

**T**HE FIRST ARTICLE OF THIS series attempted to illustrate the idea that human occupations and human living generally, may be examined from the standpoint that suggests how man's spiritual and physical development proceeds under the twofold influence of "heaven" and "earth"—or of Light and Gravity. Heaven and earth, though seemingly separated spheres when regarded from the merely physical point of view, nevertheless fulfil a *process* wherein the one reacts upon the other.

But man is really a threefold being, having a life of soul, or consciousness, which mediates between the spiritual and the physical. Without the permanence of the spiritual (reflected in man as his Ego) the kind of consciousness inherent in the soul would be mere fleeting sentience, tossed hither and thither by its multitudinous impressions. And without the soul, the spirit would be a kind of automatic constructor working upon physical matter, or as though looking at itself in a mirror. During life, our soul invites the spirit into the body. Nature, is the soul of the earth. Through nature—as Soul—with all that she bestows, the soul of man finds its way to the Spirit of the universe, and the Spirit of the universe finds its way into the human heart—the "mother of God," as Thomas Aquinas beautifully called it.

Sleeping and waking are the rhythmic out-and-in-breathing of the spiritual part of us. They perform the separating and uniting of our "Light" and "Gravity." Our life of sleep is intuitive and inspiring; and what we unconsciously experience then returns to us in waking, although clouded by the density of the bodily life. But our sleep experiences are the source of Art. *And I believe that our "intimations of immortality" are the dim memories of pre-natal life in the spirit, renewed during the hours of deep sleep.* What man creates as works of art in the physical world are the "images" which he sees with his soul of the cosmic processes which have created his own earthly being. In sleep we look upon ourselves from "outside" and see how the heavens mirror themselves in our bodies—rhythm, planetary movements, life, the elements of warmth, air, fluids, and the spatially-conditioned structures arising from their interplay under the rulership of the stars. We see the circulation, the breathing, the processes of secretion and metabolism as spiritual activity within the architecture of the body, reflecting the life and form of the universe. St. Paul called it "looking in a glass darkly," as compared with the after-death direct vision "face to face."

Except in moments of sudden illumination, we are to-day unaware of our sleep experiences. As a rule nothing annoys an artist so much as to suggest to him that there may be ways of discovering the actual source of his inspiration, and the specific paths it takes through the physical body on its way from the supersensible world. We may have more to say on this question in an article on painting.

In ancient times men had to learn how to adjust the magnitude of their (then clairvoyant) experiences of the spiritual world to earthly conditions. To-day we have to find the way back: to

learn how to adjust our overwhelming experiences of the physical earth to a renewed realisation of their spiritual origin.

One way to understand this is to look at what we have in the world of the remains of ancient art from this point of view, and supported by the investigations of occultism.

In the last article mention was made of how in architecture, and in design, the interplay of light and gravity was "externalised" by man out of his internal experience of them. We could produce nothing in the world outside us if we had not already an inner consciousness of the laws of the universe in our own bodies.

One such experience is the sense of support and stability given us by the structure of our lower limbs and pelvis. It unites us with the earth, while we ourselves are "above" it through our powers of thought and speech. One could imagine that this would be one of the very earliest experiences of pre-historic humanity—a sense of the supporting pillars of the body, and above them, the seat of consciousness and of insight into the supersensible powers of creation.

But evolution had to proceed. The earth only slowly achieved final consolidation in its mineral nature, and concurrently influenced the consolidation of the human skeleton. So to say, the spiritual part of man was beginning—with this consolidation—to inhabit the "house" of his body more consistently; and his body sought to create an external shelter for itself; but far more for the Gods with whom he was in constant intercourse. And for this the archetypes, first of the light and gravity principle (described in my last article), and only later of the principle of support and shelter (pillar and architrave) *were projected from human experience into outer construction.*

The pyramid form, mounds, and towers, represent the first principle; the Greek temples are the perfect representations of the second. The Egyptian words for our word "pyramid" were descriptive of a "going out of the great house," which is the temple of the body. The pyramid form is like a "wave" of the earth, rising up to bear the down-streaming heavenly light. Death was a giving up of the body to the force of gravity and a return of the spirit to its abode. So the mystical death of initiation, carried out within the pyramidal structure, or in temples underground (or even in the "bee-hive" dwellings of the earliest Christian monks), was a re-entry into the spiritual world experienced while still living.

Contemplation of the great works of ancient art arouses—if we are sufficiently attentive to our feelings—something similar to our experiences of memory. When we stand before such works we feel something so deep and fundamental that we cannot describe it. It is a kind of longing, almost a sort of regret for something lost, and which was profoundly *our own.*

Before our birth as physical human beings we have, in a spiritual condition of life, contemplated and learnt the laws that govern the building of our own bodies. We do not just appear out of nothing, in a body created by our parents. We ourselves have previously conceived its archetype. Many references to this idea may be found in old legends and in mythology. One that is

fairly well known to English students is the description given by the bard Taliesin of his pre-natal life :

“ I was first modelled in the form of a pure man in the hall of Ceridwen. . . . Though small within my chest and modest in my deportment, I was great. A sanctuary (the womb of Nature) carried me above the surface of the earth. Whilst I was enclosed within its ribs the sweet Awen (the Cauldron of Ceridwen) rendered me complete, and my law (destiny) was imparted to me without audible language by the old Giantess, darkly smiling in her wrath.”

He then describes, as though in reverse order, all the transformations he went through, obviously in the world of the elements, until he was finally, by the Goddess, put into a leather bag—the mother’s womb—and cast into the sea.

Steiner, in one of his lecture-courses, says :

“ . . . By coming under the guidance of a true feeling for sculpture and architecture, we approach the soul-experience known to the spiritual investigator as the memory of conditions prior to birth. And indeed the way and manner in which you live between death and re-birth in relationship with the entire Cosmos, feeling yourself as a soul-formed spirit or a spirit-formed soul, moving in *direct paths*, intersecting the paths of beings, . . . is subconsciously *remembered* in the first place, and this is then actually *copied* in the arts of architecture and sculpture. . . . If we do not build houses merely to be serviceable structures, but embody in them architectural beauty, we are fashioning their dynamic relationships into the design which arises within us as a product of the experiences of *equilibrium* and of rhythmically moving forms, etc., which we recall from the time we spent between death and this last birth. . . . As we pass in review the architectural and sculptural masterpieces of mankind we are actually beholding *realised, but unconscious recollections* of the life between death and re-birth.”\*

The primary experience that lives on in a dreamlike way in the soul after physical birth is the experience of the *difference* between earth and heaven. This has been described in my first article in relation to design. Only later, comes the experience of balance and movement in the body.

The small child loves to build houses with his toy bricks ; he equally enjoys the firm feeling of building, and the wilful scattering of the bricks afterwards. His limbs feel sturdy in sympathy with the square-shaped blocks ; and when he scatters them he feels a corresponding delight in his own running and tumbling movements.

In childhood the legs and the pelvis are those tremendously important supports which enable things to be reached and touched by the hands. If you watch an active child you get the impression that its head is somehow apart—as though merely carried on the shoulders—and less “ interested ” than the limbs which are feeling their way and their balance in space, while the hands “ explore.” You sense the activity of *will* in him rather than that of thought or feeling. This is a heritage, clearly showing itself, of the spiritual pre-natal experiences of finding the *Way* from Light to Gravity, realised on earth afterwards in the effort to overcome gravity and find the way back to light.

This finding of the *Way* is accompanied, in the growing human being, by the finding of *Truth*. The child experiences objects not only by seeing them but by coming in contact with

them and feeling their forms ; his movements are the result of an inherent “ geometry.” And in experiencing the objects, through the actions of the will, speech is born. Speech lies midway between Will and Thought. Thought comes last—like the breaking in of light ; and in this light is the real experience of living. So we can perceive, working in the very young human being, the three greatest creative powers, which Christ described as the Way, the Truth, and the Life—or Walking, Speaking, and Thinking.

Let us compare this with architecture. If we look in a general way at its evolution, we see it passing from the primary pyramidal forms, expressing the general principles of the bearing, by gravity, of the down-streaming universal Light, to the forms of which the Greek temples are specially representative. If we were to make a comparison with the human body, we should have to say that the latter are an expression of those powers in the spiritual world which created the legs and the pelvis.

Not until a few centuries before our era was the power of *thinking* fully developed. In ancient times thought was no sequence of associated ideas and logical deductions, but lived “ above ” the body and flowed into it as a kind of inspiration. The power of the Gods overshadowed the temple, and the Priests “ died ” into their presence there and met them in spiritual converse. It is quite true that logical thinking was “ invented,” as people say, by Aristotle.

Just as speech is not truly formed in the human being till the body has reached a certain stage of balance and development, so in this earlier humanity the temple had to be a copy of spiritual laws of Form if the Gods were to inspire those who served there by speaking *through* them. Therefore in ancient Greece we have the great teachings about the Logos, or Word, as in the temple of Diana at Ephesus.\*

This was an immense evolution from the age of the Pyramid. Then, personality as *we* experience it, was not there. The body was of the earth ; the spirit that created it was of the heavens ; and initiation in the temple showed the enormous majesty of the dying of the *body* and the triumph of the spirit as the opposite of the memory of the dying and dismembering of the *spirit*—as Osiris—in the four chambers of the physical heart, at the birth of the body. The Pyramid was a reflection of the soul’s pre-natal memory of its descent into gravity, shown in grandiose simplicity of form.

On the other hand the wonderful series of weight-bearing pillars which are so remarkable a feature of Greek architecture, must have called forth what I might call “ gratitude ” for man’s achievement of recognition of the uplifting power of the spirit which, manifesting as an earthly power, gave him balance and support in the freedom of his personality. The supporting power was everywhere. It was made manifest in the rhythm of the temple structure. One could have moved from pillar to pillar, and sensed this as the dawn of spiritual freedom. And the body was recognised as a divine creation, and honoured ; and the Word could be born in it. Thus was foreshadowed the incarnation of Christ.

Architecture as an art, had always to do, in earliest times, with man’s religion. And so in Christian times, religion provided for the preservation, up to a certain epoch, of the inner significance of the art of architecture.

\* *Art in the Light of Mystery Wisdom*. English Translation.

\* The word *Personality* is derived from *per sonore*, to “ sound through.”

Steiner points out that the Christian temples or churches were structures which were independent, in a sense, of their surrounding territory, because earthly occupations tended to become separated from divine worship—a mark of the development of individuality out of the old group-soul element; he adds: “the whole world was felt by the Greeks and Romans in the same way in which the Christians afterwards felt the *precincts* of the church, with its enclosing walls.” In “feeling the whole world” the Greeks mastered the forces of gravity in their style in such a way that they “created a dwelling-place for the God who had given them the earth.”

In the Christian churches there is a development beyond the simple and grand experience of the controlling of gravity. The walls become a means of enclosure. Within, arched forms appear above, supported by interior pillars that suggest the *aspiring* of the community. This “aspiring” is more and more an individual achievement; and goes together with the gradual developing of man’s consciousness in relation to the forms of his body. We feel our personality especially clearly through the form of our chest, through breathing, and through the isolation of our several organs in the “arches” of the body above the pelvis. We come and go, so to say, on the stream of our breath. And feeling our personality in this way we are led on further to the activity of our hands, to individual *work*. Gothic architecture, born out of this different level of the human body, which begins to be active *above* the weight-bearing limbs, provides the school for individual technical artistry which is interwoven in the whole building.

“We feel,” says Steiner (in the same series of lectures) “as if the work formerly performed (by the people) in the environment, has passed into the architectural forms and rises to the Spirit like a prayer, like a folding of the hands.” Finally, the *spire* crowns the building.

Quite a different principle, and one that can only be touched on in this article, is involved where the *cupola* forms in Byzantine architecture are concerned. These are connected with the human *head*; but only in so far as the formative *force*—not the form of the head itself—is experienced. The projection, from out of man’s being, of the form of the cupola, is connected with his consciousness of the forming process that thickens and densifies into the “round” of the head. As the earlier architecture is a copy of the legs and the pelvis so the later repeats this form at a higher evolutionary level, in the chest, arms, shoulder-girdle, and head.

The end of this journey through the body is reached at last in an elaboration of the “head,” in the style known as Baroque.

All this cannot of course be tabulated as an *exact* sequence, because there is always inequality in the development of any art in different parts of the world, an overlapping, a delaying, a repetition, etc. But I believe that when we learn to study the religions, the arts, and sciences, and the development of human consciousness together, and from the standpoint of man’s real but concealed awareness of his spiritual pre-natal heritage, every detail would serve to confirm what has been here so briefly described.

But the question arises—if the art of architecture has travelled this long pathway through the whole formative processes that have built up the body of man, and reached its conclusion in the Baroque—in the human head—where is it to travel in the future?

It is clear enough that for centuries nothing new has appeared in architectural form—only imitations and adaptations of the old.

We are wandering in an already long-discovered country, seeking, in reality for what lies *behind* the magnificent conception of the archetype of the human form. If we imagine for a moment that a human form stands before us—immobile, finished, and perfect—we should be compelled to feel that what had built it up in the first place was *Movement*; that what must live in it, is movement; that movement is the action of spirit; that the human spirit must issue from this form in the *will*, which is the child of the Spirit of the World and the Will of all Worlds. And all forms are plastic-ally constructed by the Word—which is eternal.

So it seems that we must have a new conception of architecture which will express what one may call the *mission* of its forms; not merely as utilitarian structures, which of course are also needed in human life—but as something which will result when man recognises his true spiritual destiny. What lives before birth, lives also after death. It can build a new man and a new world; and may foreshadow this progress in a new architecture, which shall embody the secrets of *movement* and *metamorphosis*.

(To be continued)



#### REINCARNATION (continued from page 107)

after our “head.” So it must be another body. But as these forces of the head are in a position so to form our present body that every member of it, during the course of our life, comes to fulfil its earthly tasks,—then *they must have come from another earthly body which we have used in a previous life on earth*. This is the secret of reincarnation. We must imagine that an extract of all the constituent forces of our body—exclusive of the head—have reformed themselves, concentrated themselves, and entering into the embryo form the head and physiognomy of the coming life. Our *present* head therefore, has created itself out of the spiritualised and re-incarnated forces of our *previous* body.

The remarkable impression that we have of the individual character of the human form and physiognomy, is due to the fact that earlier incarnations have formed them. Just as one can set up a pedigree showing one’s physical ancestry, so there stand behind the physiognomy of every individual human being, the “portraits” of his spiritual ancestors—that is, of himself in other lives. Our physiognomy is a veil which shadows our particular individual secret. And this secret is our repeated earthly lives.

I am sure that a time will come when the science of man will have developed so far that physiognomy will cease to be a merely descriptive thing, but will disclose *what kind of bodies* we have had in our previous incarnations.

Darwinism tried to explain the human form, head, and face, by comparison with the animals; and this is the reason why we now know so little about man, and less about reincarnation. We have to re-create physiognomical science and make it really human. Then the secret will be out that our head is the replica of the body of our last incarnation.

This “metamorphosis” is the most significant one which exists. It develops out of the direct continuation of modern scientific knowledge. The conception of this most illuminating idea is due to Rudolf Steiner. I set myself the task of making it evident by bringing together all the available facts, of which only an outline can be given here. This is then the physiognomical aspect of the re-incarnation problem.

(To be continued)

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG (continued from page 118)

they come from the Divine in itself. The doctrine of Degrees, with the Doctrine of Uses which forms the latter half of this Part, leads to the conclusion that in the created universe things visible prove that nature has produced nothing, and does produce nothing, but that the Divine produces all things out of itself, and through the spiritual world.

Part V treats of the Will and Understanding, which, as Swedenborg beautifully puts it, the Lord has formed in man to be receptacles and dwellings for His Divine Love and His Divine Wisdom. It is in this Part that we see the fruit of his wonderful earlier scientific training.

He says that the Will and the Understanding, which are the receptacles of love and wisdom, are in the Brains, in the whole and every part of them, and from them in the body, in the whole and every part of it. He shows that there is a correspondence of the will with the heart, and of the understanding with the lungs ; and, that these correspondences make known all that is possible to be known of the will and understanding, or of love and wisdom, and thus of man's soul.

Discussing these correspondences Swedenborg says in par. 374 : " This is something new, and has not been known before, because nobody knew what the spiritual was, and wherein it differed from the natural ; consequently, what correspondence is was unknown ; for there is a correspondence of spiritual things with natural, and through that correspondence comes their union. . . . Who does not know that affection and thought are spiritual, and therefore that all things belonging to them are spiritual ? Who does not know that action and speech are natural, and therefore that all things belonging to them are natural ? Who does not know that affection and thought, which are spiritual, make man act and speak ? Who cannot know from these things what correspondence of spiritual things with natural is ? Does not thought make the tongue speak, and affection together with thought make the body act ? They are two distinct things. I can think without speaking, and I can will without acting ; and the body, it is known, does not think nor does it will, but thought falls into speech, and will into action. Does not affection beam forth from the face and there present a type of itself ? This everyone knows. Is not affection, regarded in itself, spiritual, and are not the changes of the countenance, called the expression, natural ? From this, who might not conclude that there is a correspondence, and hence a correspondence of all things of the mind with all things of the body ? And, since all things of the mind have reference to affection and thought, or what is the same, to will and understanding, and all things of the body to the heart and lungs, who might not also conclude that there is a correspondence of the will with the heart, and of the understanding with the lungs ? Such things have been unknown, though they might have been known, because man has become so external as to be unwilling to acknowledge anything except the natural."

Space will not permit of further reference to the contents of this wonderful work. There are cheap pocket editions for all who are interested.

It is said that Swedenborg had been called to account for having written some of his previous works in the Latin of the schools of his day, and that he wrote *The Divine Love and Wisdom* in the classical style in consequence.

NEW LIGHT ON THE APOCALYPSE (cont. from page 114)

of wretchedness, despair, madness and death. The way upwards is for the calm, the cool, the courageous, the sane. The one way leads to the deep blackness of night with its phantoms and chimeras ; the other to the brightness of the sun shining in his strength.

Man was created above the animals but by a similar means he now propagates his species. An Innate Intelligence however guides the animals where man is endowed with freewill. So long as man is the slave of his unbridled lust, there can be no hope of true spiritual unfoldment. In sorrow and pain he must learn his lessons, warring against his neighbour, squandering his substance, intoxicated with greed, hatred and jealousy. A lamentable spectacle. But when he begins to purify his passion, using his great creative forces rightfully and obeying the great law of Love, having in his heart compassion for all things he then begins to gain equilibrium. The Divine Spirit force, as a natural consequence can begin to flow through his organism to make the perfect balance, and as it thus flows, warms and stirs into activity the great spiritual centres of his being, now sealed.

Again, in Ephesus—the Fall ; in Ephesus, the beginning of the Rise. To eat of the Tree of Life, the ultimate promise !

(To be continued)

## SUMMER TERM

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# New Light on the Apocalypse (continued from the March issue)

No. II. THE MESSAGES TO THE CHURCHES

by E. W. Marshall Harvey

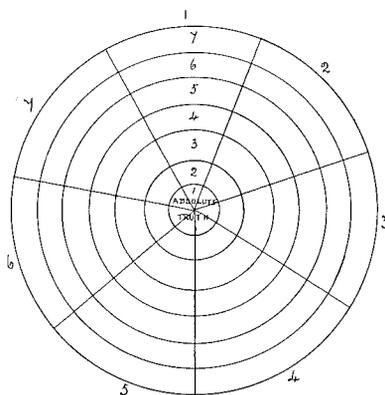
**T**HE MORE WE PONDER UPON THE Mysteries of Life, (and as Students, whether Occultists or Mystics, it is Life, always Life, that is our subject,) the more we have continually borne in upon us the universal application of the great postulate of the Ancients passed down by the original Semites—The Little World is a copy of the Great World.

This world, our little world, which as ordinary mortals we know only through the sense impressions reaching us through the avenue of one or more of our five senses, is a world so limited that it is only as a shadow thrown upon a screen. Yet, "As above so below"—"The Invisible is conceived in the Visible." We must perforce study the visible if we would perceive the invisible. Too many would-be students of occultism have missed this point; too many scientists and physicists have made the other mistake and become so absorbed in their study of the visible that they have forgotten to look for the invisible. For it is in the invisible that Reality resides, and what to us is the visible is but the reflection of that Reality, the Greater World.

Prisoners we may at present be. The illusions of Time and Space may be our gaolers; the limitations of a three dimensional conception our pent-house walls. Yet we are given a Mind, and Mind may be likened to a lens through which Spirit streams and animates our physical being. Through Mind or Soul we can transcend the limitation of Time; through Spirit we can transcend Space. With Mind alone, through our study of the visible, we can come to a comprehension of Reality which we term the Greater World.

This has much significance to us when we are studying symbols, and it is almost entirely by symbols that the teachings contained in the Book of Revelations are presented. Let us consider very briefly how this has come about.

Diagrammatically we might give a hint of our meaning in Fig. 1. Consider this, however, to represent a sphere, such as the sun, and not merely a circle. In the very centre, having



position but no magnitude, is the point where the Invisible comes into manifestation, and this is the contact point with Reality or Absolute Truth. But as this Reality or Absolute Truth is unknowable to us as finite beings, it is left to us to cognise it only as we are able to work our way inwards through

the Outer Rings towards the centre. Consider this Absolute Truth as radiating onward in seven rays and in seven ways of manifestation, then we shall find that in the outer rings we have a finite symbol—Truth clothed in a dense material form. The further it is from the centre the less it has of Reality, and the more likely are we to be deceived as to its real significance. This is well illustrated in dreams, particularly those wherein we are usually completely at a loss to understand the symbol cognised by our waking consciousness. The Book of Revelation moreover is the record of a vision not dissimilar in essentials to that of a dream, being however of a strikingly exalted kind.

In the first article of this series I have indicated how the correspondence to be studied is that to be found in the human organism, for ever is Man the Microcosm, the reflection of the Macrocosm. We have perceived how the Logos, the Great Initiator, holds in his hands the seven stars which are the seven planets through which the seven Angels come into physical manifestation. And we know how the seven planets have their correspondence in the human organism thus rendering man sensitive to their influence. Upon this we recognise the science of Astrology to be founded.

Let us take the three outer rings as representing our three dimensional state, in which we find physical man and through our study of man, and the symbols affecting him endeavour to work our way inwards towards that centre of his Being from which it is impossible for him to be severed.

In the light of this it should no longer occasion us any surprise to find that the symbol of the candlesticks is identical with the symbol of the seven churches (which are spiritual centres); nor that the seven stars are the angels of the seven churches; nor that in the Eastern Wisdom-Teachings the churches are symbolised by lotus-blooms, and are termed chakras. Different schools employ different symbols to denote the same thing. The unknown quantity will remain the same in the algebraic equation whether we use "X" or "Y" to represent it.

How full of meaning to us become now the words:

*Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus write: These things saith he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.*

*Verse 1. Chap. 2.*

Does not the Spirit or Serpent-Fire known to us in the Eastern teachings as Kundalini signify He who walketh in the midst of the seven great chakras? Is not this Spirit force which the Initiate awakens, the very fluid or fire of the Creator? Indeed it is the great creative force which man has turned downwards.

To each of the Churches the Initiator addresses first these portentous words: "I know thy works."

It is as though it were said to each centre in turn: "I know thy functions. I know thy positive and negative aspects." And more, it is as though it were said "I know the work that has had to be done in mastering this centre and I know the deadly abuse which may be made of its power."

Let us consider the messages :—

*Ephesus*

This, as shown in Fig. 1 of last month's article is the centre situate at the base of the spine and is symbolised by the four petaled lotus. Here is the message :

*I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil; and thou hast tried them which say they are Apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars :*

*And hast borne, and hast patience, and for my name's sake hast laboured and hast not fainted.*

*Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee; because thou hast left thy first love.*

*Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent.*

*But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which I also hate.*

*He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.*

*Verses 2-7. Chap. 2.*

How much is said in these few words! How moving is the reminder to man of his "first love," for it is to his "first love" that he must re-attain. And here, in the place of the "fall" must the ascent be commenced. And over this, the first step, how many who call themselves apostles and are not, have come to grief and been proved liars?

Again, how misunderstood has been the whole question of mastery where this centre is concerned—indeed where the whole question of "Sex" is involved. And what misery has resulted from this misunderstanding. In all things it must be remembered that every organ and function possessed by man has been given to him for use. When he uses his powers in accordance with Divine Law he is blessed and sanctified accordingly; when through ignorance he uses his powers otherwise than in accordance with such Law, he suffers for his transgression. And if, with knowledge he transgresses, so much more serious to him do the consequences become. The first cause of misunderstanding so far as spiritual unfoldment is concerned lies in this: the Great Initiate lives according to conditions entirely different from those affecting the rest of mankind. His very body is different. Misguided persons seeking to attain spiritual enfoldment by self-imposed celibacy, are merely aping the effect which they may have observed in the great ones—and how few are these latter! The



*Specially drawn for the Modern Mystic by Dulcie Corner.*

cause of such celibacy in them is overlooked and the result, as is to be expected, is bitter disillusionment.

If there is one point above all others to be stressed it is this: the aspirant must seek progression by an orderly and *gradual* development of all his faculties. As his sensibility to the finer forces of his being is increased, he must work to preserve equilibrium in his whole organism, being careful to avoid one-sided development. To attain equilibrium is the beginning and the end of his work. Saints are not made overnight. Indeed, were an ordinary individual subject to the forces regularly playing through the body of one of these great beings, the result would be the destruction of his body.

These facts are so incontestable, and indeed so well known among genuine occultists that there should really be no need for this warning. To save misunderstanding, however, it is thought better to re-state it.

What, then, is the correct course for the ordinary person? Plainly it is in controlled use. The overcoming of lust, the control of passion—these are steps on the way to self-mastery, but only steps. If celibacy were the prime essential every convict suffering a sufficiently long term would qualify for adeptship!

Actually, these unhappy beings gain nothing in self-mastery or control of their passions by their experience. Rather are they likely to fall prey to vices consequent upon enforced repression.

View it how we will, we are obliged to recognise that man inhabits a body which is mortal because it is in a certain particular way "a body of sin," though the word "sin" is not used in the generally-accepted, theological sense. If then we would envisage the "raising," it is not inappropriate that we give short consideration to "the fall," which as is well recognised, occurred in the Lemurian age.

Man up to that point had been entirely under the guidance of an exalted order of spiritual beings. Here, however, by the exercise of free-will, he took in his own hands the control of the great creative forces of his organism, and turning them downwards, used them for sense-gratification. He thus fell from "his first love."

In the following epoch, the Atlantean, we find man no longer under the direct guidance of these great spiritual beings, but none the less he was guided, helped, and directed by the great ones who came and incarnated with him in human flesh,

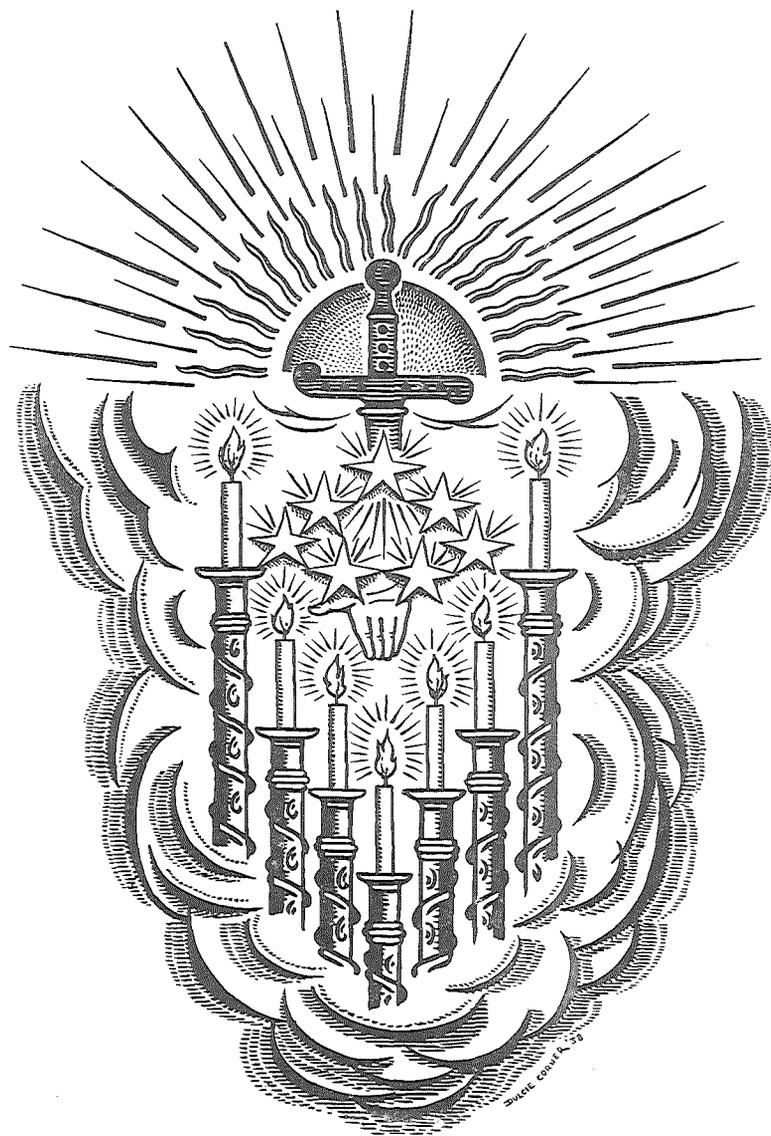
and these we term The Divine Incarnates. Still, in time, man descended lower and lower, and by his own abandonment to evil brought to pass those mighty cataclysms which ultimately resulted in the entire destruction of the Continent. Well indeed can we understand how, among the great angelic hosts, our little Earth came to be termed The Sorrowful Planet. Still, human kind was not left utterly destitute of spiritual help and guidance. The Divine Incarnates have continued their work, and still do so, ever taking the hard way in a self-accepted physical body, and seeking by their own oft-repeated mastery of such a body, to inspire man to re-tread the golden stairway to the stars. Persecuted they are by the ignorant masses to whose salvation they have dedicated all their labours, unrecognised except by the precious few, unhonoured in their lives on earth, yet always in characters of living fire, making the record of their passage. And ever this message is the same: By surrender to Sense Gratification man fell; by dying to the world of the senses he shall rise and live again.

“Remember, therefore from when thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works.” Who can fail to see how pertinent is this injunction, addressed as it is to this centre? What are the first works but the works of divine love? Then too comes the warning: “Or else I come quickly”—and these words re-echo the words of the Christ Himself. The penalty to follow, failing repentance, is the removal of the candlestick out of its place, signifying thereby the complete loss of this great creative centre.

Here again, let it be emphasised, that he who was undergoing this great initiation was already a highly advanced Initiate. He had passed through the strife of life; he had unfolded to that point at which only this great final consummation awaited him. He had laboured and had not fainted, and those who imagine the Way of Initiation to be other than a way of rigorous persistent and unflagging labour may note these words.

Last, he had hated the deeds of the Nicolaitanes.

This touches upon a very unpleasant and loathsome subject upon which we need not dwell at any length. The asylums of the present day are filled with unhappy victims whose mental derangement is consequent upon perversion of the natural instincts, as the case book of any psychiatrist will reveal, and not all the victims are inmates of asylums. The history of Witchcraft is in even worse form the record of such perversion. And



*Specially drawn for the Modern Mystic by Dulcie Corner.*

the Nicolaitanes we may take as representing a sect who went perhaps further, and by the awakening of this centre and perhaps lower centres also, employed this increased power for exercising magic or sorcery of the vilest and most horrible kind. The subject however is so revolting that we may hastily turn from it, and consider the great final promise to him that overcometh. This is, to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise so God.

It is at least noteworthy that in the final Chapter (Chap XXII, Verse 2) we find the tree described as being “in the midst of the street, and on either side of the river of the water of life.” In the spinal column we find the principal nadis, or tubes through which the spirit force flows are of three-fold arrangement being as to the centre, Sushumna, and those on either side, left and right, Ida and Pingala. Again, as above so below.

No one will overlook that in the Bible two trees are particularly mentioned (1) The tree of life and (2) the tree of knowledge of good and evil (Genesis Chap. 2 Verse 9). It was of the tree of knowledge of good and evil that man ate contrary to Divine dictates and thereby lost his place in paradise and took

upon himself mortality. “Good” and “evil” signify opposing forces and in man a state of unbalance, and “unbalanced forces perish in the void.” In the Great Creator, in whom every force and power Is—and this must include so-called evil—is perfect equilibrium. Man, taking upon himself the power that reposed in his Creator, had therewith the power of disturbing this perfect equilibrium, and in so doing brought evil or disharmony into life. Man regains his equilibrium by living in accordance with the Divine and unchanging laws—the laws of the Cosmos. The Tree of Life represents perfect balance, and perfect balance is the great secret of immortality.

Unhappily, the spectacle of so many of our modern dabblers in so-called occultism, mysticism, psychism, and a hundred and one other “isms” is that of pitiable unbalance. Victims of a peculiar form of self-delusion, they are continually receding from and not approaching the true goal. Confronted by anything in the nature of a crisis they “go all to pieces.” Where is the man strong in adversity or danger, or who, standing without support on the edge of a precipice can maintain that normal mental equilibrium which is all that is necessary for his safety? The way of “unbalance” is the way down into the pit, the way

*(continued in page 111)*

# Emanuel Swedenborg

## III. HIS PHILOSOPHY

by Harold Goyer Smith

WE READ IN THE *Encyclopædia Britannica* that "The aim of philosophy is to exhibit the universe as a rational system in the harmony of all its parts ; and accordingly the philosopher refuses to consider the parts out of their relation to the whole whose parts they are. Philosophy corrects in this way the abstractions which are inevitably made by the scientific specialist, and may claim, therefore, to be the only concrete science, that is to say, the only science which takes account of all the elements in the problem, and the only science whose results can claim to be true in more than a provisional sense."

Swedenborg's philosophy is essentially spiritual. Before his illumination he had always retained his faith in the supreme Being—God. It is evident in his great work, the *Principia*, which we have mentioned in a previous article. We refer to it again in order to quote from Rev. A. Clissold's Preface : "The object of the *Principia* is to trace out a true *system of the world*, and in doing so the author has distributed his subject into Three Parts. The First Part treats of the origin and laws of motion, and is mostly devoted to the consideration of its first principles which are investigated philosophically, then geometrically ; their existence being traced from a first natural point down to the formation of a solar vortex, and afterwards from the solar vortex to the successive constitution of the elements and of the three kingdoms of nature. From the first element to the last compound it is the author's object to show that effort to conatus to motion tends to a *spiral figure* ; and that there is an actual motion of particles constituting a solar chaos, which is spiral and consequently vortical. In the Second Part the author applies this theory of vortical motion to the phenomena of Magnetism, by which on the one hand he endeavours to test the truth of his principles, and on the other by application of the principles to explain the phenomena of Magnetism ; the motion of the magnetical effluvia being as in the former case considered to be vortical. In the Third Part the author applies the same principles of motion to Cosmogony, including the origination of the planetary bodies from the sun, and their vortical revolutions until they arrived at their present orbits ; likewise to the constitution and laws of the different elements, the motions of all which are alleged to be vortical ; likewise to the constitution and laws of the three kingdoms of nature, the animal, vegetable, and mineral ; so that the entire *Principia* aims to establish a true theory of vortices, founded upon a true system of corpuscular philosophy."

Dr. Garth Wilkinson writes : "In this work the author applies an active geometry to the mundane system, carrying the conception of a spiral or breathing movement down the stairway of natural being, and showing the productions and evolution of the motion in its various spheres ; thereby accounting, on a single principle, for the properties of atoms, as of universes ; and piercing the generative process of worlds by the same law that beholds their actual state. The geometrical method is evidently one way of passing from the known to the unknown, that is to

say, of reasoning by analogy ; although it may be doubted whether this method is sufficiently living to suggest all the analogies of the case ; however, we can hardly question that it is the *ultima ratio* of other methods. It was, indeed, fertile in Swedenborg's hands ; nay, his primitive idea of a spiral effort is of vegetable-organic power ; it evokes the mundane tree of the Scandinavian mythology, puts it into science, and enables it to bear atmospheres and auras for leaves and flowers, and sun and multitudinous planets as fruits upon its all-spreading and all-shadowing boughs. Nevertheless it may be that an approach to the subject directly founded upon man and organisation as both principle and method, will lead to a deeper admission into world-making, and account more intelligibly for the distribution of the system, bringing home its reasons to the doors of all ; which can never be done by the geometrical procedure. Spirality, however, is in the basement-idea of *breathing*, as breathing, again, is the foundation or ultimate of Spirit and influx and Divine Inspiration."

In *Outlines of a Philosophical Argument on the Infinite, and the Final Cause of Creation ; and on the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body* published in the same year, 1734, Dr. Wilkinson comments : The author here also proceeds from the common conceptions of the finite and infinite, and of the soul and the body, to construct a system of relations which he afterwards applied to the facts of Revelation, and thus again imbeds the abstract world of truth in the real. What we said of the *Principia* applies equally to the *Outlines*. It is doubtful whether geometrical conceptions furnish the best beginning for a system of the outward universe ; it is equally, or rather, much more doubtful, whether metaphysical conceptions are the best commencement for an explanation of either psychology or Scripture. But Swedenborg was before his age in daring to bring any department of the mind in contact with these real subjects ; and with respect to the present field, it is one which he cultivated thenceforth, again and again, by method after method. So that we need not censure his process until we have sufficiently admired his progress." Again, "the law laid down in the *Principia* that the human frame is an organism respondent to the vibrations and powers of all the mundane elements ; that there is membrane and fluid within the body, beating time and keeping tune with airs and auras in the universe ; that man and nature are co-ordinate in the anatomical sphere ; that the body is one vast instinct acting according to the circumstances of the external world ; is re-asserted in the *Outlines* in a masterly style, and moreover the human body is opened somewhat as a machine whose utter wisdom harmonises with God alone, and leads right minds to God : but in all these works the author's deductions are close to facts, comparatively timid, and limited to the service in each instance of the particular argument in hand. Yet it is easy to see from all, that he was from the first laboriously wending his way to the temple of the body, at whose altar he expected to find the soul, as the priest of the Most High God."

It was Swedenborg's avowed aim to lead the sceptic to an

acknowledgment of God through the wisdom of God in nature. He set out to examine physically and philosophically the whole anatomy of every part of the body ; afterwards, to give an introduction to Rational Psychology, leading from the material organism of the body to a knowledge of the soul which is immaterial. The Doctrines included therein are of Forms ; Order and Degrees ; Series and Society ; Influx ; Correspondence and Representation ; and, lastly, of Modification.

“ From these doctrines,” he writes, “ I come to the rational psychology itself, which will comprise the subjects of action, of external and internal sense, of imagination and memory, also of the affections of the animus ; of the intellect, that is to say, of thought and the will ; and of the affections of the rational mind ; also of instinct. Lastly of the soul, and of its state in the body, its intercourse, affection, and immortality ; and of its state when the body dies. The work to conclude with a Concordance to Systems.

“ From this summary or plan, the reader may see that the end I propose to myself in the work, is a knowledge of the soul ; since this knowledge will constitute the crown of my studies. This, then, my labours intend, and thither they aim. . . . In order, therefore, to follow up the investigation, and to solve the difficulty, I have chosen to approach by the analytic way ; and I think I am the first who has taken this course professedly.

“ To accomplish this grand end I enter the circus, designing to consider and examine thoroughly the whole world or microcosm which the soul inhabits ; for I think it is vain to seek her anywhere but in her own kingdom. . . .

“ I am, therefore, resolved to allow myself no respite, until I have run through the whole field to the very goal, or until I have traversed the universal animal kingdom to the soul. Thus I hope, that by bending my course inwards continually, I shall open all the doors that lead to her, *and at length contemplate the soul herself : by the Divine permission.*”

Did he, or not, arrive at the soul by the aid of the general doctrines particularised above, and which seemed to be the ladder that the soul lets down to whoso would ascend to her secret chambers ? He came, instead, to the inner parts of the living body, but not to the soul. It was a wonderful achievement to dissect mentally every part of the body, to see each individuality so endowed that it could subsist to the mind as a human creature.

Leaving now what Dr. Wilkinson wrote over fifty years ago, let us turn to parts of an Address on *Swedenborg's Search for the Soul*, given in 1936, by Harold Gardiner, M.S., F.R.C.S. He said : “ This search for the soul in the realm of the body appears strange to us to-day, but in Swedenborg's time and before it philosophers had devoted their greatest efforts to discover the mystery, and there were very few organs of the body to which the old philosophers had not at one time or another attributed the residence of the soul. Swedenborg was not satisfied with any of these and reviewed in series all the systems of the body, deducing the functions of each in turn. This led him to the conclusion that in the first place all parts of the body are interdependent and serve, each in its own way, uses that are of benefit to all the others. No part of the body was useless. Some of these uses were relatively lowly and others of the highest and most vital importance. In the latter category he placed the circulatory, nervous, and respiratory systems.

He regarded the blood as ‘ the corporeal soul,’ from which all the body immediately derives its life and nourishment. This

conception, familiar to us, was not new in his day : but he went further and deduced that not only did the quality of the blood affect all parts of the body but that it was in turn affected by them. He recognised that organs such as the spleen and other glands without obvious secretions profoundly affected the composition of the blood and this is, as far as we know, the first suggestion of the modern science of Endocrinology, i.e. of internal secretions. He also deduced selective action of the cells of all the organs so that they extracted from the blood only those special contents necessary to them individually. In spite of the phase of purely mechanistic hypotheses of the last century, modern physiology has developed a theory of cellular and chemical attraction of which Swedenborg's deductions are clearly the germ. I could enumerate a large number of similar results confirmed by modern experiment.

Such are some of the results he obtained on his way through the maze in search of the soul. The nearest he got to the seat of the soul was the cortex of the brain where he discovered that the intellectual and highest faculties of the mind resided. But he came to the conclusion that the soul could not be regarded as residing in any particular part of the body but permeated the whole. He describes the way it does this, by presupposing a perfectly pure spirituous fluid, primarily associated with the cortex of the brain but permeating all the tissues of the body. This fluid is not to be regarded as a material fluid but rather as a force. He says of it :

‘ A certain most pure fluid glances through the subtlest fibres, remote even from the acutest sense ; it reigns universally in the whole and in every part of its own limited universe or body, and continues, irrigates, nourishes, actuates, modifies, forms and renovates everything therein. This fluid is in the third degree above the blood, which it enters as the first, supreme, and most perfect substance and form of its body, and as the sole and proper animal force, and as the determining principle of all things. Wherefore if the soul of the body is to be the subject of inquiry we must first examine this fluid. But as the fluid lies so deeply in nature no thought can enter it except by the doctrine of series and degrees joined to experience.’

Such a fluid cannot be discovered by any chemical or other purely scientific means. Swedenborg, however, deduces that it arises from the simplest substance of the created universe, which, being the simplest and purest, is most actively receptive of life. This spirituous fluid is the primal substance, dead in itself but receptive of life. By modifications it enters into the formation of all the degrees of the mind and the substances of the body by a process of condensation or hardening, as it were, becoming less and less actively alive as it descends through these degrees until it has fashioned the material body.

It is the medium by which life is concentrated and determined in the human form in the womb where it utilises the material substances provided by the mother and performs the miracle of a baby. This fluid or force filled with life from the Creator contains within it all the powers necessary for this crowning marvel of creation, and so it is that within each baby born lies the soul, mind and body with all the potentialities of development into the highest form which the mind can conceive.

This conception of the formation of a human being by descent from the highest to the lowest by degrees in correspondence with each other is exactly parallel with that of the formation of dead matter through the auras of the world as described in the *Principia*, and the stages in each correspond to each other. This

is a conception that is nowhere met with, to my knowledge, other than in Swedenborg's philosophy. That the theories of the *Principia* have proved to be entirely consistent with modern scientific thought encourages us to expect that there is a similar truth underlying his theory of the soul and its relation to the body. Just before embarking on his final discussion on the soul, Swedenborg says :

‘It now remains for us to exalt the mind or the rational hearing and sight. But the only way to accomplish this is by the philosophy we have pointed out. This philosophy, however, must be deduced from a perpetual intuition of causes in causes and effects ; a work truly requiring an immense exercise of the rational faculty and a profound abstraction from those things that affect the lower faculties. Indeed I do not recommend when it is commenced that anything should be finally committed to it until it is in fact matured.’

But though our rational faculties be not raised to this height of perfection we can understand the essentials of his philosophy.

The soul, which is inscrutable to the natural mind, forms the body, first clothing itself in the spirituous fluid derived from the purest forces of the created universe. From this are derived in succession the highest rational faculty, or ‘intellectory,’ as Swedenborg calls it ; next the lower mind or animus closely connected with the physical desires and sensations of the body, and finally the body itself. Each of these stages corresponds to the different auras of the universe as described in the *Principia*, and to them they react.

Direct influx takes place from the higher degree to the lower, giving it its form and maintaining its life so that the body depends for its form and life ultimately on the soul passing down through the degrees of the mind, though Swedenborg is at pains to make it clear that ‘the soul does not live from itself but from Him who is self-living, that is from the God of the universe without whom nothing in nature could live, much less be wise.’ But as there is a direct influx through the mind into the body, so there is a reverse reaction from the material universe through the brain to the lower animus or mind by means of sensations of all kinds. The animus itself has no power of selection or judgment of these, this being the function of the higher rational mind, which rejects those that are not harmonious and adapts the others into ideas and thoughts which in turn reach the soul.

In order, therefore, that life from the soul shall animate all parts of the mind and body in its fullness and that these shall reach as near perfection as may be, the flow must be unimpeded, i.e., perfect harmony must exist between the parts of the body and the parts of the mind, and between these and the soul, and so with the Creator. Now, according to Swedenborg's Doctrine of Forms, the form of the channel by which this influx is maintained is dependent entirely on two things, namely, the type of influence that is allowed to enter and remain in the body and mind from outside, and the use to which such influence is put.

In childhood the soul is living but has not yet entered fully into the mind and body ; these lower parts are gradually opened to allow the soul to enter in its fullness. The animus of the child has first to be opened from without by education, so that it may learn to receive and distinguish physical sensations, and later the rational faculty has to be opened, but this, as is well known, can only be done after the animus is fully active. It is then that the soul is able to reach down from above and establish complete

harmony and union with the body. In order that this, which is another way of describing regeneration, can take place, it is clearly necessary that the influx from below be kept in correspondence with that from above. It is the part of the rational mind so to control and mould the animus that those impulses only are allowed to remain in it which are in accord with eternal verities. It is only these which the soul can use. That this has the highest practical bearing on education and conduct in all stages of life is clear.

You will remember that the soul, rational mind and animus are clothed in substances derived from the first determinant of the Creator in the universe, and that those of the animus are more closely related to matter than those of the soul or rational mind. According to Swedenborg's Doctrine of Forms these substances are moulded according to the nature of the impulses allowed to affect them and, as time goes on, this moulding becomes more and more rigid. This accounts for the recognised plasticity of the child's mind and the development of good and bad habits as life goes on ; it also accounts for the increasing difficulty, as age advances, of changing habits, and with this are included habits or attitudes of mind.

It is only by raising the plane of consciousness to the level of the rational mind and allowing this to be influenced by and to act from impulses from the soul and not from below, that complete harmony between soul, mind and body can result. Swedenborg says : ‘The mind is placed in the veriest centre and concourse between the superior acting and the inferior reacting forces ; the soul acting upon it from above and the spirit of life acting upon the soul ; and the animus upon it from below and the body upon the animus ; showing that the mind holds the fulcrum of the balance and weighs things on both sides with even scales. Below are the cupidities of the animus, the blandishments of the senses, the pleasures of the body and the infinitely various amusements of human societies ; forming so many allurements and impediments to prevent the mind from employing itself rightly in the intuition of ends and the election of the greater good, and from acting freely from a ground of choice. Besides these things there is a vast variety of loves emanating from man's selfhood ; also cares, domestic, economic and public, which come to us with the force of necessities and which are real impediments to the mind ; for to seek our bread with anxious solicitude and to withdraw the mind from the body are in a manner two opposites ; the one is to will to live within the world, while the other is to will to live without it.’ ”

Dr. Gardiner concludes with a few remarks on the practical value of this philosophy. “It affords a reasonable account of the relation between mind and body both in health and disease and is free from the illogicalities of other systems of thought on this subject. The explanation of the relations of the mind to the auras of the world affords a very possible explanation of the accepted mysteries of telepathy. . . . Things of the mind and body must, if man is to rise above the lowest, be in correspondence with things of the soul, i.e. with the love and wisdom of the Creator. Falsity and ugliness, pessimism and fear, have no counterpart in Him, and Swedenborg has given us a means of understanding how it is possible and why it is necessary for a man so to order the actions of his body and the thoughts of his mind that he may attain this by developing the proper mental habits.

Man's character is thus shown to depend on his habit of

mind. His reaction to emergency witnesses if he has moulded mind and body to allow the pure influence of the soul to dominate him or not.

It also demonstrates the conditions necessary for true happiness. Swedenborg states in effect that pleasure is essentially of the animus, whereas happiness is only possible when the highest parts of the mind are conscious of complete harmony and peace. And so with true beauty. Beauty is only realised when the subject strikes a responding chord in the highest parts of the mind. It only does so when the body, the lower sensory part of the mind and the higher are *en rapport*. If the effect penetrates no deeper than the animus, it is mere prettiness or a passing fancy. When we are conscious of the deepest happiness our whole being is at peace. Beauty is everywhere for us. We see things clearly with true understanding. Are we not right in believing that at such times love and wisdom from the Creator are passing through our souls and minds with exceptional power, because we have been enabled to open our minds for its reception and have for the time freed our minds from thoughts of self and material things? With no thought of self or of the world obtruding, all parts of the mind are in harmony with spiritual life and in correspondence with it. Happiness eludes all who seek it because in the very thought of seeking it something of self enters into the mind and defeats its own end.

This philosophy of influx through degrees by correspondence explains this experience and puts a new and fuller meaning into the phrase '*Mens sana in corpore sano.*' . . . It shows us why peace in our own minds can only be obtained by tuning them to respond always, as it were by habit, to things of spiritual value, and, as by the power of spiritual influx we become more and more in tune with the Infinite, so may we ultimately hope to attain to the peace that passeth all understanding."

Swedenborg's *Principia* was published in 1734. His spiritual sight was first opened in 1743. Twenty years later, in 1763, the *Divine Love and Wisdom* was published. Although his philosophical teachings are scattered throughout his theological writings, it is in this work that we find them crystallised into a system of such perfect order as must impress, if not convince, all who will study the work with open mind. No longer does he work upwards and inwards from the material world of nature. He proclaims that the origin of life is Love—the Infinite Love of the One Only Being that is Life itself, and that angels and men are recipients of life. In par. 4 he says that "the Lord, who is God of the universe, is Uncreate and Infinite, but man and angel are created and finite. And, because He is Uncreate and Infinite, the Lord is Being Itself, which is called Jehovah, and is Life Itself or Life in Himself. Since the Divine is one and indivisible, the creation of any one directly from the uncreate, the Infinite, Being Itself and Life Itself, is impossible, but must be from things created and finite, so formed that the Divine can be in them." The whole of this entrancing work is to show how this was accomplished. The Divine Essence itself is Love and Wisdom and they are Substance and Form in itself. The Divine fills all the spaces of the universe, apart from space, and, apart from time, is in all time. In the natural world man forms his considered ideas and thus his understanding from these two properties of nature, but is able to raise his thought above them, discern spiritual and Divine things and see that the Divine, because omnipresent is not in space or time. It is to be noted that the Divine is the same in greatest and least things.

Having thus learnt something in Part I of the Infinite nature we are prepared to learn that the Sun of the spiritual world is the emanation of the Divine Love and Wisdom of God-Man and its heat and light give life to all who are in that world, but it must not be thought of as God. Through this Sun, this first Proceeding of the Divine Love and Wisdom, the universe and everything in it was created. Creation, however, is impossible without two suns, the living sun of the spiritual world and the dead sun of the natural world.

In Part III Swedenborg expounds the unique doctrine of Degrees. He says in par. 184 "A knowledge of degrees is like a key for uncovering and penetrating into the causes of things. Without this knowledge hardly anything of cause can be known; for, without it, objects and subjects of both worlds seem so simple, as if there were nothing in them beyond that which meets the eye; when yet, compared to the things which lie hidden within, what is thus seen is as one to thousands, nay rather to tens of thousands. The interiors which do not lie open can in no wise be laid bare except by a knowledge of degrees; for exteriors move towards interiors and through these towards inmosts, by degrees; not by continuous, but by discrete degrees. 'Continuous degrees' is a term applied to the gradual lessening or diminishing from grosser to finer, or from denser to rarer; or, preferably, to growths and increases from finer to grosser or from rarer to denser; precisely as light merges into shade, or heat into cold. But 'discrete degrees' are altogether different; they are like things prior, subsequent, and final; or like end, cause, and effect. These degrees are called discrete because the prior is by itself, the subsequent by itself, and the final by itself; yet taken together they make one. The atmospheres, which are called ethers and airs, from highest to lowest, or from the sun to the earth, are separated into such degrees; and are like simples, collections of simples, and again collections of these, which taken together are called a composite. These degrees are 'discrete' because they exist separately, and are meant by degrees of height; but the former are 'continuous' because they increase continuously, and are meant by degrees of breadth."

The highest and inmost degrees are in fullness and power in the lowest and outermost degrees which respectively support and contain them.

It is in the application of this doctrine to man that we learn how his mind may be opened up by the reception of spiritual light, if he shun evil as sin against God, even to the celestial degree of love to the Lord and of the neighbour. On the other hand, if it is not opened up, a man becomes natural and sensual. The origin of evil comes from abuse of the faculties, peculiar to man, termed rationality and freedom. The gift of these two faculties differentiates man from beast.

Part IV treats of the creation of the universe by the Lord from Eternity, who is Jehovah, from Himself, and not from nothing. In the Lord there are three attributes or qualities, the Divine of Love, the Divine of Wisdom and the Divine of Use, which are represented outside the Sun of the spiritual world by heat, light, and the atmosphere containing them. Clearly and explicitly Swedenborg shows that the atmospheres, which are three in number in both the spiritual and natural worlds, in their ultimates finish in substances and matters of the nature of those in their earths. There is nothing of the Divine in itself in the substances and matters from which earths are formed, but yet

(continued in page 111)

# The Mystic Way

## XI. MYSTICAL QUIETUDE

by *Raymund Andrea*

**M**AINAINING THE POSITION, as has been my aim in these articles, of an independent observer and impartial critic of various aspects of mystical approach of aspirant and disciple on the way, in the hope that the reflections offered may prove suggestive and helpful to either or both, let us consider a particular quality of the disciple, one which is in fact indispensable to him, during that, often lengthy, term when he stands near to the Master with many Karmic liabilities to be liquidated before the presence of the Christ within him becomes a known and living experience. It was said, that not now so much by the assertion of the will, but through a tireless patience with life where he stands and a deeper insight into the causes underlying his life pattern, will he achieve. To manifest continuous and tireless patience in difficult circumstances necessitates, it need scarcely be said, a sound knowledge of ourselves and not a little knowledge of the circumstances: at least, I am sure it does of the kind of circumstances a disciple usually has to deal with. And patience finds its best soil in the quiet mind. How little life around us to-day contributes to the quiet mind, we know only too well. It is the sorrowful plaint of most aspirants on the way, and there is good reason for it. Nor is the advanced disciple indifferent to it: he does his work in spite of it, because, through a measure of developed detachment, mystical quietude is a stable quality in his equipment. Even so, it is not easily maintained. The high grade of sensitivity which enables him to answer to all so readily and invites his participation as an appreciative soul in the world experience, threatens at every step that inner tranquillity so much coveted and so necessary for the highest service.

“The peace you shall desire,” says the scripture, “is that sacred peace which nothing can disturb, and in which the soul grows as does the holy flower upon the still lagoons.” It is a beautiful thought of a delectable condition; but it is a far cry from the condition of turmoil of the battlefield for which the disciple has to deliberately prepare himself and in which his engagements are many. We do not doubt the reality or the possibility of the ideal condition of unbroken peace and tranquillity which the eastern scriptures so often bring to us; but it is pardonable if we think they speak of one world while we live in another. Pardonable or not, the fact is so. A description of the ideal world is one thing: living in the present one is quite another; and if the Masters of life ever forgot that when they turn their attention to the western aspirant, it would be one of the greatest tragedies in this story of evolution. It is what the disciple never can forget when looking at the aspirant feeling his troubled way through a psychic atmosphere of chaotic and destructive influences. I feel intensely on this problem, because I have so often seen aspirants struggling with it. I have seen them turn in despair from the way because the world atmosphere has been too strong for them. They could not reach a point of quiet in which to face the issues of the way. Time there may have

been, time enough for the strong and resolute soul, but for them the voice of the world has been too insistent, too inharmonious, breaking in with violent disruption upon the sensitive and untutored organism, and they have taken the line of least resistance.

The fact that this is so, and it cannot be disputed, lays a tremendous responsibility upon the more advanced man. He has forced his way through one of the hardest periods of evolution; for the past years have been cruel in disruptive vibratory influences and a veritable open challenge to a peaceful mind. If he has detachment and serenity and is an example of mystical quietude, let the aspirant not forget they have been won in the blood of the heart, and no otherwise. They are not a gift, but a flowering of faculty gained on the battlefield of life where the warfare has been hottest and the issue sometimes uncertain. Yet, because the fact is not published abroad and the disciple moves on the even tenor of his way, with a calm and unperturbed demeanour and an apparent indifference to the world at large, he is apt to be thought unacquainted with the eventualities and vicissitudes of circumstances in their darker and aggressive forms and sadly lacking in necessary experience. It is admitted that there are, and always have been, drawing room disciples of undoubted erudition in discussing worlds they know nothing of and past incarnations they would never have had the backbone to face; and if the aspirant is led to regard these glorified pundits as proficient in discipleship, he may be forgiven his judgment of them. This department of the occult intelligentsia is outside my province. I am thinking of the working disciple down here on the pavement, and the aspirant may well study his art. He stands foursquare on the earth on which he was born, and leaves speculations about other worlds and unknown heavens to the spiritual dilettante who has nothing else to do.

If there is any truth I would drive home to the aspirant, it is that the disciple I treat of is a thoroughly practical individual, with the same human nature and of like passions and infirmities as himself, facing the same fears and oppositions of circumstances as he is, knowing in their full range and strength the difficulties and temptations which burden the whole human family, and who, nevertheless, has made for himself the opportunities of entering into the life of the soul and imposing its higher rhythm and elevating influence upon the common human factor and taken a step forward in evolution. There is no speculation in that, or assumption of wisdom and power he does not really possess. He regards askance occult theory-mongers and smug purveyors of news from heaven and puts their value on a level with talking politicians. Both species thrive upon ethereal Utopias which never materialise; and if the aspirant reposes faith in them, and loses it, as he certainly will, he will at least have learned how to discriminate, although he might have learned much more in the time.

The real disciple is not caught in this web of illusion. He

knows the sound qualities of discipleship at sight. Mystical quietude is one of these qualities. It is born of knowledge and experience of self and circumstance. It is not gained from books, but from deep communion with the heart of life. Have you not noted how those noble souls who have suffered long and deeply under some cross of circumstance, become mellowed in character and temperament, patient and kind in contact, and bless others unconsciously by their presence? We meet with it in those who know nothing of the way, beyond what their own souls impress upon them. There is something in this akin to the mystical quietude of the disciple who stands near to and yet afar off from the Master, with many Karmic obligations to be met and adjusted. He has felt too deeply and knows too much to be other than of a quiet mind. Discipleship means height: it also means depth: where either is lacking discipleship is not. And so it is, that beneath the mystical quietude of the disciple there is a drama of the soul being enacted at this stage which is grander in compass and more engrossing in detail than anything seen or known in the objective life: but it is a silent drama, rising to climaxes of death and birth, in which the soul and the personality are the players, and the Master perhaps not merely a spectator. The world outside knows nothing of this: that is why it makes such ludicrous mistakes in its judgment of discipleship. The aspirant does not know very much about it either: that is why he should learn to be quiet and reserve his judgment. He may easily mistake the mystical quietude which arises from a wise detachment and impersonality for a want of interest and sympathy in matters that appear very important to himself; whereas those matters can only be seen clearly and rightly judged in precisely that condition of mind. He overlooks the fact that the disciple has passed that way in the long journey; that he, too, has questioned much and to little purpose, because an illuminating response is not contingent simply upon knowledge but upon the factors of time and readiness in relation to the aspirant's development. The highest knowledge can fail him utterly in conviction and illumination if the mind is not developed to a right perspective to receive it. When the aspirant thoroughly realises that and looks to himself first instead of to others, then he is on the way to that quietness and receptivity of mind which permits the soul to be his teacher. That is a marked characteristic of the disciple: he questions abundantly, but himself, not others. He knows from experience that the soundless voice within is of more value to him than the voices of authority or the dogma of books. The aspirant need not take my word for it: if he will study the technique of genius he will need no better teacher. Genius knows the value of culture, possesses it and uses it; but it passes beyond that to profound meditation upon the revelation of the soul in silence. Lesser voices are an impertinence to it, but only because it is secure and confident on the height of its own peculiar evolution. There is so much in genius which is akin to the creative disciple that I have often spoken of it as unconscious discipleship. There is but the difference that genius is mainly intent upon creation in art or science, while the disciple is bent upon the conscious manipulation of personal and higher forces for evolutionary and spiritual purposes. And for this end there must be orderly and systematic development of the whole man to hold and direct the awakening fire of the soul in its descent and inspiration in his chosen work.

At the crucial stage where the disciple stands at the bar of

Karma, very near to the Master yet without the portal and still feeling his way under the guidance of the soul, mystical quietude must be his in full measure. "Be sure of foot, O candidate. In patience' essence bathe thy soul; for now thou dost approach the portal of that name, the gate of fortitude and patience." Tireless patience with the circumstances of life under the judgment of culminating Karma finds its true soil in the quiet mind. The aspirant may think that mystical quietude is not so extraordinary an acquisition as it appears to be. He has the text books on concentration and meditation well digested: it is merely a matter of sitting still and keeping the nose under observation, and the world passes away. There is a difference between mystical quietude and mental vacuity. There is indeed a great difference between reposeful interludes at the beginning of the way, when the Karma of past cycles touches the aspirant but lightly on the shoulder, and the ability to demonstrate spiritual peace amid the powerfully developed and highly active forces of the mature constitution of the disciple at the altitude of the way. The forcing methods of innumerable occult books and courses make it necessary to exercise discrimination. They are accessible to all alike, to the most illiterate aspirant as to the most cultured. And what is the result of these methods in either case, where there is no prepared ground for mystical training, perhaps not even a desire for it, but only an ambitious curiosity for a short cut development of a yogic nature to bring thought and emotion to a standstill in order to demonstrate the supremacy of will in a reversal of normal functions? A result of enforced and mechanical quiescence which has no background of higher knowledge or soul contact to inform it, a condition of self-hypnosis far less productive than the condition of natural sleep.

The quietude of the disciple is a quality of high mystical art. Concentration there must be, stillness of the objective mind, meditation profound, and comprehensive knowledge of the soul emerging into and inspiring the personal life, but all this lies behind in the years of hard probation. There is no short cut to the temple of the soul. An inexperienced aspirant is not to blame in believing there is. He puts his faith in the word of plausible writers who hash and rehash the instruction of yoga and promise the illumination and peace of master minds through physical and mental jugglery. But the inevitable disillusionment comes, and with a chastened mind he realises there is such an entity within man as the resident soul, pregnant with the burden of Karmic relationships and responsibilities from the past which has to be met and unveiled and understood and lived before he can hope to near the goal. When he realises that and has built the strength to deal with it, then he will know, as a disciple, the importance and value of mystical quietude.

The last stages of a race or contest are the crucial ones. So it is with the disciple who stands before the portal. Fortitude and patience are written on it. He has crossed the battlefield and proved his strength. He has fought well and made a path that others might follow, and the peace of the Master falls upon him. The invisible mantle of mystical quietude is the armour conferred upon the tried warrior who has lost much in a long struggle that others might win. The sword in his hand is keen and bright; it is the sword of tempered experience, which he will yet use with wisdom and skill against the offending hosts who would rob the aspirant of his right to advance and his eternal reward. For he

is a warrior still; and no warrior surrenders his weapons of advance. And while he is still without the portal he stands upon treacherous ground. He needs more vigilance now than ever before. What, is not the Master's influence sufficient for protection? Not without his own co-operation. However near to the Master, the disciple has his own life to live, and that life is strongly bound and obligated to other lives on the objective and inner planes of experience. His chief lesson now is to understand, with a quiet mind, the meaning of those other lives that stand near and related to him, in work and circumstance, in helpfulness and opposition, in love and hate. It is not now the keen will that cuts its way to the goal, but the manipulation and balancing of human and psychic forces operating through entities of Karma which stand out as clearly to the vision as that entity of Karma which his own soul faces with steady equilibrium and purpose. Figuratively speaking, it is as if the disciple stood at the centre of a circle, with radiations of Karmic connection with others at different stations at the circumference. As time passes, some of those radiations become attenuated and ultimately vanish, the claims of those to whom they attached having been met and liquidated. Conversely, other radiations will increase in tensity and strength and those to whom they attach will be drawn through sympathetic understanding and like stature steadily to the centre and take their place beside him. But a fact so simply stated may require years to work out; and that is the conscious task the disciple sets himself. Patience, indeed, and ever more patience, until all is reconciled and harmony reigns from centre to circumference of the disciple's field of influence and contact. Nothing can be hurriedly done for his own liberation. In the east, the one aim is liberation, renunciation of circumstances and personalities, almost an abjuration of existence itself, that the soul may pass into absolute, untrammelled and everlasting freedom. It is not for us to criticise an end which is eminently desirable, although the means are utterly foreign to western ideals. The disciple on the way in the west considers it a dishonourable thing to renounce circumstances to which he knows he is Karmically bound, and an unpardonable sin to repudiate the intimate relationships of personalities to which he knows that for the love of Christ he must remain true. I do not think there is a single earnest aspirant who doubts the truth of this in his heart, no matter how difficult it may be to live. He must not mind the difficulty, but accept it. He will never realise the mystical quietude of discipleship until he does. It is fortitude in circumstances that sear his soul, and patience in accepting all they entail in life, that will unfold in him the true resignation of spiritual peace. So will his life become aligned with the Master's purpose in evolution and carry that far-seeing wisdom and healing so fruitful in service.

The flower of mystical quietude grows in silence during the storm of the ascent on the way; and before the portal "the whole personality of the man is dissolved and melted" and becomes "a subject for grave experiment and experience." But this is only possible when the disciple stands within the circle, isolated in peace, with all the radiated stations at the circumference held in keenest circumspection and upon which the love of the soul throws its revealing light and extends its willing service.

# THE ARYAN PATH

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# The Zodiac

(Continued from March number)

by John Seeker

**I**N LAST MONTH'S ARTICLE WE TRIED to shew how a moment of deep import in the spiritual evolution of mankind—the turn of the 13th and 14th centuries—was inscribed in the writing of the stars. In a great cosmic cross, this epoch is recorded in the starry heavens. On the one hand there was the last withdrawal, into the dark hidden background of external history, of the ancient wisdom,—shewn in the tragic drama of the destruction of the Knights Templar. This was recorded in the constellation of Sagittarius. On the other hand there was the flower of medieval Scholasticism, related to the constellations of Virgo and Pisces. Finally, there was the rise of Mysticism in the figure of Meister Eckhardt, whose destiny is inscribed in Gemini.

This cosmic cross—Sagittarius and Gemini, Virgo and Pisces—represents in its world-historic aspect a decisive moment in the spiritual evolution of mankind as a whole. Forces of consciousness from olden time are dying out; a new beginning dawns on the horizon. It is indeed significant how the evolution of the Western world from this moment onward until the present day appears revealed in the light of cosmic happenings. With a remarkable continuity, this evolution of mankind from the Middle Ages onward is represented in the Cosmos.

Let us then take our start this time from Aries. We shall see how the leading figures in spiritual evolution came into relation with the Zodiac through their horoscopes of death. There, to begin with, is St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who died on the 20th August, 1153. Mars was in the constellation of Aries. What signifies this place of Mars? The past transits of Saturn, explained in a previous instalment, will enable us to find an answer. It is the foundation and growth of the monastery of Clairvaux, in which St. Bernard played a decisive part, which is here recorded by the planet Mars. In Aries stands written an event proceeding from a most important impulse, born of the fiery mystical experience of a man who was also the inspirer of the second Crusade. There dawns in these events the path to which medieval humanity was destined, from the last relics of ancient Mystery-wisdom to the type of mystical experience which comes to full expression in Meister Eckhardt.

This new incision in the spiritual strivings of mankind approached the human beings of the Middle Ages time and again and from many aspects. Passing on now into the sphere of Taurus, we find Raymond Lulli, at whose death—29th June, 1315—Mars stood in this constellation. He was the well-known originator of the "Lullian art" as it was sometimes called, trying to reach, by subtle combination of philosophic concepts already known to mankind, new kinds of questions and new answers. His way of thinking influenced many others, even in later than medieval times,—Giordano Bruno for example. Raymond Lulli was born in Mallorca. In his youth he lived a life entirely given up to the impressions of the senses. Then of a sudden he had a visionary experience which made him change the

direction of his life. Thenceforth he devoted himself exclusively and whole-heartedly to spiritual study and to the great religious questions of his time. This was the decisive event in his life which was inscribed by Mars in Taurus.

In Aries we saw reflected a human event arising out of a deep inner impulse, an all-absorbing mission. In Taurus we have the picture of a conversion, a transformation due to a deep experience in spirit. A powerful incision gives a quite new turn to an existing tendency of life. This quality of Taurus will also be found in other horoscopes of death.

Now we trace human history in its cosmic aspect further on into the sphere of Gemini, where a deep cleft arises between the inner and the outer world. We had already encountered this kind of soul's experience in Meister Eckhardt. The mystic with his deeply inward orientation of life comes into conflict with the Church. Gemini, the twin brothers wrestling with one another in every human soul, are here revealed,—typified in the striving of the individual within himself towards the inner light, and in the mighty institution of the Church desiring above all to adhere to past tradition.

Yet evolution took its course in such a way that the old faculties of knowledge gradually died into the characteristic mystical experience of the Middle Ages. Scholasticism in its best exponents still maintained a balance by deep discipline of thought. In thought, the conscious inner life of man sought to retain connection with the higher world of Divine revelation. This faculty however by and by became extinguished. Significantly, we see this happening in such a man as Nicholas of Cusa, who died on the 11th August, 1464. Born at the turn of the 14th and 15th centuries, he grew up in the Scholastic discipline of thought. His inner experience however led him along another path. While voyaging across the sea there came to him a mystical experience, as of being steeped in the eternal ocean of the Spirit, and yet in such a way that the experience no longer penetrated up into the realm of thought. A "knowing ignorance" is his own name for this experience of the Divine; so he describes it in his book, *De docta ignorantia*. Now at his death there is a conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in the constellation of Aquarius. Herein we see his connection with Scholasticism. Yet on the other side Mars and Venus are in the region of Cancer and Leo. This is the cosmic picture of his own, more inward path into the sphere of "docta ignorantia." Between the two constellations, in Aries his experience on the sea-voyage is recorded.

Thus in the constellation of Cancer we see indicated a tendency in human spiritual development to withdraw into the inner life of the soul. This is expressed still more strongly in the horoscopes in Leo. Thus in the horoscopes of death of quite a number of mystics of the later Middle Ages and of the dawn of modern time, we find the planets entering the realm of Leo. One who stands out among them all is Johannes Tauler, a disciple of Meister Eckhardt. At his death, on the 16th June 1361, Saturn, Mars and Venus were in Leo. Into this constellation

was recorded an unique experience of Tauler's life. We refer to his so-called conversion by the "Friend of God" from the Oberland, a man whose influence extended far and wide in the neighbourhood of Basle at that time. The "Friend of God" is indeed a mysterious figure in the history of the time. There is no actual historic evidence of who he was or where he came from; only the stories told in the circle of those amongst whom he moved refer to him as a wonderful being who had a deep and far-reaching spiritual influence. So too the story of Tauler's "conversion." In his encounter with the "Friend of God" he underwent deep inner experiences, and his own influence, his eloquence as a preacher, was wondrously enhanced.

While in this way the constellation of Leo is connected with the quest of spiritual truth in deep recesses of the human soul, Virgo belongs to the inner peace, the quiet poise of the soul within the spiritual being of Nature and of human life. This was already pointed out in relation to Scholasticism in the previous article. Unknown to the outer world, in inner silence and serenity of soul, experiences take shape in the sphere of Virgo, preparing to bring about essential changes in the development of consciousness. Thus in the constellation of Virgo we see a man who very strongly represents this trait: the famous alchemist and doctor, Paracelsus, who died on the 23rd September, 1541. At his death, Jupiter was in Leo, while Mars and Saturn, together with the Sun and the two lower planets, Mercury and Venus, were in Virgo. Saturn was rather on the border-line between Virgo and Libra. All this belongs to the peculiar place of this great individuality in the spiritual life of his time. For on the one hand Paracelsus as an alchemist was living within that spiritual stream which sought by a more inner mystic path to penetrate to a grasp of the Divine and spiritual. Yet on the other hand he was already one who consciously turned to the outer world, seeking to find the very roots of Nature's being. We see this in the way he brings forth a new conception of human nature and also to some extent a new science of medicine. Paracelsus is a very living representative of the transition from medieval humanity, for whom the experience of the spiritual world was fading away into the form of Mysticism, to the new tendency of soul which gave birth to modern Science. True, in this scientific stream the consciousness of the reality of a spiritual world was and is in danger of being completely stifled. Yet this development was also destined and inevitable,—a necessary phase in man's evolution, for it led him on the way to spiritual freedom.

This turn in the evolution of mankind is potently expressed in the constellation of Libra. For we find Saturn in Libra in the horoscopes of death of three great men, inaugurators of the scientific era: Copernicus, originator of the new astronomy

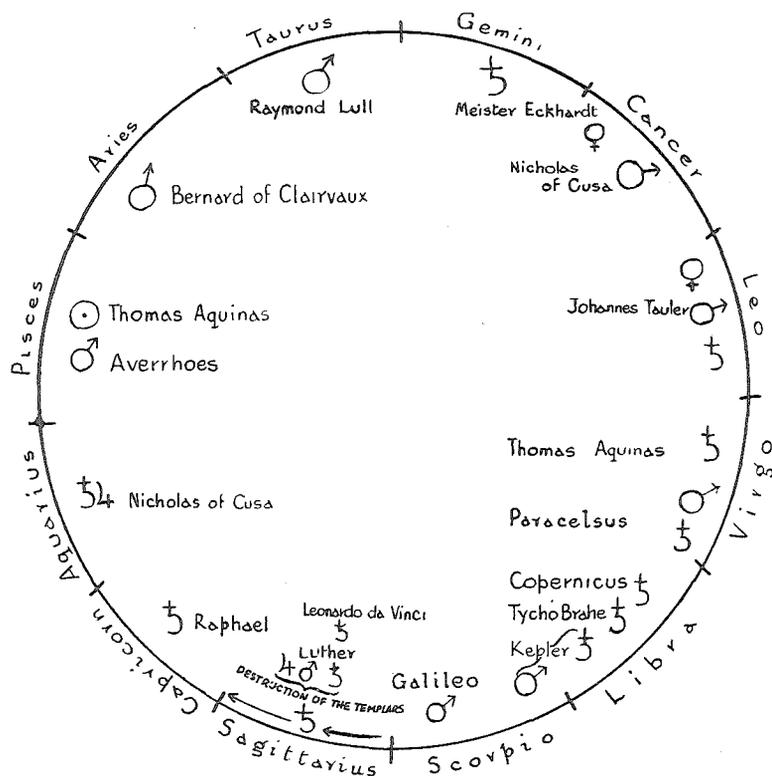
(died on the 24th May, 1543); Tycho Brahe, the famous Danish astronomer (died on the 24th October, 1601); and Johannes Kepler, the great German astronomer and mathematician (died on the 15th November, 1630). In the relation of these three to one another, the transition of mankind to the new outlook upon Nature is most impressively portrayed. Copernicus, purely by outward observation and mathematical experiment, laid the foundations of a new world-system. Tycho Brahe took a very different line. As an astronomer he too devoted himself wholeheartedly to outer observation of the starry heavens, but in the depths of his soul there was living side by side with this the memory of a former life on Earth, when he had still been united

far more intimately with the wisdom of the ancient Mysteries. Hence he rebelled against the central idea of the Copernican system, which was to place the Sun in the centre of our solar system. He evolved a system of his own, wherein he tried once more to give the Earth a position of central importance. Then Kepler came and worked with him as his assistant. When Tycho felt his end approaching, he begged Kepler to base his future work not on the Copernican but on his own, the Tyconic system. Kepler however did not do so; he based his subsequent researches on the Copernican idea.

Thus we see connected with the constellation of Libra one of the greatest and most decisive turning-points in spiritual evolution. The world-picture of the ancients, the Ptolemaic system for example, is superseded by the modern point of view of scientific research and experiment. Men now devote themselves to the examination of external visible Nature.

Now we come on into the sphere of Scorpio. There we see Mars, both in the horoscope of death of Kepler and in that of Galileo (8th January, 1642). In Kepler's Mars, his turning to the Copernican system after the death of Tycho Brahe is inscribed; in Galileo's there is the period of his life when he was carrying on important researches at Padua. Moreover, in the later life of Galileo it represents the time when he was taking a courageous stand on behalf of the Copernican system before the Inquisition. To Scorpio therefore belongs a profound transformation in the world-outlook of mankind. Kepler, Galileo and many others confront the old ideas with the foundations of an entirely new method of research. Scorpio has to do with the destruction of old traditions, yet at the same time with transmutation and progress.

And now the cycle of evolution leads us on into the sphere of Sagittarius. This sphere, as we already saw in the destruction of the Order of Knights Templars, is connected with the rise and fall of spiritual streams in evolution. There is a wrestling for spiritual continuity in human progress. The horoscope of death



of Martin Luther for example (18th February, 1546) is penetrated in a very decisive way with this constellation. Saturn and Mars are in Sagittarius, while Jupiter is passing on from Sagittarius to Capricorn. Saturn in Sagittarius represents the time when Luther, nailing his theses to the castle church at Wittenberg, set foot along the way which led to separation from the Roman Church. In the horoscope of death of Leonardo da Vinci too (2nd May, 1519), Saturn is in Sagittarius. This is a picture of the great master's struggles to achieve new spiritual points of view in all the realms of art and science. His powers, it is true, as against the old, are not yet strong enough, and most of his attempts fail of immediate success. Yet both in Leonardo and in Luther the sincere striving of mankind for progress, for the achievement of new forms of life, comes to expression very strongly. This is the mood of Sagittarius.

The next constellation, that of Capricorn, is filled with human destinies where the essential thing is the carrying to a quick conclusion of some definite task or mission. Many examples might be given. One who expressed this in a most beautiful way was the great painter Raphael. At his death, on Good Friday 1520, Saturn was in Capricorn. This position of Saturn belongs to the events of Raphael's early youth when his mother died and he was received as an apprentice into his father's studio. It was an important moment in destiny when this tender and delicate being was thus removed from motherly protection and placed into a stream which was to carry him so rapidly on to the greatest heights of creation. In the 30 years that followed, with an incredible ease and lightness of touch he brought the deepest spiritual truths through the medium of his art into mankind. This carrying of a spiritual impulse to a successful issue almost without resistance is the true mood of Capricorn.

Through the constellation of Aquarius, cosmic spiritual streams of evolution make themselves felt in the currents of human history on Earth. As a representative of this type we may mention once more Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, in whose horoscope of death Saturn and Jupiter were in conjunction in Aquarius. This was connected above all with the course taken by the Council of Basle, during the 1430's. Nicholas of Cusa had much to do with this Council. The men assembled there were really trying to come to terms with an event which in the spiritual realm was already an accomplished fact. There was the growing rebellion of mankind against the old hierarchic principle, represented above all by the Roman Church. The tendency and purpose of the new age then dawning, was to embrace the whole of humanity in an united spirit, in spite of their immense differentiations. Nicholas himself had spiritual experiences from which he learned that the most diverse, including even the non-Christian religious faiths, could be brought to a peaceful understanding with one another. That such a feeling could arise in a human soul, while simultaneously in the Reformation powerful movements were arising in opposition to the Roman Catholic authoritarian principle,—all this is due to the fact that in the spiritual world the transformation to a new age had already taken place. Human beings upon Earth,—those at the Council of Basle for example,—experienced this fact, reflected as it was in the deep places of their souls, and were at pains to master it and understand it. This human experience was inscribed in Aquarius through such horoscopes of death as Nicholas of Cusa's.

We are led on from thence into the constellation of Pisces, where the great battles for the world-outlook and the forms of

life in mankind are pictured, as we explained when dealing with Scholasticism. Such battles may extend over many centuries, and yet they have their focal points in single individuals, by whose horoscopes they are then recorded in this constellation.

So we can recognise the continuous passage of Western humanity through the entire Zodiac. About the 12th and 13th centuries there is a kind of knot, a nodal point in evolution. On the one hand the last relics of old faculties of knowledge, still in a more direct connection with the real spiritual world, were dying out. Scholasticism by dint of heroic efforts in the life of thought was still able to maintain a slight connecting link. Yet even this was ultimately lost in medieval Mysticism, which, with its deep longing for an experience of the Divine, was no longer able to raise this experience into full consciousness. In consequence, humanity turned more and more to observation and experiment on outer Nature. This in its turn was the beginning of an evolution reaching far on into the future,—an evolution seeking liberation on the one hand from ancient rules and traditions, while on the other hand, in depths of soul, men strive towards a new, freedom-born knowledge of the spiritual relations of the Earth and the Cosmos. Admittedly, in our time this deeper trait in modern evolution is often misunderstood or even denied altogether. Nevertheless, through the dark night of the prevailing emptiness of spirit, a new kind of human being is striving towards the light. The outlines of this human being of the future are written in the Cosmos in the way we have now tried to indicate, however briefly.

We should not only look at single sections, chance perspectives of external history with their one-sidednesses and imperfections; we should try to see the whole. This whole is represented in the cosmic picture, and here the wonderful thing is to see how the most opposite tendencies do after all enter harmoniously into the Cosmos,—into the cosmic places they belong to by their several virtues and inspirations. So do they find their place in this striving towards the perfect Man,—a striving written by mankind into the Universe through horoscopes of death; transcending the individual human being; summoning him ever and again to rise from his one-sidedness into the whole.

This twelve-fold cosmic spiritual man can be experienced in the Zodiac, even as in the twelve-fold Zodiac there is a real archetypal picture of the human form. We take our start from Aries, which represents as it were a directing and leading sphere, comparable to the head in man on Earth. Thence it rays through the living spiritual body, through a deep inwardness and out again into a sphere of movement and activity, comparable to the limbs in the earthly body. Thus are the several constellations of the Zodiac connected with the spiritual strivings of man:

*Aries* : Spiritual impulses are poured into evolution.

*Taurus* : Impulses try to incarnate in Earth-realities. They meet with resistance, and yet are able to bring about transmutations.

*Gemini* : The light and the dark twin-brother; the spiritual impulse wrestles with the two aberrations of the human soul: flightiness and Earth-boundness.

*Cancer* : The turning inward into inner silence.

*Leo* : Seeking the fountain-head of the Spirit in the depths of one's inner being.

(continued in page 126)

# Mystics of To-day

THE OLD MAN ON THE DOWNS: A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

by Alan W. Watts

**H**AVE OFTEN THOUGHT THAT there may be, living among us, mystics as great if not greater than those whose names appear in print. Who, for instance, can say whether or not the man sitting opposite in the 'bus, looking like a bank manager, is perhaps as great a sage as Socrates, or as great a mystic as Plotinus? If the great teachers of the past came back among us to-day they would probably find the world much too full of talk already, and prefer to live lives of useful anonymity rather than turn again to pen or pulpit. One day last summer my notion that such people exist among us was confirmed by experience. Unfortunately I cannot give the name of this particular "Mystic of To-day" simply because I never knew it. For all I know, he may be someone who writes books and gives lectures, but he told me nothing about it.

I was spending part of my holiday walking in the Berkshire Downs, and early one morning I had left Streatly to climb the hill which you can see from the Thames as you pass through Goring Gap. It was a blazing hot day and I was taking things easily, so it was not until mid-day that I reached the great Ridgeway which runs along the top of the Downs towards Avebury. I had just climbed out of a wood on to the open hills, when about quarter of a mile ahead of me I saw a man sauntering along with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth. His back was towards me and because of his grey hair I judged him to be about sixty; in spite of the hot sun he wore no hat and was not even carrying a stick. As I came nearer to him I saw that he was wearing a brown tweed coat and grey flannel trousers; his coat was open and flapping about in the breeze, and he seemed to be walking along without any fixed purpose as if he were just following his feet. In about fifteen minutes I came up close behind him, and at the sound of my footsteps he turned round. His head was almost bald in front and a pair of humorous eyes looked at me from beneath large white eyebrows.

"Warm enough?" he asked with a clear, deep voice, removing his pipe from his mouth. I made some remarks about the gorgeous weather we were having, and we began to wander along together as if it were the most natural thing in the world. He was in no hurry. Occasionally he stopped to kick a stone or look at the view. I had a camera with me and started taking odd photographs. He told me I should come up here when there were some clouds about as clouds always add interest to pictures. Was he fond of clouds? Oh yes, but it didn't do to keep one's head in them too long. But they were magnificent things. I suggested that the reason for their beauty was that they never resisted the wind but always adapted themselves to its movement. He looked at me quickly out of the corner of his eye and laughed.

"I believe," he said, "you're a philosopher."

"That's rather a ponderous name for it," I answered, "but I suppose you're right in a way."

"Yes it is. But then, if philosophers wanted to be as beautiful as clouds they would have to learn not to be ponderous. Philosopher is a ponderous name for a ponderous person."

I nodded and quoted Chesterton's remark about angels being able to fly because they took themselves lightly. At that he stopped and looked at me.

"But *how*," he asked, "do you take yourself lightly?"

"That," I said, "is what I should like to know. Some people can do it, others can't. But how do those who can instruct those who can't?"

"Oh, just by doing it, or rather by not doing."

"That's an odd remark. What do you mean?"

"Well," he replied, "it's the same as the clouds. The clouds don't try to float in the air; they just let themselves go and the wind does the rest."

"So if we let ourselves go we rise up to heaven?"

"Rise up!" he laughed. "Good God no, we're already there. The right place for clouds is in the sky, and the right place for humans is on earth, so a human being is really just as much on high as a cloud. If we were heavier than we ought to be we should fall through the earth, and if the clouds were heavier than they ought to be they would come bumping down on the ground."

"Then," I went on, "I suppose you mean that we must let ourselves go and be like earthly clouds, drifting about on the winds of circumstance?"

"It's hardly a question of should or shouldn't, of must or mustn't. Besides, why are you so concerned about what *you* must or mustn't do? When there is must and mustn't there is no freedom, and you want to be free don't you? Well, who's stopping you? You're already free."

"For another week, yes. But that's not real freedom. I have to go back then to London, to office-work and so on, and if I can't find freedom there it's not much use my looking for it out here, is it?"

"But why look for it?" he answered. "You've got it now, and when you look for it you forget you've got it. You might as well go about looking for the back of your own neck. You see," he said, knocking his pipe out on his heel, "freedom of spirit belongs to all, but we only have it when we lay no claim to it, like everything else in the world. When you lay claim to anything, that thing claims you and limits your freedom. I love these hills, but if I were to buy them they would keep me so busy that I should never be able to get away from them. At least, that's true in one sense. A rich man is only a slave if he ties himself to his wealth. But he needn't. He can use it as if it belonged to someone else. And so it does in reality. After all, this pipe does not really belong to me any more than the sun or the stars. Yet in another sense all of them are mine just because I lay claim to none of them."

And at that he began to roar with laughter, and when I pressed him for an explanation he continued: "You see, the joke is that I have just laid claim to the fact that I do not lay claim, and so I am claimed by my no claiming! I suppose I should never have talked about this, for the moment one opens one's mouth one falls into traps. The point is that if you try to gain all

things by renouncing all things you get into a vicious circle. It's an elusive business, like chasing your own shadow. The faster you run after it, the faster it runs away from you, but if you run away from it you can never escape it. So why worry? If we can't find heaven by looking for it or escape it by running away from it, then we're already in it."

"Is that so?" I asked. "Is this world really a heaven? Your remark might apply equally well to hell."

"True enough," he answered, "but hell could only disturb you if you had a body and a self to be disturbed."

"Yes, that may be. But aren't those also things you've just got, which you can't catch by chasing or escape by running away?"

"Quite so, but in that they're like anything else; if you don't claim them, they don't claim you."

"I'm afraid," I said, "you talk me to pieces. This is all very well, but the fact remains that there are some things which give us pleasure and others which give us pain. At one time we're in heaven and at another in hell, and what every man wants to know is how to get rid of hell."

"To do that you must also get rid of heaven. You must do without either heaven or hell, pleasure or misery."

"And how," I asked, "do you do that?"

"Just this," he replied, "when you are in heaven go to the palaces of the angels, and when you are in hell go down into the furnace with the devils. But do not hang about in either place."

The day was hastening on and I felt it was time to be getting back. What was more, clouds were appearing away in the West and it looked as though a thunder storm might be blowing up after the hot weather. So I made my excuses, said I must be going home and asked my companion where he was staying.

"Well, nowhere just at present," was his reply. "As a matter of fact I have a small flat in London, but I shan't be going back for a week or two yet. For a time I shall just go on walking, eating when I'm hungry and sleeping when I'm tired. I carry a razor in my pocket and get some hot water from a cottage when I want to shave, and that's about all my luggage."

I looked at the black clouds in the distance.

"If you're going that way," I said, "you'll have to find shelter soon and I don't see a house for miles."

He looked towards the storm and smiled.

"Yes," he said, "and beyond that storm is the sun again, and beyond that yet another storm. But the rain doesn't matter—so long as you keep moving."

\* \* \* \*

I have never seen him again. He went sauntering on along the Ridgeway while I hurried back to Streatly. The last I saw of him was as I went down behind the crest of a hill. From the moment I had left him he never looked behind, but just went on his way with the wind blowing about in his coat and his pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth. He carried nothing with him, yet somehow he looked as if he owned the place for he was so much at ease, even with a total stranger. Perhaps he was one of those whom St. Paul described "as having nothing but possessing all things." And again he reminded me of that strangely beautiful passage from the Gospel of St. John: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the voice thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. Even so is everyone that is born of the spirit."

## THE ZODIAC (continued from page 124)

*Virgo*: The gateway to the inner being of all Beings.

*Libra*: Out of the inner life, the turning outward once again; herein the problem of balance,—the decisive moments of the Spirit.

*Scorpio*: Ancient connections are destroyed and new must be created by clear purpose and good will.

*Sagittarius*: The alternation of great spiritual currents in human history.

*Capricorn*: The carrying of destined tasks to a successful issue in the earthly sphere.

*Aquarius*: The streams of spiritual life on Earth, as images of cosmic streams.

*Pisces*: The wrestling of the spiritual streams in mankind, for the World's future.

As will be revealed in the further course, this macrocosmic spiritual Man is a reality in every detail.



# THE MODERN MYSTIC'S DIARY

MARCH-APRIL, 1938

## LONDON LECTURES

Date	Subject	Speaker	Place	Time
Mar. 24th	Modern Christianity	*Dr. W. J. Stein	Denison Ho., S.W. 1	8.30 p.m.
24th	Reconstruction of Isis Worship	Mrs. Dion Fortune	The Belfry	8 p.m.
28th	The Meaning of Death	Prof. Shastri	The Belfry	8 p.m.
28th	What is Man?	*Dr. E. Kolisko	Rud. Steiner Ho.	8.30 p.m.
29th	The Song of Songs	*Dr. W. J. Stein	1b Henrietta Street (Cavendish Square)	8 p.m.
31st	World Religion	*Dr. W. J. Stein	Denison Ho., S.W. 1	8.30 p.m.
Apr. 4th	The Gospel of St. John	*Dr. W. J. Stein	The Belfry, W. Halkin St., S.W. 1	3 p.m.
5th	Fate or Karma?	Dr. Homer Curtiss	The Belfry, W. Halkin St., S.W. 1	8.30 p.m.
10th	Thinking as Energy	F. Geuter	Rud. Steiner Ho.	8.30 p.m.
11th	Thinking as Energy	F. Geuter	Rud. Steiner Ho.	5 p.m.
11th	Works of Paul Brunton	Ed. L. Spicer	The Belfry, W. Halkin St., S.W. 1	8.30 p.m.
12th	Thinking as Energy	F. Geuter	Rud. Steiner Ho.	3 and 8 p.m.
21st	Inspirational Writing	Miss E. M. Gibbes	The Belfry, W. Halkin St., S.W. 1	8.30 p.m.
25th	The Gospel of St. Mark	*Dr. W. J. Stein	The Belfry, W. Halkin St., S.W. 1	3 p.m.
26th	Intuition	*Mrs. E. C. Merry	The Belfry, W. Halkin St., S.W. 1	8.30 p.m.
28th	The Value of Psychic Phenomena	Dr. H. P. Shastri	The Belfry, W. Halkin St., S.W. 1	8.30 p.m.

\* Contributors to the Modern Mystic.

# THE ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

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MODERN MYSTIC  
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# Black Magic in the Middle Ages

by Bernard Bromage, M.A.

*(We are happy to accord the hospitality of our columns to Mr. Bromage. He is a well-known writer on the occult and mystical, and has the distinction of being the first to give public lectures on these subjects at the London University Extension courses. We should point out that "The Modern Mystic" does not necessarily share Mr. Bromage's view that the Catholic Church casts a kindly eye on occult activities, however elevated and spiritual they may be. And it should not be necessary to impress upon our readers its dislike of independence of thought. "The Modern Mystic" insists on the individual's right to express his beliefs according to his stage of development, and it more strongly still insists on the student's duty of according to such expression a sympathetic and tolerant understanding. What the author has to say about the perils of untutored dabbling in Magic and of the dangers that lurk in all ritualistic initiations based upon the Kabbalah, we heartily endorse.—ED.)*

**T**HE MIDDLE AGES IS, to many readers the most romantic period in the history of Europe. Not only was life at a high pitch of military and civil excitement, but the religious and social ritual of those days was associated with the utmost of pomp and ceremony. Indeed some of our most popular public displays owe their origin to medieval ceremony.

But underneath all this surface show of the picturesque there was developing a strong undercurrent of some of the strangest obsessions in the mind of man. It is not for nothing that the word "medieval" stands with so many as symbolical of the darkest places of sorcery and magic.

Certainly this was an age when people generally were most prone to be influenced by the weird, the occult, and the satanic. The very circumstances of daily life helped to throw into high relief certain of the forces outside normal human ken. In every corner of the country there dwelt full evidence of the strongest superstition, and the Catholic Church itself contains in its ritual and dogma elements which bear a strong relation to the age-old human belief in those principalities and powers of the nether-world which are continually on the watch to trip up the soul of man.

The Roman Empire had collapsed in a welter of debauchery and vice of all descriptions. The Dark Ages had intervened, so-called because something like the law of the jungle prevailed. Marauding bands filled the whole of Europe; and the battle went entirely in favour of the tyrant and oppressor.

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But there have always been individuals who have defied all convention in order to satisfy their own lust for power and forbidden knowledge. Among the most notorious of these was Gilles de Rais, surely one of the most villainous characters who have ever darkened the pages of history.

It is idle to deny that there are individuals among us who do all in their power to sell their souls to the Devil; who are so deaf and blind to the finer feelings of humanity that they of set purpose divest themselves of every shred of decency so that they may the more effectively become in soul (and even sometimes in body) as near as their "human" condition permits to their infernal Master.

I myself have chanced, in many corners of the world, on

such persons, and have always gone my own way again very speedily after realising the foul atmosphere of the sinister and the horrible which always surrounds these devotees of evil.

Once, in a remote part of Scotland, frequented only, as I thought, by enthusiastic fishermen and people who wished to enjoy the beauties of nature undisturbed, I chanced upon a small group of Satanists who had cunningly chosen one of the loveliest landscapes in the world in which to practise their foul rites.

It is not my intention here to recount the horror and degradation of the scene which I inadvertently witnessed. Suffice it to say that for weeks afterwards I was unable to sleep because of the repulsion engendered by these sickly rites.

Gilles de Rais will always be of interest to the student of occult lore because of the magnificent library which he bequeathed to posterity. The lord of the castle of Miffauges, one of the gloomiest of the fortresses of Brittany, was extremely well-versed in the literature of the ceremonies of which he was to become such a notorious devotee.

He began his nefarious magical career by an attempt to discover the philosopher's stone, which was said to change all things into gold. This failing, he began to dream of other, and more forbidden investigations. In order to further his knowledge of the black arts, he invited to his castle one Francesco Prelati, a Florentine cleric skilled in the most diabolical of devices. The unscrupulous pair then began a series of invocations to the Devil which involved the sacrifice of a large number of young children who were undoubtedly murdered by the degenerate Baron.

It must be remembered that Gilles de Rais was a man of unlimited wealth, very handsome appearance and of unimpeachable physical courage. He had distinguished himself, with Joan of Arc, at the siege of Orleans. It was, therefore, some considerable time before the suspicion gradually mounting against him, could end in verification. But, at last, he was arrested and tried before the Bishop of Nantes.

Never has any court heard such a confession of iniquity. So hideous were the revelations involved that the face of the Crucifix was covered by a scandalised Dominican and the judge himself quailed in terror.

Gilles paid the penalty of his manifold crimes at the stake. Most of the details of his lurid career can be best left to the

pathologist. But one aspect of his curious literary interests can be usefully studied by those interested in occultism. He is one of the first well-known European figures to draw up a "Grimoire."

This term implies a document or series of documents which consist of conjurations and invocations of an avowedly magical character. These compositions are not, by any means, entirely evil. Some of the best-known of them contain a large proportion of prayers for the safety of certain individuals and some of the most important of the charms included recipes for protection against the power of the Evil One.

What is true is that these compilations necessarily became the chief interest of those frustrated souls who sought to compensate by illicit power over their fellows the neglect or persecution they were forced to undergo in ordinary life. Indeed, a very large proportion of the alleged wonder-workings of the past can be ascribed to this motive.

They will, too, always attract the seeker in the bypaths of literature; for it was not until recent years that scholars succeeded in unearthing these queer productions from the secret recesses of the libraries of Europe.

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The most famous of these very dubious manuals are the *Sepher Toldesch*, the *Grimoire of Pope Honorius*, the *Grand Grimoire* and the *Grimorium Verum*.

Perhaps their most diverting feature to the modern reader is the insistence that is laid, in works of a confessedly pagan nature, on various kinds of asceticism necessary if one is to get the fullest benefit from the magic practised. The strictest fasting is enjoined, and certain styles and colours of dress are recommended. Above all, it was necessary to observe due times and seasons for the working of the marvels. Much depended on the changes of the moon.

Many devices are suggested for cheating the Devil of his proper prey. This may sound incredibly childish to us at the present day; but it must be remembered that, in the Middle Ages, men ascribed to both infernal and supernatural beings a very definite concrete reality. One has only to look at the stained-glass windows in our great cathedrals or at the Hell depicted in the canvases of Brueghel and Cranach to realise how very potent were the fears inspired by the possibilities of retribution.

There is room for suspicion that even the best-established grimoires come most probably from the pen of the forger. It is significant that most of these productions purport to be translations from the Hebrew; but of the originals it is impossible to discover any trace. The Library of the *Arsénal* in Paris, which is rich in these obscure manuscripts, has nothing earlier than 1517, and it is highly improbable that research will succeed in unearthing anything of a prior date.

We are pretty safe in assuming that there was a traffic in these things, manufactured for the delectation of a highly credulous age by literary adventurers primed with a jumble of magical terms and symbols, some of very ancient ancestry, but most owing their origin to the writer's own fertile, if twisted, imagination.

The Sacred [*sic*] Book of *Abramelin the Mage* should probably be included in this category. This curious production, first heard of in a French manuscript of the early eighteenth century, was introduced to the public by L. Mcgregor Mathers, himself a practising occultist of note. It purports to belong

to the year 1458 when it was written by one Abraham, the son of Simon and the father of Lamech, for whose benefit it was specially composed. It would appear, from certain internal evidence, that the work comes from a Christian hand; for it is interlarded with warning hints of what may happen to those who forsake the Christian religion for Judaism.

It is not surprising to find the author of this book openly deriding all other attempts in the same field. A great many of such perpetrations owe their success to their claim to occult authority over the heads of all possible rivals.

For instance, the insistence on the right and proper seasons for magical practices, which is stressed in most of the other Grimoires, is dismissed as irrelevant. It is argued that such attempts to propitiate the Dark Forces are of very little avail. These Deities are much more amenable to more normal forms of prayer, including invocations to God, in which, it is held, the usual magical book is notoriously lacking.

In a word a quite illogical show of piety is put up by the compiler of "*Abramelin*," although truth compels one to point out that the most intriguing portions of this Grimoire are concerned with recipes on the art of securing possession of large quantities of gold; of winning over the affection of someone who has been indifferent, and suchlike short cuts to dubious forms of happiness.

It is only fair to draw attention to the fact that, in spite of the very jumbled and inconsequent nature of this manual it has always had a curiously haunting effect on those types of psychically sensitive mind which are prone to be influenced by such *abracadabra*. Indeed, I have heard, on good authority, that the death of Mcgregor Mathers himself was in some way connected with his absorption in this particular branch of research!

\* \* \*

The Middle Ages abounded in claimants to magical knowledge and occult prowess. Some of the most distinguished figures in the Church itself enjoyed the reputation of sorcerer and seer. One may instance in this context the famous Gerbert (Pope Sylvester II), one of the most learned men of his day. This pontiff was a very eminent mathematician and scientist, as well as theologian. It is more than probable that the black magic ascribed to him was in a large measure connected with the learned terms employed in his scientific productions, which may well have been grossly misinterpreted by an ignorant and gullible population.

It was said that Gerbert was elected to the Papacy by the help of the Devil, and that he had the entrance to a magical kingdom underneath the earth. These extraordinary legends persisted, with additions, after his death, and his tomb was reputed to weep at the approach of the death of the reigning pope.

Again, students of the life of Albertus Magnus, the great philosopher and alchemist, will recall the story of how he once gave a dinner-party in Paris, to some members of the University. It was a cold winter day, with snow deep on the ground. What was the surprise of these pundits when they were invited to take the meal in the garden! Thinking they were being mocked, they at first hotly refused, only to find that, while they were expostulating, the wise man had caused the weather to change from winter to blazing summer! Incidentally, this practice of performing tricks with the temperature is ascribed to a large

number of medieval wonder-workers, including perhaps the most famous of the lot, Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim.

This great philosopher has been a veritable Aunt Sally for the slings and arrows of the godly. His most innocent acts have been construed into the key of the most dreadful diabolism. The very dogs of which he was so fond were said to be agents of the Devil and one of these is depicted, according to the chronicler Delrio, as waiting at the bedside of the magician for his demise so that he could carry off his soul to the infernal regions. A student who entered his apartment without leave and opened one of his magical books is said to have been immediately torn in pieces by demons.

In actual fact, far from being an agent of the Devil, this great man was a most devoted seeker after the truth, endeavouring to ascertain, with the strict realism of the mathematician and the philosopher how much of value there was in the mysticism and hypothetical theology of his day.

His own scholarship in magic was phenomenal, and his greatest work the *Occult Philosophy*, in three large volumes, bears the fullest testimony to the most unwearied research in the secret lore of the ancients. It is particularly interesting to note that he was instrumental in forming a student-group of enthusiastic young men in Cologne, his native city, who took it upon themselves to amass, as far as lay in their power, the traditional magical knowledge of antiquity, so that these things should not pass away from human ken.

It is largely owing to this little band of devoted workers that modern esoteric societies have managed to obtain those keys to that forbidden kingdom of mysterious speculation and invocation which is fraught with such peril to the mere sensation-monger. For, occult knowledge is essentially amassed by the assiduous retention and transmission of certain oral communications made by the master to his disciples.

The Doctrine of Albertus Magnus is in a direct line of descent from the teachings of the neo-Platonists of Alexandria, who, in their turn, most probably derived their principles from the most secret records of Ancient Egypt.

This brings us to the question of the Kabbalah (that "card-index" to Occultism, as Aleister Crowley calls it) which purports to contain the essence of magical philosophy. As far as we can trace it, this very important production comes from the pen of Moses de Leon, a Spanish Jew, who published it in Mantua and Cremona in 1558. It was translated into French by Jean de Pauly.

It is one of those organic attempts of esoteric philosophy which attempt to relate all human activity to the fundamental magnetism of the earth. Its most important section, the Zohar, is a gold-mine for those would-be seekers after occult power based on the observance of certain co-ordinated ritualistic procedures.

It is held that the Macrocosm or Great World is duplicated in the Microcosm or Little World of man. The constitution of Man contains the same elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water, as does the larger world. Men are divided into types according as these ingredients are mixed in their nature in larger or smaller proportion.

Certain subtle centres of force in the human body bear a distinct relation to the great geometrical design of the entire universe, and the laws of polarity which can be traced in the anatomy of the world are paralleled in the balance of the human

system between Geduldah and Geburah, the male and the female: or, if it is preferred, the static and dynamic sides of our being.

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The old medieval card-pack, known as the Tarot is very largely a medium for the working-out of the principles of the Kabbalah. It requires very great skill and application, and of course, a genuine clairvoyant gift before one can turn this mode of divination to any practical use. Although their origin is still a matter of conjecture, they undoubtedly have the most important symbolic connotations.

It is very probable that the Major Arcana of twenty-one figures represent ancient Egyptian divinities seen to some extent through the distorting medium of early Italian and Etruscan frescos. Scholars have traced their origin to certain mural paintings on the walls of the caves of Serapis, near Naples.

In that very fine historical novel, "Here Comes an Old Sailor," by Alfred Tressiter Shephard, the Tarot pack is used as the symbol of the forces of destruction which menace the life course of the characters. Deliverance only comes when the noxious cards are cast into the sea.

Certain it is that such symbols of power and force must have been often enough associated with the idea of the Devil in the superstitious minds of many people in the Middle Ages. All symbology was impregnated with possibilities of terror as well as of release. It would take a brave and confident spirit to prove that the associations which have collected around these old cards in the course of the centuries have been rendered powerless by age!

\* \* \*

Certain scholars have suggested that secondary festivals of the medieval Church, such as the famous Feast of Fools have an element of the satanic in their composition. It is argued that the Church, ever anxious to draw into the fold every available sinner has spared no pains to defeat the Devil with his own weapons.

In these mock frenzies there are discernible elements of the natural recklessness in the heart of man which must clamour for expression even in the purlieu of the highest sanctity.

On the other hand it is very doubtful whether the wisdom of the Church would tolerate within its bosom the possibility of a chronic misunderstanding arising out of such an incursion of the disreputable into its precincts. What is most probable is that these whimsies were countenanced temporarily for the sake of the converts whom they indirectly gathered into the fold.

There have always been those who find a pleasure in attempting to cast a slur on a great spiritual institution, and the Catholic Church has not been immune from these attacks. The legend of Pope Joan contains elements which border on the black magical. Miss Marjorie Bowen has written one of her best novels on the theme of a sovereign Pontiff who literally vanishes in smoke. It is only fair to add that, in the case of Miss Bowen her romance is not vitiated by any unjust aspersions on the honour of the Church, but rather by a genuine desire to reveal the Papacy as the most romantic of historical institutions.

The whole problem of medieval witchcraft is bound up with certain Biblical texts which seem to have been taken "au pied de la lettre" by the growing Church. The injunction that a witch should not be "Suffered to live" was very literally interpreted by a whole host of inquisitors and zealots. They

endeavoured to surpass each other in inflicting the most horrible torments on persons whose worst crime was frequently only a marked eccentricity.

We are nowadays only too well aware of the part played by fear in the production of hatred and misunderstanding. It is certain that the appalling punishment meted out to the witches was very largely the result of atavistic terrors which had come home to roost.

It is important to remember that, in those days, witchcraft was more often than not, synonymous with heresy. All individual experiment of an occult nature was under the severest ban of the Church as savouring of free-thought. If individualism was allowed to prevail, the intellectual and moral rule of the Church would end; for truth cannot subsist in disintegration.

This is a point made by all the old orthodox writers on the witch-trials. Sprenger and Kramer, Wiers and Bodin were much more concerned with the saving of souls than with the suppression of free-thought. They fulminate much more against the heretic than against the sorcerer.

The point is made magnificently in the speech of the inquisitor in Bernard Shaw's play "St. Joan," where every chance is given for the saint to save her life so long as she does not ascribe unto herself the right to her own theology. This is the unforgivable sin. It is only when she persists in adhering obstinately to her ideas of supernatural visitation that her doom is sealed.

The question is very often raised as to how far the legacy of medieval magic has been handed down to the detriment of people of our own day. There will always be among us neurotic types who long for illicit experience from whatever quarter it may come. They are especially intrigued by anything connected with the Middle Ages, this period, according to them, being the very "fons et origo" of dubious occult practices.

Certainly most of our cliques which pretend to practise the more exotic forms of ritual lay great stress on medieval mumbo-jumbo. They talk much of Agrippa and the Kabbalah, and their attitude towards the more picturesque Popes is full of admiration.

On the other hand there are remarkable cases on record of the old potencies still operating in a manner which leaves little room for doubt of their authenticity. It is obviously dangerous to meddle, at least flippantly, with things which have been associated in the past with the worship of the Dark Forces of destruction. Hate and lust are not pleasant emotions; they tend to leave behind them a legacy of venom which can be extremely effective in its ability to inflict the psychically sensitive with the worst results to the balance of their will and judgment. In them we can trace the gradual disruption of a conscience and will through a lively critical interest into something like obsession. The result is an osmosis of the moral system in which the boundaries of right and wrong are lost in the fog of psychic conjecture. It can well be argued that many men and women of first-class potentiality have been tempted by the urge towards transcendent experiences into that realm of *Nephesh* to use a Kabbalistic term, in which the personality is left exposed to the attacks of the most vicious and disordered spirits of the sub-world. Then lunacy or some kind of degeneration ensues.

Perhaps the only persons who can dabble safely in the cloacæ of the human mind are those of some great religious faith, or, failing this, some special apprenticing in the art of pain. Suffering is at once a great purifier and a prophylactic against the more insidious forms of mental and moral invasion. When we

realise all the implications of the old Greek adage, that "there is no pain which cannot be borne" then, and not till then, can we safely adventure the soul among the masterpieces of corruption.

One of the greatest of modern mystical writers, Mr. John Cowper Powys, in his novel "Maiden Castle," has given us in the character of Uryen, a magnificent type of the man who carries his head bloody but unbowed among the horrors of a pagan past which he is able, by a process of psychic 'substitution' to assimilate unto himself. But even he finds the yoke too heavy to bear in this narrow and transient life, and dies from excess of vitality.

At the end of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" there are some very famous lines about the tragedy of the good man who falls on disaster owing to his lust for the forbidden:

"Cut is the bough that might have grown full straight,  
And burbed is Apollo's laurel bough  
That lately grew upon this learned man."

The Middle Ages have left us a fair heritage of honourable tradition. They also, alas, laid many perilous traps for the unwary seeker after the fruit of the forbidden tree.



#### OUR POINT OF VIEW—(continued from page 91)

whether of high or low degree. We English cannot claim the racial purity aimed at by Germany; but the fact that we are a pretty mixed lot enables us to find the prototype of almost any continental notability among our citizens. Pressed for an example we would remember the German dictator's tears over Wagner's music while Roemer was being murdered in his bed, and reflect that our most notorious murderer, Charles Peace, used to weep salt tears while he (very indifferently) extracted tunes from his violin. Europe is certainly unbalanced and by a malady which is curiously and dangerously contagious. A perfectly sane doctor would probably conclude that certain sections of the human race are under the influence of a pathological distemper; the psychologist would suggest that a neurotic condition was manifesting itself in a form of national inferiority complex. The occultist is in little doubt that over too great a part of the human race dark forces are temporarily triumphant.

*The Editor*



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# Man and His Place in History

II (continued from March issue)

by Walter Johannes Stein

**T**HE VERY DESIRE FOR Spiritual Guidance implies that we are aware of its existence. The only question is : how can we become conscious of this guidance ? In order to be fully conscious of it there must be an awakening of forces which lie slumbering in the soul. Spiritual guidance is a reality and we share in it, one and all. When we think about the course of our life, the survey is different in the case of each single human being. In his own biography everyone can discover the fact of spiritual guidance. In this field of knowledge the only common factor is the process of becoming conscious of the methods which enable us to realise the truth of it.

If we think back over the course of our life and try to make the impressions of the different periods alive and real, we shall have a curious experience. We shall realise that in this backward survey the "I" has been many different beings. In the age of childhood, the "I" represented a little creature beholden to father and mother. This "I" did not include the being we are to-day, yet this being was, nevertheless, embraced in the word "I." But when we say "I" now, this comprises not only the one part of our being—the richness and fullness of life of which we are clearly aware—but also something else that is still shrouded in darkness, of which we are not fully conscious but which is part of our essential individuality.—We bear within us a "second man" of whose existence, however, we are not always aware. Schiller, the great poet and thinker, was conscious of the existence of this second man. In his *Æsthetic Letters*, he wrote that every individual man bears within him a second, ideal man and that it is the noble task of existence to grow more and more in his likeness. These words point to the mystery of spiritual guidance.

At every moment a higher Being is weaving into our life, a Being into whom ourselves gradually grow, who becomes the "I" when we pass through the Gate of Death. It is from this Being—who makes us realise that we are still imperfect because we are not yet a full and complete "I"—that we receive the first higher guidance of which we can become conscious. There may have been a phase in life in which a turn of destiny took place, perhaps a change of profession, a journey to another country, a meeting with another personality, or again a really great book may have made a lasting impression upon us. We have felt perhaps that any one of these events was responsible for a change in the whole course of our life. But how is this to be explained ? The events in themselves may have seemed quite trivial—a chance meeting, a letter, a newspaper advertisement, the missing of a train—any one of them may have inaugurated a new phase of destiny. If we think about these chance occurrences in connection with the destiny they evoked, we recognise that behind the "chances" of everyday life there stands a mysterious but beneficent power which impresses meaning and purpose into the outer course of destiny. By comparison with our lower self, this second, "ideal" Being within us, this higher "Self" in whose likeness we grow, is experienced as bearing the stamp of Eternity.

The incidental happenings of life receive, through this higher Being, a deeper meaning. We must try to discover concrete evidence of this "Unknown" in the story of our own life and make him into a familiar friend. Everyone should say to himself that he has a friend in the spiritual world in which the threads of destiny are woven—a friend who may perhaps be stern and also bring pain.

When we have discovered this "inner man" who accompanies us along the path of life, our attitude to pain will change. The death of a parent may have brought great sorrow, but later on we recognise that the sadness of such an event is mitigated by the fact that it evoked effort and stimulated the growth of some faculty within us. We learn to perceive this guidance as the gesture of a friend who is in the position of a teacher, who lets us experience something that we really need, in order that a hitherto dormant faculty in the soul may be awakened. The guidance is not only a source of comfort, but enhances the worth of the soul.

And so, gradually, we learn to know this "second man" who leads and guides us. Sometimes the knowledge comes at the very last moment of life, at the moment of death, when this Being becomes the figure of the Angel of Death.

How can we become conscious of this Being ? We must ask ourselves : Is everything comprised within the span of *one* life ? The soul will certainly answer that this cannot be. When we realise in meditation or in the throes of death that the individuality is that which is of the highest value in life, we realise too that it must be the individuality who passes on to Eternity. At this point we "know" the Being we shall one day become. He is the Being who stands behind us invisibly, guiding us with unerring hands through repeated earthly lives, shining down like a star into our existence.

"Angel" was the name given to this Being in earlier days of Christendom. The meaning of the designation is the "messenger"—one who brings the tidings of the ideal man we must become. Each of us must find his individual Angel. For the Angel is the individual, guiding Being. Moreover we can find this Angel, for he leads us in very truth through our successive earthly lives. When we have made this knowledge our own, a great step forward has been taken and everything in life is transformed ; history too is revealed in a new light.

Let us ask ourselves for a moment about the manner in which human beings have lived on the Earth, for example, in the days of Greece or Rome, and then again in the present time. Is there not a mysterious thread between these forms of life ? How can the thread be discovered ? It may, to begin with, astonish us to hear that such a connection actually exists *and can be discovered*.

It cannot be said that human life comes to any real conclusion. It is not possible for the life of any human being to be perfect and complete. Death tears us away from the course of

our earthly destiny. And when we think of birth, we realise that it is an inexplicable beginning—inconceivable, indeed, as an actual beginning, for individual faculties and talents not to be explained from this one life, make their appearance. These faculties and talents are inexplicable at the beginning and disappear into nothingness at the end of life. The riddle of individual talents presents itself to our minds.

Modern science explains this in terms of the Physical, saying that faculties and talents may be regarded as tendencies inherited at birth from father and mother. Certainly this is a possible explanation, but the faculties and talents would then simply be connected with the species and not with the *individual* who is not the product of the species. Individuality is an insoluble riddle without the hypothesis of repeated earthly lives. Species and individual must be kept quite distinct. Every human being is aware that over and above the forces of heredity (which are connected with the species, are of a bodily nature and received from father and mother), mysterious forces of destiny are at work, linking one life with the other in an absolutely individual way.

A stream of individual experience—experience that is of the nature of soul and Spirit—flows over from one epoch to the other.

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As long as we have no conscious experience of spiritual guidance, as long as the “I” is associated only with the remembrances of waking consciousness, we are simply “living on into the day.” These words are used deliberately for they express what actually happens. But we experience the nights as well as the days. To begin with, the nights seem to be of no great significance so far as our inner life is concerned. We simply want to sleep well and feel refreshed in the morning. Most people have no other wish for any different kind of experience during their sleeping life.

But a man who thinks about the reality of inner guidance, who realises that into the world of chance another world is playing, spinning the threads of destiny, will gradually begin, with enhanced consciousness, to live on “into the night” as well as “into the day.” He will begin to love the night which now does not only bring with it an extinction of consciousness. A new “night consciousness” is acquired and the ordinary faculty of perceiving the outer world is supplemented by inner perception.

It is possible to experience, alternately to begin with, both day- and night-consciousness, and then to combine the two. During the day we have all kinds of experiences and in the evening they arise before the soul like a picture. We have met human beings, we have been angry or joyful. According to our development, these emotions either echo on or present themselves to us pictorially. And now everything sinks away. Ordinary consciousness tells us that it disappears altogether and that forgetfulness ensues during the night. But an enhanced consciousness, the consciousness in which spiritual guidance becomes a reality, can tell us whither the pictures disappear. Ordinary consciousness simply says: they sink away. But into what world? This is a mystery that must be solved. Everything that has been experienced during the day and is forgotten during the night is divested of its pictorial character at the transition from dream-life to the state of deep sleep, but it is not lost. That which becomes a picture of the day-consciousness works *creatively* in the night; the “dreams” of day-consciousness become formative

*forces* in the night. The freshness of which we are aware on waking is due to the fact that everything we have experienced, everything that has become a mental picture in us, sinks down into our organism during sleep. We bear within us a wonderful artist, namely, the body of formative forces, and in the night this artist builds up what has been broken down and destroyed during the day. In sleep the formative forces are drawn out of every mental picture formed during the hours of waking consciousness. For this reason, to have been looking at noble or ignoble sights during the day is by no means a matter of indifference. If we have gazed at great works of art, at forms, for instance, like those in the Nereid fragments in the British Museum, with their marvellous harmony of movement, we bear formative forces within us on into the night.

Now there is meaning in the fact that we not only remember but also forget. The German word *vergessen* (to forget) contains the word *essen* (to eat). Eating is a source of energy and so too is the act of forgetting, but in a different way and at a different level. By acts of forgetting we strengthen our formative forces.

When we know that the content of everyday consciousness does not vanish altogether but passes over in the darkness of night-consciousness into the body of formative forces, we shall endeavour not only to forget our mental pictures but to follow them. The Greeks called the region into which consciousness passes when the mental images are followed as they sink into the body in the act of forgetting: the world of the “sub-earthly Gods of the forge,” the world of the Cabiri. These Gods shape the forms of the organs. It is they who enable us to experience the body of etheric formative forces within the physical body. In waking consciousness this body of etheric formative forces holds fast in pictures, in memories and in mental images, what has been experienced in time. During the hours of sleep the body of formative forces builds up the physical body. When we know what this means, when we are courageous enough by night not only to forget our memory-pictures but also *ourselves*, our own “I,” leading the “I” by this act along the paths of forgetfulness into the depths of the bodily nature, then the meeting with the higher Ego takes place and we know the Angel who bears us from one life to the next. It is the Angel who unfolds the pictures of the forms of our individual body every night and also during the night that precedes earthly life, the night of pre-earthly existence.

This is not simply a teaching, it is an experience. Knowledge of this higher Being is only possible through experiences which entail the strengthening of forces of the soul. The night becomes a reality to those who need no longer regret the disappearance of mental pictures during sleep. Think for a moment not of one night but of many nights. We are living in the day that has been preceded by a night, the night by yesterday, yesterday again by a night. Moreover we dream, and we can learn to remember dream-life just as we remember the story of our waking hours. If for weeks and months we practise the remembrance of dreams, we shall find one day that this “night man” to whom we have learnt to look back, has become a reality. Indeed he begins to be a more real experience than the “day man.” By day we do our work and realise the existence of the “I.” But by night the “substance” on which the “I” actually lives, is formed. A process of nourishment takes place during the night whereby the life of the “I” is made possible.

To begin with, this experience is associated with one of fear.

For we discover within us the existence of another Being who is building us up, and courage is needed to bear this experience. Cultivation of these forces of courage enables us to unfold concrete ideas of the world by which the body in all its details is built up and to know that our individual destiny is weaving in our very muscles. The "bodily man" is perceived as fully formed destiny.

It is possible to pass into this unknown world with consciousness and to have such real contact with it that systematic methods can be developed for its penetration. But firstly we must unfold a conscious relation with our dreams; we must be able to remember them.

Many of us may have found that in trying to remember dreams, they elude us altogether. If we say to ourselves: "I want to remember my dream"—then the brain begins to operate and the very act of wishing to remember the dream obliterates it. But again, we may say: During the night I have been among higher Beings, among the formative Powers, but I have no desire to wrest them into the field of my everyday consciousness; I renounce this dream to the spiritual world and leave to the spiritual world what its grace will bestow upon my consciousness.—The moment this becomes our inner attitude, we shall be able to remember the dream. And at the same time we shall know in our own experience that this spiritual world is ruled by laws other than those of the world of sense.

When the Threshold leading from the day-consciousness to the night-consciousness has been crossed, everything is changed: activity becomes passivity, passivity becomes activity. Renunciation of remembrance becomes remembrance. In olden times, the Mystics and others who knew of these things in practical experience said that the soul must learn to renounce in order to gain knowledge of the higher worlds and to receive higher wisdom. It is only through exercises connected with the moral life that the soul can enter higher worlds. Activity of the moral life is necessary before the Threshold can be crossed and is the technique for discovering the path to the Spiritual. In order to make an experience truly our own, we must first renounce it.

There are other means too for the development of those forces of soul which enable us to penetrate the mystery of life. Ordinary thinking can be transformed. To begin with, thinking is shadowy. Few, perhaps, know in their own experience what a *pure thought* really is. There is a great difference between a "thought" (*Gedanke*) and a mental image (*Vorstellung*).

Mental images may be, for example, memory-pictures of things previously experienced. But a real, fully formed thought is imageless. In acts of sense-perception we live, during the life of day, in the world of waking consciousness. With our mental images we live, even during the experiences of the day, in a world of dream. With pure thoughts we live in a state of deep sleep, even in our day-consciousness. The power of thinking is difficult to grasp, for it lives within us as faculty only. For the most part we are content to live in a world of mental images. But if we can penetrate the world of deep sleep, then the power of the soul, the thought itself can be strengthened in such a way that the otherwise imageless thought becomes a picture, an Imagination. Imaginations of this nature are quite different from the mental pictures of ordinary waking consciousness which are pictures at rest. A table, as a mental image, is always a perfectly definite object—large, small, round, angular. We envisage the table

(continued in page 135)

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quite concretely and the picture remains at rest. The *thought* "table," however, includes every kind of table—round, angular, or whatever it may be. The thought is mobile and the mental image must become mobile too. In order to bring this movement into the pictures we must have the courage to be inwardly active. If we can think in mobile pictures, the mystery of life opens out before us. By direct perception we learn to understand the metamorphoses which take place in a plant as it grows. When we are able to pass with the world of sinking mental pictures into the realm of deep sleep, we experience the world of formative forces where our present body is first built up and given shape. We know the world of pre-existence and the being of Eternity who has found his way into this body.

We experience the world of ordinary waking consciousness through the instrument of our physical brain, indeed through the processes of *demolition* that take place within it and express themselves in the form of fatigue. But in Imagination we live *not* in the processes of demolition in the brain but in the formative forces of the etheric body. We think with the etheric brain—that is to say, when we consciously make use of it—indeed we think with the etheric forces of the whole of the body. These forces of the etheric body are not forces of demolition but of upbuilding and this upbuilding process extends not only over the nerves but over the whole organism.

The whole organism becomes an instrument of knowledge when the soul makes the transition from mental pictures to imaginative cognition. Imagination arises at those points in the consciousness where there are gaps in remembrance. Just as in a

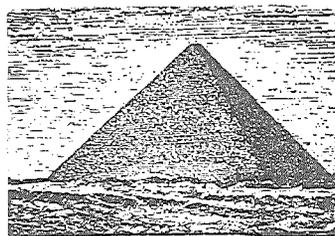
meadow we see, to begin with, only the grass and then the peeping flowers, so does Imagination appear through the gaps in remembrances.

When we think about these things we may say to ourselves, perhaps, that such thoughts help us to know something about the nature of the human soul.—They are interesting, but have they any application in practical life? They have indeed. Ordinary consciousness is only capable of analysis and dissection; it can only grasp the *dead* world, build machines, organise the economic systems of separate nations on such a basis that their existence has to be maintained by battling with other nations. World Economy cannot be developed without Imagination.

Life itself cannot be analysed nor built up from its single parts. Life is that in which every one of its smallest parts contains the formative forces of the whole. If the tiniest branch is placed into the soil of the Earth a whole tree will grow from it. Every part contains the forces of the whole. But this can be grasped only by Imaginative cognition.

World Economy *lives*, and for this reason cannot be understood without Imagination. Every economic measure adopted by a part influences the whole and the whole must be livingly comprehended in the part. Imaginative cognition alone is capable of this. Here we have the psychology of the World Economic crisis. Imagination alone can be of service. Solutions are possible only by an inner *evolution* of consciousness, not by outer revolution. The powers and forces of the soul must be strengthened because they are essential for the solving of social problems.

(To be continued)



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# Readers' Letters

## The Oxford Groups

Château Juan-les-Pins,  
Juan-les-Pins (A.M.).  
Feb. 24th.

To the Editor of MODERN MYSTIC.

SIR,

As a constant reader of your magazine may I, also, be allowed to say a few words in answer to Mr. Alan Watts' article on the Oxford Group and to a letter published in your February issue. Before going on I wish to state I am not a member of the Oxford Group, but have been interested to study the results they have obtained rather than their literature. My observations are addressed for reasons which I hope will be obvious.

After carefully reading Mr. Watts' article, I think his viewpoint may be summed up in his following remark: "All this may save civilisation from war and establish the brotherhood of man. But some of us would rather have civilisation perish in blood and fire than have to live on and endure such a brotherhood."

When Master Jesus, overshadowed by the Christ, came to give His Teaching in Jerusalem there were then, also, those who scornfully refused—perhaps through that most subtle form of egotism, spiritual pride—to listen to the "still small voice of Love" spoken in humble places. Should not students of the Secret Doctrine be the first to know the Teachings are given in the language that is needed, where and when it is needed?

Has it been overlooked that many children of the West cannot fathom the veiled idiom of the East? For them, in their modern world of "unadorned realism," a new language had to be found. Perhaps just that platitudinous cheeriness, so scathingly criticised, is necessary for what Mr. Watts terms their "awkward age." If indeed they be at this awkward age is that any less the reason—even if it offends the modestly declared sensitiveness of Mr. Watts' fastidious ear—that they should be deprived of a much needed spiritual impetus? At this time of internal and external strife, when the forces of destruction are utilising chaos and class hatreds to further their ends, this Group is proving its value where others, with the greater responsibility of knowledge, sit idle. May it not be that their value lies in the fact that they speak in the scorned language of the masses? Perhaps it were better to close those too sensitive ears—unfortunately, it would seem, cut off by the intellect from the Voice of the Heart—from contact with what may well be inspired by One Who was not too proud to stoop to simple words, to simple people, to accomplish His Will for the Brotherhood of Man.

Admittedly this crude modern version "works."

And who is Mr. Watts to deny that "Wherever two or three are gathered in My Name, there am I in the midst of them"? Or is it for him to choose the place and limit the means?

For such as those who prefer to rely on "dignified ritual"—as an occultist Mr. Watts should be aware this same ritual is even now obsolete and being used by the forces of destruction—instead of active Service through the Heart, they may indeed, if that be their wish, awake some day to find they have perished in "blood and fire" rather than "live on and endure such a brotherhood"—truly a "peculiar state of mind"!

"Judge not that ye be not judged."

ALSO A READER.

## Mr. Watts Replies

To the Editor, THE MODERN MYSTIC.

SIR,

Your correspondent "Also a Reader" has written a particularly beautiful letter, and, if it had any relation to the facts, I should be forced to withdraw my remarks and stand very thoroughly corrected. But I cannot see any clear connection between the Oxford Groups of his letter and the Oxford Groups of reality, as they are to be found in London and the various university centres of this country.

I think I ought, first of all, to clarify the passage from my article quoted in the second paragraph of his letter. Naturally I do not mean that I would rather civilisation should perish than have to live on and endure a real brotherhood of mankind wherein all "loved their neighbours as themselves." But the Groups do not seem to constitute his brotherhood, nor even to be working towards it. Of course, I, in my spiritual pride, may not be able to perceive any humble awakening of the brotherhood of man in these gatherings in country houses and expensive hotels for the mutual retching up of the less savoury contents of the human mind. I may be superior and fastidious, but surely it is a mistake to confuse the humble with the vulgar and dirty. But I still maintain that it is dirty for young people to group together for these pathological analyses of their souls, and that the whole tone of their propaganda is vulgar. And figs will not grow on thistles.

If these things had really come to pass in "humble places," I should have written a very different article. But I feel your correspondent is wholly mistaken in regarding the Groups as a movement for the great masses of the people, speaking to them in their own language. Compared with the language of the Groups the talk of peasants and working men is the sweetest music of a genuine simplicity quite unlike this cheap, sophisticated jargon which is the sorry attempt of "superior people" to be simple. For the Groups are not recruited from the masses to any great degree. When they tried to "convert London" they worked in Mayfair rather than Hoxton, and their members consist mainly of university students, young people of the middle classes and that sprinkling of rich people which is to be found in almost any curious cult. These people, I feel, ought to know better. If they want to influence the masses, they should work with Toc H, the Salvation Army, the Catholic Church or any other movement that is doing real hard work among the poor. But for the most part the Groups find favour among supposedly educated youths and so absorb them in "drawing-room religion" that they neglect their proper work.

The "still, small voice of Love" is certainly being spoken in humble places, but not by the Groups, whose voice is neither small nor still. To hear it one should go to such people as the Methodist minister who talks at lunch hours on Tower Hill—not to the "hearties" at Brown's Hotel, Dover Street, W.1.

Your correspondent asks who made me a judge over the Groups. The answer is, "Nobody," for I am simply the advocate (for the prosecution); the Judgment we leave to a Higher Law, and if that decides against me, well, I must be wrong.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

ALAN W. WATTS.

Chislehurst, Kent.

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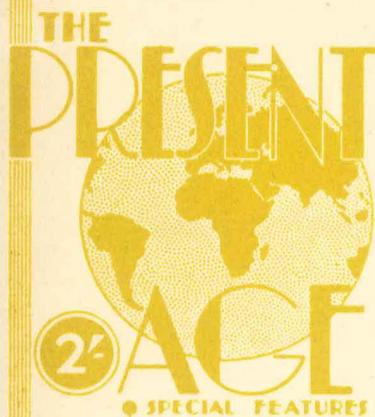
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