



# ***REINCARNATION***

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## *THE STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS*

“On the summit of the Capitoline Hill in Rome stands a bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The moonlight glistens upon traces of the gilding which once covered both rider and steed; these are almost gone, but the aspect of dignity is still perfect, clothing the figure as it were with an imperial robe of light. It is the most majestic representation of the kingly character that ever the world has seen. A sight of the old heathen emperor is enough to create an evanescent sentiment of loyalty even in a democratic bosom, so august does he look, so fit to rule, so worthy of man’s profoundest homage and obedience, so inevitably attractive of his love. He stretches forth his hand with an air of grand beneficence and unlimited authority, as if utter-

ing a decree from which no appeal is permissible, but in which the obedient subject would find his highest interests consulted, a command that is itself a benediction.

"The sculptor of this statue knew what a king should be . . . and knew, likewise, the heart of mankind, and how it craves a true ruler, under whatever title, as a child its father.

"Oh, if there were but one such man as this . . . one such man in an age, and one in all the world; then how speedily would the strife, wickedness, and sorrow of us poor creatures be relieved. We would come to him with our griefs, whatever they might be . . . ."

*From "The Marble Faun," by Hawthorne.*

### THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE

A sort of brief symposium called *Living Philosophies* has been published by Simon and Schuster of New York, which bears as authors many imposing contemporary names such as Albert Einstein, Sir James Jeans, Sir Arthur Keith, J. B. S. Haldane, Dean W. R. Inge and John Dewey. Of these John Dewey is easily the foremost.

Even the formulation of the enquiries set before these intellectual giants was a formidable task as suggesting the enquiries worthy of our august hour of achievement. The philosopher John Dewey easily leads. He feels that men of our day should demand a solution of our problems out of our own experience.

Could Professor Dewey have anticipated the very extraordinary answer that he might have found in the *Chicago Tribune* of May 25, 1930?



There we find how Prof. Compton has been able to show out of his X-ray studies the easy possibility of fortuitous results of X-ray discharges that may wholly evade prediction.

This result of Prof. Compton shows that the possibility of nature is of a peculiar freedom, that the element of chance in the actual results of chemical reactions remains a reality. The philosopher finds here the fact that the older rigidity of law has no place in reality. The older idea of that rigidity gives place to the possibility of chance outcomes that offers freedom within law.

Science triumphs in this that it is through direct scientific observation that it is now shown that direct observation is not infallible, shown that there are variables which are not wholly rigid. The old notion that scientific laws are rigid is in error, leaving room for those variations which will enable nature to correct herself.

"Let us allow a beam of X-rays to pass horizontally through a column of air. We shall place above this air column an electrical counter which will respond when a single electron enters it. An amplifier is connected with the counter, and this is connected through a switch to a stick of dynamite placed under the apparatus. Similarly, below the air column we place a second counter, connected through a second amplifier to a magnet which can open the switch of the first circuit.

"What now will be the effect of turning on the X-rays? If the first electron is thrown upward into the first counter the resulting impulse after amplification will explode the dynamite and destroy the apparatus. If, however, the first electron is ejected into the second counter, the resulting impulse will excite the magnet that pulls the switch, and the apparatus is no longer in danger of being destroyed.



"It is essentially impossible for us to predict whether the outcome of the process will be the pulling of the switch or the destruction of the apparatus. The result is really a matter of chance.

"It seems probable, as Prof. Ralph Lillie has pointed out, that the deliberate actions of living organisms are events of this kind.

"There is strong evidence that such non-physical things as thoughts and motives are effective in determining the individual actions of men and animals.

"In fact, most persons consider their ability to determine a course of action according to their motives to be an experimental fact. Those who deny such freedom of choice do so primarily because of its conflict with the supposed uniformity of the physical world. We have just seen, however, that modern physics suggests instead non-uniformity of action as the rule for a complex physical organism, such as man, which removes this hoary difficulty with free will.

"It is possible that such non-physical characteristics as the thought processes of a man or animal may in some way be able to choose between their various physically possible courses of action. Such a suggestion is consistent with the known physical law. The new physics does not suggest a solution of how mind acts on matter. It does definitely, however, admit the possibility of such an action and suggests where such action may take effect.

"It seems that this unreliability of the physical world, of which the physicist has only recently become aware, is necessary if such non-physical things as thoughts and notices are to have any relation to the physical world. In other words, it is only because the world in a physical sense is not wholly reliable that it can have any human meaning.

"The elementary events which compose any ordinary action have about them an essential indefiniteness. For such actions as those of living organisms the end result is not definitely defined by the physical conditions. This leaves room for an effective intelligence."

W. V-H.

*EL GRECO*

It is usual in writing of any great man, whether of to-day or of the past, to give first some facts of his antecedents, his parentage, his birthplace and date. One would naturally say, he was born at such and such a place, on such a day; his father was—et cetera. But there have been certain great personages who have come upon the human stage shrouded in mystery. Whence did they come; how did they arrive? No one seems to know. Rumors there are—many—contradictory and fantastic, but of actual data there is none. These mysterious personages have made their entrances, played their parts, which in some instances, such as the Count St. Germain, have been leading roles in the current drama. And when the play was done they have in some cases apparently died in the orthodox manner, or have disappeared as they came, unannounced and alone.

The appearance of Dominico Theotocopuli, known to his contemporaries and to the modern world as El Greco, was one of these mysteries. What little he had to say of himself threw no light upon his life, previous to his first recorded appearance in Rome about 1570. His contemporaries, either out of respect for his own reticence, or because of the paucity of information have left practically no data. Whether there were those among his associates who suspected that behind the outward appearance there might be a great Being, who for purposes of his own chose to assume a personality through which certain



work could be accomplished, we can not know. But in our time it is beginning to be understood somewhat that members of the Great Hierarchy, which constitutes the Inner Government of the world, have made their appearance upon the human stage and assumed roles for the helping of the world.

As a mighty vibrating power El Greco came to Spain about 1575, and in his strange and fascinating work the Spanish school first claims universal attention and challenges the master painters of the world.

If external happenings were all, the first great and most original painter of the Spanish school would remain an unexplained personality, so meager are the known facts of his life. His very name is uncertain. Whence he came or why has never been established.

The first recorded information is found in a letter to Cardinal Farnese Viterbo written by Julio Clorio, himself an artist, in 1570, in which he asks for the cardinal's patronage for a "young man from Candia, a disciple of Titian, who in my opinion is a painter of rare talent; among other things he has painted a portrait of himself which causes wonderment to all the painters of Rome."

Here we have what seems to be a clear statement of some previous Venetian training, but careful search among the records does not reveal the name Dominico Theotocopuli or even El Greco among the pupils of Titian, and the portrait mentioned has completely disappeared. As to his being from Candia, no record of his baptism



has ever been found; no mention of his name appears either in the parochial books of the numerous Greek colonies, or in the Cretan archives saved, and carried to Venice at the time of the Turkish conquest. No clew has been discovered which gives any knowledge of El Greco's parents, nor is any informaton of his life to be found, previous to that given in the letter by Clorio.

That he lately came from Greece might be inferred from his knowledge of the Greek language and from his name. As to his age, Clorio remarked to him when El Greco was painting his portrait, "You must be about twenty-seven, I think." To which El Greco ambiguously replied "About," and painted on. It is presumed that El Greco remained in Rome for about five years as the records show that he decorated the church of Santo Domingo el Antigna, in Toledo, in the year 1575. This record and others of the inventories of the palaces, the registers of Toledo, and the indices of public writings, give his name as Dominico Greco, and this name is given in the recently found item of his burial. He, however, signed his pictures Domenico Theotocopuli, as also his contracts for work in Toledo. To his intimates, however, and to the modern world, he is El Greco,—The Greek.

That he always signed his name in Greek—that mysterious name, Theotocopuli, Bird of God—might be another point of connection with Greece. His pictures, a lawsuit with the Chapter of Toledo Cathedral and certain contracts and receipts are all the data extant of El Greco's

life in Toledo, except a few letters of one or two of his contemporaries which give all to be found of an intimate character, in regard to his outer life. His pictures are an undying record of part, at least, of his inner life.

A little book written by Rafael Domenech, director of the Museum of Decorative Art of Madrid, gives us a fascinating picture of the house of El Greco, which has been restored in recent years, as nearly as possible, to the condition in which it was when occupied by El Greco. In the introduction Signor Domenech bids us "pause, while in the house of El Greco, to dream," "for after all," he says, "all life itself is such stuff as dreams are made of."

This house, at first the palace of Samuel Levy, the Jewish favorite of Pedro I, of Castile, was afterward the dwelling of Don Enrique de Aragon, nobleman, man of letters, artist and necromancer, known in legend and story as the Marquis of Villena. Strange stories and fantastic legends cluster around this spot, to which came El Greco, about the year 1585. Whence, nobody knows, he came to occupy the principal apartments above the vaults which were the storehouses for the treasures of Samuel Levy and the laboratories of alchemy and sorcery of the Marquis of Villena.

It was here that he painted most of his pictures. And those pictures, valued as great in his own time, overlooked for some generations later, have been rediscovered in our own time, placed among the masterpieces of the world, and heralded as the beginning of our modern school



of painting. El Greco was the first to express in intellectualized symbols the great fact of the dynamic balance of the world.

There are distortions and illusions that are occult in nature itself. Forms warp each other; curves bend straight lines and vice-versa; angles attract or repel each other. These are well established laws of optics, which painters have usually disregarded, but these distortions are an expression of a dynamic world. Nothing is inert, just so much bulk; everything is in stress and vibration.

El Greco is said to be the first painter who has expressed in his work this great fact, and to him this came as a growing ability. His early work was done very much in the Venetian manner and has been likened to that of Paul Veronese, but while quite in the Venetian technique, it yet had an individuality and a difference. With a subtlety of vision not heretofore shown in painting he used muted tones, smoky blacks and dingy whites, which expressed the delicate bloom which light casts on different objects, a method later used by Velasquez in Spain and our own Whistler.

As he got away more and more from the Venetian method, El Greco's handling of color became loose and feathery, suggesting the changing aspect of nature in a way not possible with the solid, well-considered method of the Venetian school. His technique was more subtle and suggested the character rather than the actual representation of an object. In this he is said to have been a man made for a time in the future. And in this his art showed no Grecian influence.



While versed in the literature of Greece, as the contents of his library showed, his art was in no way influenced by Greek tradition, which was one of proportion, measure and balance. El Greco's art was perturbed, violent and at times seemingly careless in execution.

This carelessness, however, we find from letters of Pacheco, a contemporary artist, was a studied one, an effort to acquire a freedom of style and was accomplished by constant repainting. "Who will believe me," writes Pacheco, "if I say that Domenico Greco sets his hand to his canvases many and many times over, that he worked upon them again and again, but to leave the colors crude and unblent in great blots as a boastful display of his dexterity." One would have to take issue with Pacheco as to the reason for the retouching and the fact of it as a method for acquiring freedom and breadth of style is most interesting and that that was the purpose of it, is attested by Pacheco himself in another passage. "El Greco," he affirms, "believed in constant repainting and retouching in order to make the broad masses tell flat as in nature." In another place Pacheco speaks of El Greco as "a great philosopher, of witty sayings, who wrote about painting, sculpture and architecture."

The search for composition, for perfectly arranged form in three dimensions has been the impelling force of all great pictorial art, and El Greco, with perhaps Giotto, Tintoretto and Rubens, is the greatest of all painters among the old masters, who strove to give form an abstract and emotional force, illustrating that a picture

must have organization primarily and representation of natural objects secondarily, which is the fundamental tenet of modern artistic composition.

The exaggeration of form, amounting sometimes to distortion, in the later style of El Greco, was for purpose of decorative effect, for enforcing character or often a combination of both.

It is said of him that with the penetration of an alien observer he caught the spirit and soul of the Catholicism and of the high bred chivalry of Castile in the Spain of his time. His whole art as it changed and developed under Spanish influence was built upon observed facts. The type of his figures both in portraiture and in his religious paintings, reproduced the type of humanity around him; the long lean bodies and the high narrow heads, a type which is still found in Spain.

Like his contemporary Cervantes he exaggerated this type, but out of sympathy with its high enthusiasm, not in ridicule as did Cervantes. But each of these men, from his own viewpoint, caught the real soul of the Spanish race as did no other of their time.

This exaggeration of form on the part of El Greco, so characteristic of his art, was a mannerism, an expression of his personality. No artist could render form with more regard for its plastic qualities or better understood or valued it, but this exaggeration was a striving for the expression of movement. This liberty of composition was only gradually evolved as he departed more and more from the Venetian



technique. The Assumption of the Virgin in the Art Institute of Chicago is a fine example of El Greco's early style. In its treatment of forms and composition it is entirely in the Venetian manner, the types of the apostles, however, show the Spanish type and the draperies are handled in a broader and more plastic manner and the coloring is different from the Venetian school. A companion piece to this, an Immaculate Conception, painted some years later, is considered by the critics to be far superior. In it the Virgin is said by a modern critic to be, "a mystic being soaring upward through clouds of glory, her body like a torch burning in a steady flame of adoration."

As the types in the paintings became more Spanish, there was also a change in the coloring. It seems a sort of dematerialization. The richness, the mundane splendor of the Venetian painters, was replaced by cool, austere harmonies. Warm color became rare. Color for the effects of pageantry disappeared and is only found where it will accent some spiritual significance. With this new color scheme the paintings of El Greco took on a suggestion of abstraction, mystical and exalted. His lightning effects are sometimes confusing, but give to each part of the picture life and movement. "His pictures," a critic has said, "are all visions, even his portraits are visions of men's souls." These portraits are always psychologically expressive. He painted grand, pale faces against a sombre background, isolated usually, by a white ruff, from the black bodies on which the white nervous hands stand



out. In his later style El Greco's work became an epitome of the Spanish character, with its passionate personality, its dramatic power, its surprises and its strange contradictions.

It is primarily the character of personality which has gained for El Greco the acclaim of the modern world. He departed from tradition and followed his own mannerisms to the limit. His genius was a rejective more than a creative force, a refusal of limitations. The secret of his power was his ability "to suggest the reality of vision that is based on realism." This gave to his pictures the union of realism and idealism. He has given to the world a perfect picture of the spiritual unrest of his time. His saints have the look of inward struggle and a spiritual ecstasy and while varied in type they all have the quality of transcendental elevation. It is said of him, "Spain drew forth his genius and in return he expressed the spiritual aspect of Spain as no other has done. He was the seer, the diviner, who not only mirrored the external character of his time, but also realized its soul." It was not the Spain of the Inquisition which he painted but the Spain of the mystics.

"The Burial of the Count of Orgaz" with its attendant miracle is considered to be El Greco's greatest work. It was painted for the Church of San Torre in Toledo, where it still hangs. A description in part of this picture by a Spaniard, Senor Unamuno says: "The cavaliers of the burial are silent, as silent as the Count of Orgaz who is to be buried. Only their hands speak, the winged hands which El Greco painted.

One can call them winged as Homer used the word. One must listen to them, those winged hands, poised upon the breasts of the cavaliers and of the saints, or fluttering in fantastic fore-shortenings. There is one that seems a mystic dove, above the corpse of the Count of Orgaz, as if to salute it in its departure from the world."

Father Siguenza, a contemporary of El Greco, has left some letters in which he writes of El Greco as an extraordinary man, living with pomp and luxury. Records would seem to show that there was a period during which El Greco enjoyed the patronage of both the King and the Inquisition and did have in some degree a time of opulence, but later his handling of religious subjects did not meet with the approval of either and his fortunes declined. At his death he seems to have left only his books and two hundred unfinished paintings, which would be priceless to-day, but which were of little value then. The list of books, as indicative of a man of culture is most interesting, comprising as it did the Greek classics, the old and new Testaments, books on painting and architecture and some few romances in the vernacular. Father Siguenza states that he made a visit to El Greco in 1611 and was shown a closet full of clay models used by El Greco in his work and the originals on smaller canvases of every picture which he had ever painted. These, he said, were collected by El Greco's son Jorge Manuel. This son was born in 1578, his mother being Doria Jeromina de las Cueras. Nowhere is Doria Jeromina spoken of as the wife of El Greco, but there is



some reason to believe that the lack of the marriage ceremony, if any, was due to a ban set upon El Greco on account of some trouble which he had with the Inquisition because of his connections with the Greek Church, which would render any offspring of such a marriage of impure blood. Without marriage, the son would have his inheritance from the mother, Doria Jeromina being of high birth. She was in all seeming a devoted wife and Jorge Manuel a well loved son. He received instruction from his father, was an artist of some ability and an able architect. He completed one of his father's paintings after his death.

Elizabeth Du Gue Trapier in an article on El Greco says of him: "Ignoring contemporary opinion, scornful of criticism, following no school, El Greco stands alone, isolated by his genius, his independence and his stormy spirit. . . . It is recorded that when the Inquisition accused him of controverting certain canonical rules in some of his pictures, he had the courage—and it took courage in those days—to defy it and to bring suit against the powerful institution and he won his case! There is a striking difference between El Greco's religious pictures and the Spanish Catholic conception of the same thing, which is especially noticeable in the Crucifixion now in the Louvre. This has a special place in the artist's works, because of its balanced composition, its absolute simplicity of design and its harmonious color; Christ upon the Cross is here a symbol of redemption, not the dying Lord. His body is finely modeled; there is nothing to



suggest death. There is a superb tranquility about the figure. It is the Christ triumphant even upon the Cross."

El Greco is said to have died in 1614. The papers regarding his death are said to be the only really authentic records extant. In his will it is said he decreed that he be buried in Santo Domingo, for which church he painted his first pictures in Spain. In 1618 it is recorded that Jorge Manuel applied for permission to remove his father's body to the monastery of San Torquato, but the records do not show what was really done.

His pictures with dates and signatures, the lawsuit with the Chapter of the Toledo Cathedral, certain contracts and receipts are all the data extant of El Greco's life. In the course of the lawsuit mentioned he replied that he was not obliged to say why he came to Toledo. But he brought to Toledo the great gift of his art and there he left for all the world the beginning of new methods. These methods are being studied to-day in that western hemisphere, which was only just found in his day, as the best expression of its free and broad culture. It is as if, with more than ordinary prescience, the Great Master saw the coming day.

*Maud G. McDonald.*



*THE MIND AS THE SELF*

When man comes to do or accomplish something there is a sudden seizure, a swift taking possession of itself, of all that which seems objective to itself by itself. The man must be "at himself," self-conscious before he essays to strike a fateful blow.

It is this dominance of the self by the self that is for many a matter of difficulty. When great acts are to be performed many rehearsals are needed beforehand. For that reason much of our time should be spent in pretending that we are doing what we are going to do.

Nature seems to require us to do this in what may, in one sense be felt to be an awesome process. Reincarnation is of all processes perhaps the most a matter of repetition. So older souls are those that have done the thing over and over and have had the practice that they needed to give the needed skill.

All students of the Divine Wisdom desperately need practice. They need lives of this practice, to give themselves any worthiness when the supreme teacher would use them.

For there are grades or degrees of yoga. In minor degrees of His expenditure of His sacred force we should try strongly to truly accomplish the ideal, hoping for more success with succeeding efforts.

Who does not long for and anticipate the great moment when the first act shall be cast into the bronze that he would strike as his own!

Hence all great critics have told us that the genius is only the man who has worked very



hard. But such critics forget that the one who inspires is he who from above at last adds the fairy spark.

Subjects we need not wait for long! In other words we may not be wasting time and effort when we are writing on commonplace themes. We may be doing those repetitive acts which we gain strength and exactness through after doing.

But it is good to refine our gold by often reheating and often melting, to cast away the dross. Yet it is better not to be too destructively critical of our own works.

Of course the one who works can be helped; the one who will not work cannot be helped.

Again one who cannot at once find the exalted topic but seeks it may easily be given the needed direction when he least expects it, if only he often tries.

With a growing world population of illuminati we can be confident that each generation will need to be the teachers, the inspirers of their own time. And the ever more refined truth will always need to be proclaimed.

W. V-H.

### *THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS*

Just now the letters of John Keats, which have not had printing for a century, are again off the press in a new and carefully revised edition, with new found letters previously not included in the printing. What an impression Keats made on the world! The son of a man of low degree, and a victim of tuberculosis, finally to succumb to the lingering type of the disease, the memory

of the poet's life and his work has deeply impressed the English speaking world. A few of his poems are immortal—many give them place beside some of Shakespeare's.

The prose of the Letters of Keats has high value because the poet discusses with his friends many of his views of poetry and æsthetics. He denies that the poet is inspired, but feels that the developed man only realizes himself in his poems.

Especially is it interesting that Keats speaks freely of his great love of beauty. He is didactic in this respect. The growth of this love and its effects must profoundly influence the soul, its development and its qualities. Indeed Keats himself is one of the rare ones of earth in his love of pure beauty, almost detached from the objects with which it is associated. And the best of his poems seem almost free from objective association.

This most recent edition of Keats' letters gives us, naturally, those letters which describe the visit of Keats to the north of England and the "Lake Region" there. The description of the journey is not overburdened with the grief of the dying poet. It is full of aspiration, of brilliant thought and of helpfulness. His relations with the poet Wadsworth are interesting and touch on the amusing fact that the poets occupied opposing political vantage ground.

The letters are lightened on the one side by the poet's wish to spare his friends, but weighted by the thought that he is traveling at least in part to improve his health.



The lovable character of Keats has long endeared him to his readers; this notable edition of the Letters brings us nearer to him than ever. At least look it up in the public library.

What a comfort to conceive of Keats' return to life, in an artistic role!

W. V-H.

### *THE POET'S ATMOSPHERE*

How little we can separate from the works of a great poet the personality in which he lived while he composed them! So, materially minded men must know every small fact about the lives of great men as if we could somehow extract something to bring us nearer to their being. As if the details of Einstein's daily life might give us glimpse of his soul and of his colossal mathematics.

Nearer to the reality, and a part of the poetry is the poet's very atmosphere of poesy. Acquaintance with Shakespeare in this sense gives us intimacy with his views of scenery, his personnel of men and women, his choice of street scene and his modes of performing the common acts of life. His heroes seem to live in Athens a little in the same general quality of existence as that they pursued in Denmark. There is a splendor of his kings, a dignity of his queens that almost seems of a remote kinship. Prof. Makail calls this the atmosphere of Shakespeare. The kinds of superhuman beings he invokes are of a certain common general type.

So, when you have once read the plays and the sonnets of the great poet, you have acquired a sort of inner manner or atmosphere of him that will always be of utmost service to you in your further study. You can move from that known atmosphere into the new fields of experience that await you.

Thus if you could follow the great poet into a farther Hamlet of him, would you not find a remoter and ever loftier part of his being that he has not thus far disclosed to you? It seems that there must be there conceptions a-many that represent drop-curtains of mentality far more lofty than any we have encountered before, available to you as would be, for the mathematician, the mechanism of long familiar acquired knowledge of axioms, lemmas and special schemes of mathematical thought that, kept in the lumber room of the consciousness of your well-ordered Homeric mind, may be brought forth to illuminate with some dainty light just that certain corner which you knew as there—just as when you see the dawn a-breaking you recognize the same rosy fingers of the dawn that delighted both the ancient Greeks and their barbarian antagonists who were known to be parts of the poet's mechanics or materies to slay or be slain, as the play might demand.

What a mighty acquisition this "knowing Shakespeare," a liberal education all specially adjusted to the special needs of kindred spirits, like knowing St. Paul!

"My mind to me a kingdom is!" said De Foe.

W. V-H.



*WAS SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE  
INTUITIVE REGARDING SHAKESPEARE?*

If it be true that the eye perceives the light of the sun by properties of sunlight within itself, then it must be true that a thinker can only appreciate the true significance of a philosopher to the degree that he is a philosopher himself; and we should measure the intellect of Samuel Taylor Coleridge by the extent and profoundness of his study of Shakespeare, described by his own words in this ardent tribute:

O, when I think of the inexhaustible mine of virgin treasure in our Shakespeare, that I have been almost daily reading him since I was ten years old—that the thirty intervening years have been unintermittently and not fruitlessly employed in the study of, Greek, Latin, English, Spanish and German belle-lettrists, and the last fifteen years in addition, far more intensely in the analysis of the laws of life and reason as they exist in facts from history or my own observation, and in knowledge of the different laws of being and their apparent exceptions, from accidental collusion of disturbing forces—that at every new accession of information, after every successful exercise in meditation, and every fresh presentation of experience, I have unfailingly discovered a proportionate increase of wisdom and intuition in our Shakespeare.

One might deduce from these words indication of a natural transformation from amazement at the beauty, power and significance of the thoughts of Shakespeare, to perception that the nature of this genius was unique among men, and in this conviction, passing beyond intellectual boundaries to realization that the mind expressing itself in the plays, was unveiling but one episode of its

flamelike activity, unexplainable by comparison with the greatest intellects of the day.

One marvels at the faculty of Coleridge which guided him in the course of his long contemplation of Shakespeare and the background of his period, to rise, with seeming indifference to the clouds of controversy, soaring through them, as transient limitations serving their purpose, to the great sun, who used them to veil his glory that his children may be warmed, but not consumed.

It is in this vision that Coleridge sees the mind of the Shakespeare plays as a force, functioning as father and teacher, speaking through the English language to his children for many ages to come, and those of us, informed even in a slight degree with the identity of Shakespeare seem to be justified by the following quotations, on the assumption that intuition made apparent to Coleridge some of the missions of the Master who seemed Shakespeare.

Shakespeare never promulgates any party tenets. He is always the philosopher and the moralist, but at the same time with a profound veneration for all the established institutions of society, and for those classes which form the permanent elements of the state—especially never introducing a professional character, as such, otherwise than as respectable. If he must have any name, he should be styled a philosophical aristocrat, delighting in those hereditary institutions which have a tendency to bind one age to another, and in that distinction of ranks, of which although few may be in possession, all enjoy the advantages.

Here we have something that comes close to a description of custodian of social institutions.



Shakespeare is of no age. It is idle to endeavor to support his phrases by quotations from Ben Johnson, Beaumont & Fletcher etc. His language is entirely his own, and the younger dramatists imitated him. The construction of Shakespearean sentences, whether in verse or prose, is the necessary and homogeneous vehicle of his peculiar manner of thinking. His is not the style of the age. More particularly, Shakespearean blank verse is an absolutely new creation.

It will not be disputed that one language may possess advantages which another does not enjoy; and we may state with confidence that English excels all other languages in the number of its practical words.

In English I find that which is possessed by no other modern language, and which as it were, appropriates it to the drama. It is a language made out of many, and it has consequently many words, which originally had the same meaning; but in the progress of society these words have gradually assumed different shades of meaning.

*In truth, English may be called the harvest of the unconscious wisdom of various nations and was not the formation of any particular time, or assemblage of individuals.*

These are strange observations from a man who is not acknowledged to have known of the Master's guardianship of the English language, which, as Coleridge perceives it, appears to have been persistently influenced from a remote inception to become the most appropriate possible vehicle for ideas which would exalt and mould the minds of men.

It may strike some as singular that throughout all his productions he has never introduced the passion of avarice. The truth is that it belongs only to particular parts of our nature, and is prevalent only in particular states of society; hence it could not and cannot, be permanent. How admirably then did Shakespeare foresee,

that if he drew such a character it could not be permanent. He drew characters which would always be natural, and therefore permanent, inasmuch as they were not dependent upon accidental circumstance.

Shakespeare entered into no analysis of the passions or faiths of men but assured himself that such and such passions were grounded in our common nature and not in the mere accidents of ignorance or disease. This is an important consideration, and constitutes our Shakespeare the morning star, the guide and pioneer, of true philosophy.

Here he gives startling evidence of his apprehension of the Master's possible intention that the plays persist for many ages as parabolic poems of educational value as well as dramas of flaming beauty. Was it for this reason that Shakespeare used old and, to the people, familiar plots of the Romance period as canvases to brush on, in resplendent colors the background and action incident to the lessons of the plays, which Coleridge feels were intended to be suggestions of the greatest moral value and declares, as an illustration

The point to which Shakespeare directed himself in Hamlet was to impress upon us the truth, that action is the chief end of existence—that no faculties of intellect, however brilliant, can be considered valuable, if they withdraw us from, or render us repugnant to action, and lead us to think and think of doing, until the time has elapsed when we can do anything effectually.

Another curious record of Coleridge's, in the light of occult associations, is the following observation of the unity underlying the thoughts of Plato and Shakespeare:

It is truly singular that Plato, whose philosophy and religion were but exotic at home, and a mere opposition of the finite in all things, genuine prophet and antic-



ipator as he was of the Christian Protestant Era, should have given in his *Dialog of The Banquet* a justification of our Shakespeare.

For he relates that, when all the other guests had either dispersed or fallen asleep, Socrates only, together with Aristophanes and Agathon, remained awake, and that while he continued to drink with them out of a large golden goblet, he compelled them, but most reluctantly, to admit that it was the business of one and the same genius to excel in tragic and comic poetry, or that the tragic poet ought, at the same time, to contain within himself the powers of comedy.

Now as this was directly repugnant to the entire theory of the ancient critics, and contrary to all their experience, it is evident that Plato must have fixed the eye of his contemplation on the innermost essentials of the drama, abstracted from the forms of age or country.

After these golden years of meditation on Shakespeare, it is not surprising that Coleridge came to regard him as fixed in a superior realm, forever reflecting light, dearer to Coleridge than that of his eyes, and it was his happiness to seek expression for the glory that is Shakespeare by such phrases as:

If Shakespeare be the wonder of the ignorant, he is and ought to be, much more the wonder of the learned; not only from profundity of thought, but from his astonishing and intuitive knowledge of what man must be at all times, and under all circumstances, he is rather to be looked upon as a prophet than as a poet.

Shakespeare, himself a nature humanized, a genial understanding directing self-consciously a power and an implicit wisdom deeper even than our consciousness.

It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view;

himself meanwhile unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement which had resulted from the energetic fervor of his own spirit, in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated.

There's such a divinity doth hedge our Shakespeare round, that we cannot even imitate his style. I tried to imitate his style in the "Remorse" and when I had done, I found I had been tracking Beaumont & Fletcher and Massinger instead. It is really very curious—. No one has ever yet produced one scene, conceived and expressed in the Shakespearean idiom. I suppose it is because Shakespeare is universal, and in fact, has no *manner*, just as you can so much more readily copy a picture than Nature herself.

Shakespeare is the Spinozistic deity—an omnipresent creativeness.

It was not the nurse in Romeo and Juliet nor the Dogberry in another of his productions that we admired, but it was the poet himself, assuming these shapes, and exhibiting under these forms all the force and magnitude of Proteus, in the elegant mythology of the ancients, who became either a sea or a lion: but under these and the multitudinous resemblances he assumed, retaining always the awful character of the divinity.

*Eleonore de los Ruelos.*

### H. P. BLAVATSKY — A CENTENARY 1831-1931

We are justified in thinking of our H. P. Blavatsky as of a hundred years. The period belonging to H. P. B., and it still belongs to him, for he, with a different, and, now a male body, is a continuing unbroken consciousness memory. The splendor of that continuity of self is the



greatest of all human dignities. It is that greatness of the self which, in early years, saw the meaning of all that she comprehended of the younger gods, of Those of Whom she saw herself becoming one. Counting herself as of no value, she threw herself upon the splendor of the infinite, where she has now found herself to be of that value of zero which, given even the smallest of positive numerals she joins with the infinite. She joins with her Master, to make a one—a blazing splendor of unity.

But now H. P. B. attracts others. A new group is formed and a new tetrahedron must be outlined in the heavens.

Many others must follow—new groupings, new splendors leading off and upward into the heavens.

*W. V-H.*

### UNIVERSAL YOGA

We are all parts of the union of all things, all creatures, all creators. We are in their consciousness as they are in ours. If we could only direct our consciousness into theirs and if we could then strike some bell-tone there we could communicate with them and assure them of our activity of being and of interest.

What is that universal tie that binds all into one? Is it a living tie? Is it quick? Could it be itself caused to respond—like a tense string ready to vibrate?

The living character of nature, of prakriti, assures us that we need only to seek that consciousness within, and we shall find the universal creator and sustainer—Jupiter.

*W. V-H.*

*DRINK LIFE TO THE DREGS!*

Does some bitterness remain in the heart of things! The Greeks harped so much on the dire, the bitter, the pursuing fiends of Fate that their attitude and their mode of life acceptance are everywhere known of men. Their grace of living life has charmed the intervening ages. What a daring challenge did the poet sing who cried out, "Who is more cruel to us than thou, O God?" Was this not the graceful Roman, Horace? What was the reply? Thus far the response is a mere reverberation. All artists reply in terms of music and of grace, for such is that reflection which comes as the babe's reply of the universal to the universal query. Abstract beauty seeks to find some worthy universal form which is in itself a failure, is negation.

Charles Reade's hero prepared absinthe, wormwood with which to end life when failure of life's purpose bade end. But, unexpectedly, fickle life momentarily forgetful, smiled. Then Reade, the artist, replying to life made the character flavor his next drink with but one drop of absinthe. So the artist writer, poetes, saluted the Supreme Artist, mocking the bitter poison in life by flavoring with bitterness the expanse of life purity with the tiniest mocking non-lethal drop of poison!

The placard reads—*jest with bitterness!* We must drink life to the bitter end then, drink the last drop with the smile of recognition that says, Although you are there, recognized, saluted, you are not the true reality!

THE ARTIST — THE LOGOS — O — TRUTH!

W. V-H.



### EDITING AND REVIEWING THE DAY

Permanent records of the days of our lives are made, generally speaking, in rather hap-hazard fashion. We may determine at the beginning of the day to be constantly aware and in control of our actions, feelings and thoughts. This we cannot always do: we are affected by the actions, feelings and thoughts of others which sometimes coming upon us suddenly draw us into veritable whirlpools of thoughts and feelings.

Should we continue to determine and to make effort and then when the day is done, again come to the realization that we have not accomplished one small part of what we wanted to do? Assuredly! Again and again!

But there is something more to be done. One may review the day. Had you ever thought about the resemblance between editing and reviewing the day? In editing we revise, correct and arrange the material before us. In reviewing the day corrections and modifications can be made by sometimes negating and sometimes reaffirming our thoughts of the day. In so doing we can re-write the record of our days in the book of life more to our purpose than we might have done at the moment.

*Mabel M. Martin.*

### BIRTH CONTROL

The great religious authorities of some of the Roman Catholic and of the protestant groups have made their pronouncements on the subject of birth-control and related topics.

The Roman Catholics stand on the same ground they have occupied for ages. They flatly reject all physical body interference with reproduction, their priests refusing to sanction the removal of such structures although they may threaten life.

On the other hand the Protestant clergy have adopted astonishingly free resolutions, leading many devoted clergymen to question their wisdom. The problem raises the question of asceticism and its value as against convenience, self-interest and self indulgence.

The problems of karma and its principles present themselves to us everywhere in these mazes. Motives have high value in such decisions in the dread realm of the Lords of Karma.

*W. V-H.*

### *AN APPEAL*

With this issue of our small magazine we appeal for your interest in it and in its work. The period is one of great interest and importance. We are assured that unusually great forces play through the world's life on many accounts. The advent of the world-teacher coincides with the turn in the age, a moment when all the forces of nature are being applied with intensive energy. All efforts are being made to give their action effectiveness.

Let us make every effort to heighten our energy and the enthusiasm of our labors.

We need to quicken our efforts both in extending our fields and cultivating growth in them.



## FIELD NOTES

Mr. Karl Riedel, for many years the *Legion* Representative for Austria, resigned from this position, and on his recommendation Mr. Max E. Eder has been appointed to lead the Austrian work. Mr. Eder has added about sixty new names to the membership roll.

The secretary of the *Legion* Group in Hollywood sends the following report for the year 1931:

"We now have a membership of fifty-seven resident in Los Angeles and three non-resident. Nine new members have been added to our group during the year. The average attendance at meetings has been twenty-five. We welcomed many visitors during the year.

At one meeting about sixty-eight were present, and we hope some seeds were sown.

The passing to the higher life of our Founder, Mary McFarland, was a sad event for the group but a joyful one for her.

We had the pleasure of welcoming our state *Legion* Representative, Mrs. Frances Patrick, to a few of our meetings.

Altogether the year has been one of advance and of increasing harmony among the members. A number of persons have been financially helped over difficult places and cheered by our loving thoughts.

Alda I. Medhurst was elected president, and Mrs. Marion Kirkeby secretary for the ensuing year.

The *Legion* work in America goes steadily on, in these difficult years. Many people think more about the problems of life and death and justice when times are hard.

The Columbus Group, meeting at 33 Souder Avenue, under the able leadership of Mr. Frank E. Noyes, has recently sent in applications for several new members. The secretary, Mr. G. G. Doherty, reports that meetings are well attended and the audiences interested.

The Denver Group has for several years maintained a steady and increasing interest in the work. Several new members have joined during the past year, and both lecture and class work are kept up.