MASKS & DEMONS

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN AND HERMAN ROSSE. PUBLISHED AT 14 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, BY MARTIN HOPKINSON & COMPANY LTD. MDCCCCXXIV

CENTRAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL LIBRARY New Delhi

9641

133.44
Mac/Ros



CENTRAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL

CENTRAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL
LIBRARY, NEW DELHI.
Acc. No. 4641
Date. ....
Call No.

Copyright, 1923, by
Harcourt, Brace & Company Inc.



CONTENTS

Page

INITIATION vii

MAGIC

TOTEM MASKS—Ivory Coast, New Britain, Congo, New Guinea, British Columbia 2

DEMON MASKS—Tibet, Congo, New Guinea, British Columbia, New York and Canada (Iroquois) . . 14

MEDICINE MASKS—Ceylon, Arizona (Navaho) . . 24

AWE

A MUMMY MASK—Egypt 28

SPIRITUALISTIC MASKS—New Ireland, New Hebrides, Liberia, Congo, Slave Coast, New Britain . . 30

A SKULL MASK—Mexico 46

IDOL MASKS—Guatemala (Aztec), Mexico, Yucatan (Maya) 48

DISCIPLINARY MASKS—New Britain, Congo, New Guinea 54

A DIVINE MASK—Delaware 60

WAR MASKS—Japan, Alaska, British Columbia, New Guinea 62

CARNIVAL MASKS—The Tyrol 70

INITIATION MASKS—New Guinea, Arizona (Apache), British Columbia 76

CONTENTS

LEGEND

Page

AUTOMATIC MASKS—British Columbia 86

RAIN-MAKING MASKS—New Mexico (Zuñi), Arizona (Hopi) 90

DIONYSIAC MASKS—Northern New York and Canada (Iroquois), Brazil, New Mexico (Zuñi) 100

THE PLAY BEGINS

HEROIC MASKS—Greece, Japan 106

ADMONITORY MASKS—China, Tibet 124

THEATRICAL MASKS—Siam, Java, Slave Coast, New Guinea, Ceylon 140

EXORCISM 163

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS 165

THE LINE DRAWINGS 175



INITIATION

THE mask is not to be carelessly assumed or lightly put off. Primitive man knows that there must be initiation and a certain ceremony. If he puts on a false face without the proper incantation, there will be no power in it. It may be the same with books—or at any rate with a book about the mask.

There are certain things that one should know before looking at a mask. They have to do with the mind and the faith of primitive man. This book, with its pictures and its words, is intended to tell the man who looks at a mask drawn by Craig or a mask made by Dulac, Stern, or Benda various facts that he should know about their ancestors, the holy masks of simpler men. This foreword is intended to initiate him into those mysteries of medicine men and demons which he must know before he can put on knowledge of the mask.

Now the mask is older than the idol. It is as old as democracy—that state which existed before armies and kings, writing and science, and which has never existed since. It was in a democracy, not alone of men but of spirits, too, that you lived, primitive man who invented the mask. Your faith was animism. Everything about you, living or dead, was possessed by a spirit. So were you. You dreamed, and your

soul went hunting while your body lay in a hut. Everything that moved—the bush, the river, the smoke—must have a spirit, too. The spirit went out of the body when it died, but it could go into some strange-shaped stone or a piece of carving. Such a thing had power. The spirit in a tree or the spirit in a stone—which is fetish—had no more potency, perhaps, than the spirit in a man; but it was more mobile and illusive, harder to get at. It could shift about and take another form. It could injure you even when you were most alert. You might guard against the attack of a living enemy. But his spirit, especially his dead spirit, was another matter. Some way must be found to control so powerful a thing.

This is the beginning of the kind of science we call magic—and the beginning of religion and priesthood, too.

As a primitive man you recognized no limitations to your own power. Spirits, you knew, could be fooled, frightened, or coerced. Men could be injured, demons appeased, animals could be made plentiful and easy to kill, or rain could be made to fall, and crops to grow, if only you knew the proper way of going about it, the charms and actions and substances that control spirits. Partly by accident, partly by inspiration, you learned these things. You learned, for instance, that if you imitated an event, the event was sure to happen. If you stalked about like a deer, munching leaves, deer would be plentiful. If you climbed up a tree, and poured water on the ground, rain would follow. This is sympathetic magic. If you made a little mud

figure, named it for your enemy, and stuck thorns in it, your enemy would die. That is witchcraft, too. If you made certain offerings to the spirit in a tree, it would stop plaguing you. If you burned sweet-smelling herbs and warm flesh in front of the strange-shaped stone, its spirit would obey you.

Magic and the coercing of spirits are not such ancient things that we cannot find them in Europe or America today. The anger of a patriot when someone stamps on his flag or burns it, goes deeper than any Maeterlinckian passion for symbols. He sees magic. A racial memory recognizes an attack on the very body of the State. In Sicily in 1893 there came a great drought, and prayers for rain, blessed palm leaves hung in the orchards, and church dust thrown on the fields had no effect. So the congregation punished the saints for their neglect. They put St. Joseph out in the fields to see for himself, and they stripped, threatened, insulted, and ducked other holy statues.

Now in the beginning magic is the business of every man. But soon he recognizes that a peculiar kind of intelligence is needed for the job. One savage proves particularly successful as a magician. Specialization and division of labor begin. The shaman, the medicine man, is created. He is on his way to being king and priest.

It is a habit of modernity to imagine the medicine man merely a crafty fellow deceiving his tribesmen for the sake of power and gain. Since the medicine man is probably the inventor of the mask, it is worth explaining that he is the

first dupe. He begins by believing in magic as fervently as any savage. If he did not, he would never assume the risks of his trade. For, if the Catholic will insult a saint, a disappointed savage will kill an unsuccessful wizard.

Success only increases the difficulties of the medicine man. The potent shaman becomes a sort of priestly king. His person, his life, his health, and his spiritual power are of the utmost importance to the tribe. He must live a regimented life. Magic can work upon him, and prohibitions, or taboos, are set up to protect him from harm. He can't put his foot to the ground, or look at the sea, or eat the most popular fruit, or live anywhere but chained in the crater of an extinct volcano. On top of such disabilities, the people may decide that, since the whole prosperity of the tribe depends on the perfect health and power of the priest-king, he must not die by illness or old age. At the first sign of feebleness, they kill him—or perhaps at the end of so many years. Respect for kingship breeds regicide. Small wonder that prospective kings in certain parts of West Africa must be elected by secret ballot, and caught and enthroned before they can take steps to escape the honor!

The murdered king has the satisfaction, however, of becoming a most powerful spirit. When man graduates from animism into a kind of primitive polytheism, he makes his gods out of his ancestors; and great chiefs, great medicine men, become great spirits—saints we would call them. Their life stories and their deaths are of tremendous importance in their worship. Particularly their deaths, for gods that die always

seem the most popular. The death of Dionysus and his rebirth, and the similar death and rebirth of an endless string of other deities share with sympathetic magic—of which they are a part—the centre of the stage in primitive religion. Both are of vital importance to man when he begins to eat the seeds of grasses as well as the flesh of animals. Other factors in the religion of early man vary greatly, but rain-making magic and the story of the earth's resurrection in the resurrection of a god are constant.

The mask is one of the variable features that arise out of the spirit-traffic of primitive man. It is a sort of animated fetish through which he works magic and controls the spirits. Some races are too low to conceive of the idea of a false face into which a god will go when a man wears it. No races are too high not to have some trace of it in their history, and even in their present customs. Today the mask is used by savages in New Guinea, by barbarians in Africa, by half-civilized Indians in South America, Ecuador, New Mexico, and Alaska, and by what we call civilized men in Thrace, Siberia, and the Alps.

The origins of the mask are dark and dubious. It may have come out of the hunt; it may have been a magic for controlling game. It may be a product of totemism, man's personal relationship to an animal into which he has sent his soul for safekeeping. Some Negroes say it started as a device for frightening children; other Negroes, with unconscious irony, trace its invention to a Ku Klux Klan for escaping publicity while punishing marauders. A distinguished

ethnologist got up a fanciful story about the evolution of the mask from the shield. War paint is a better ancestor.

If the beginning of the mask is as dubious as it is fascinating, its end is even more fascinating and not at all dubious. For the end of the mask is Drama. When a man puts on a mask he experiences a kind of release from his inhibited and bashful and circumscribed soul. He can say and do strange and terrible things, and he likes it. When Al Jolson puts on black-face he becomes a demoniac creature, privileged in his humor, insensate in his vitality; without the burnt cork something of his possession is gone. When a primitive man fits a mask on his head, he begins to imitate, and he finds this histrionism a kind of sport he cannot give up. Imitation develops into story telling. Story telling breeds legend. Legend is Theatre. And the greatest legend of all, the legend of death and resurrection, carries man on into the greatest drama, Greek tragedy.

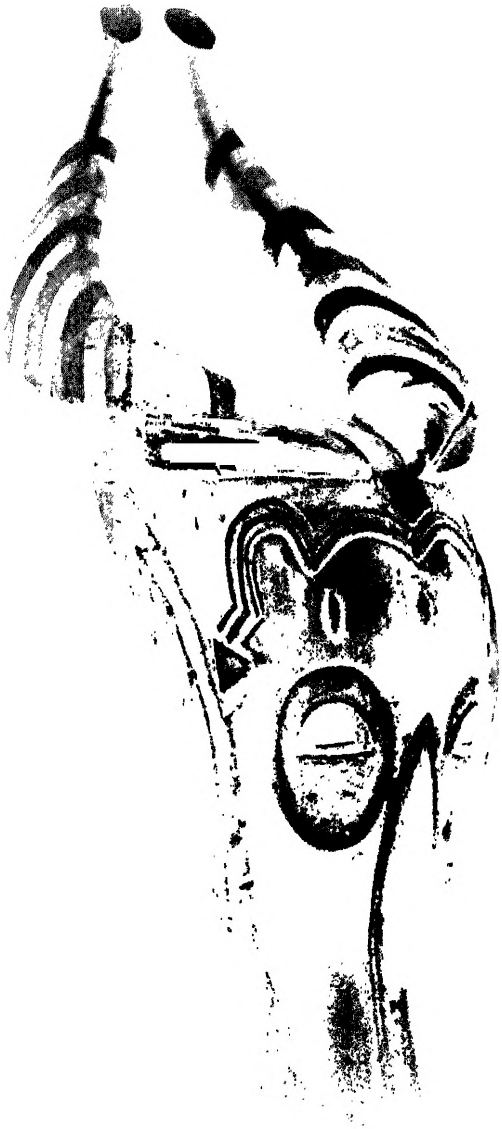
The point at which masked ritual becomes commercial theatre, the point at which masking for the spirit's sake passes over into paid mummery for pleasure, is hard to trace. Sometimes it marks the decay of religious drama, as in Greece. Sometimes it occurs before religious drama, and then the higher art is never born. Medicine men find gifts thrust upon them, and they exact more. Masked secret societies become blackmailing plunderbunds. At some point in the development of civilization methods of terrorization, either psychic or physical, become impossible. Then the masker must begin to

please, to amuse, to excite. The masked May Spirits of England and Germany still gather gifts while disguised in green leaves—there is magic in that. In Philadelphia and many eastern cities children go about on Thanksgiving Day in masks and crazy costumes begging pennies. All the mad masking of Europe, from the miracle plays to the carnivals, and from Venice to old London, lies this side of magic, and very close to the theatre.

It is the purpose of the following pages to try to bridge by just a little the gap that lies between the primitive man who puts a sort of idol on his face, and the Greek tragedian; between the Duk-Duk dancer who regulates morals and acquires riches in New Guinea, and some artist of the theatre who wishes to bring the mask back to the stage.



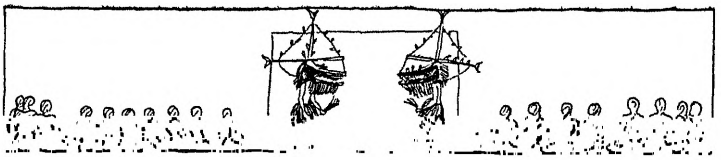
MASKS AND DEMONS





THE first mask and the last—the mask of the aborigine and the mask of the débutante—is face paint. But somewhere very close to the beginning of all this mummery of false faces is the mask of the animal. Man starts as the hunter. His first business is to get close to the game, or to bring the game close to him. In the forest this is easy. Out upon the plains or in the pitiless publicity of the ice floe he must have a decoy and a disguise. If he is an Eskimo in quest of a seal, he flops across the ice in his fur garments and pointed hood, imitating the clumsy movements of his prey. If he is an Indian of the plains, he throws a buffalo skin over his back, crawls on his knees, and bleats like a bull-calf. Imitation and disguise have begun. It is short step to masking. Back in camp, celebrating his exploit, he acts out the story of the hunt. With immense detail and astonishing fidelity he pictures himself as both hunter and hunted. Soon he is wearing the skin of the animal he has killed. Soon his own head is thrust inside the head of his quarry. Nature has supplied him with a ready-made mask. Before he carves out of wood such a mask as this antelope from the Ivory Coast of Africa—a thing of superb grace in its curves of yellow, black, and brown—a new idea must enter his head. It is the idea of Totem.





SOME peoples are too primitive to make masks. None are too wise to believe in magic. The abysmal bushmen of Australia do not carve themselves false faces; they do not even use animals' heads. Their speech is so debased that they cannot understand one another without the use of gesture; therefore they cannot talk in the dark. But the bushman sees spirits in all things, and works magic upon these spirits for his own ends. He acts long symbolic dramas to let the spirits know his wants. If he fears a dearth of kangaroos or grasshoppers or whatever else may furnish forth his table, he acts a little play in which these things are shown coming to be killed. The kangaroos will naturally do likewise. Man has cast the spell of sympathetic magic upon them. In much this fashion the Mandan Indians "danced buffalo" when Grant was the White Father in Washington. Covered with buffalo hides, and with their heads where the skulls of the bison once were, they pranced and chanted in a circle, and shot and skinned one another before they ventured forth upon a hunt. When the fishing season begins in New Guinea the Papuans dance in masks weirdly emblematic of the saw fish. This fish-mouthed mask from New Britain doubtless served a similar purpose in increasing marine life and making it tractable to the hook.





PRIMITIVE man has other uses for animals than to eat them. They make a fairly safe resting place for his immortal but often troublesome soul. A man's body is a fragile thing. The malignity of some other being may spill his spirit out. What is simpler and wiser than to adopt the indomitable lion, the gigantic elephant, the wily serpent, or the terrible gorilla as a sort of spiritual safe deposit box? That is Totem. So long as the animal lives, the man is safe. If he puts a taboo on his totem-animal, and forbids himself and his totem-brothers to kill or eat it, his life and his happiness may be long. And if he dances and makes plays to increase the numbers of his totem, his prosperity will be truly extraordinary. Thus totem is the basic religious idea of the hunting man. It is his way of making the spiritual life work. The Greeks had totems before they knew Dionysus, and their girls danced in the masks of bears before Thespis smeared his face with purslane and "invented" the mask. Hebrews and Britons once traced their descent from totem-animals. All America was the land of totemism before the Spaniards came. This gnarled gorilla mask from the Ivory Coast once hid and nourished the spirit of some forest clan when a medicine man danced in it.





OUT of the animal comes morality. Sin—murder and incest—they spring from the totem. Sons and daughters of the same ancestral bear may not marry, neither may they slay their brothers. And out of the animal arise the secret society and the fraternal organization. Cutting across the totem-clans are brotherhoods united not by blood but by initiation and pledge, and named for some patron animal. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks stems off from the Human Leopard Society of Sierra Leone, and the goat of the lodge may claim relationship with the masked wolves who bring back the Indian initiate from the land of make-believe death into which the blank cartridge of the chief of an Alaskan Wolf Society has sent him. Thus animals bind men together and keep them apart—even before the coming of the gods. Sometimes, indeed, the animals are the gods themselves. This ant-bear from the Congo is no ordinary totem. In its left ear is the sun, and in its right the moon. When the Bushongo dance with such masks upon their heads they are not so far removed from their ancestors who came up out of Egypt, land of Horus with the hawk's head, and of Ibis-crested Thoth. Totems grow up into gods.





THE totem-animal can draw social lines quite as nicely as moral ones. If it is wicked to kill your clan-brother, it may be almost as reprehensible to eat with a man whose animal ancestor is less ancient and powerful than yours. The pride of the leopard men speaks in their mask. The totem defines the clan, and establishes blood relationship. And blood relationship is the beginning of family pride. The warrior paints his totem-animal on his shield, or he may even wear his mask into battle. The Homeric Greeks bore devices on their bucklers, and mediæval knights elevated their totems to the crests of their helmets. Social exclusiveness is never the fetish in the democracy of primitive man that it is in civilized communities. Yet out of the lines drawn by the totem comes the snobbism of the coat of arms. The crested lion on the notepaper of the marquis, and this mask from New Guinea are sisters under the skin.



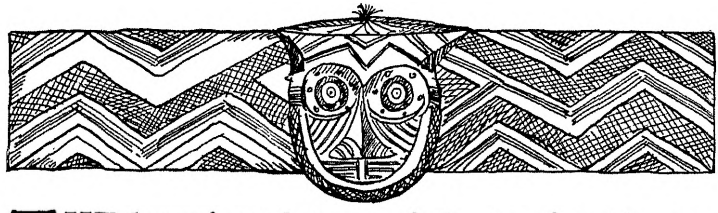
ANIMAL worship ends in play. Initiation breeds drama. The African Negro who makes a god out of an antelope ends by dancing in his mask just for the pleasure of dancing. The Indian who carves forty-foot totem-poles, and acts out epic legends of his tribal animals in order to populate land and water is soon the proprietor of a sort of mechanical wax works. The native Americans that fringe the Pacific coast from Vancouver Island to Alaska make wooden and copper masks with a beauty that sometimes suggests the masks of Japan; but their specialty is a type of mechanical headdress operated by strings and hinges. The mask and the marionette meet in such a contrivance as this killer whale of the Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia. The head of the dancer is hidden somewhere in this four-and-a-half-foot length of hollowed wood, while his hands are busy with strings which move the fins, tail, and mouth of the creature. Endlessly occupied with such marvels of mechanism, the Indian devotee loses the thread of the ancient totemic legend, and finds himself playing with an amusing dramatic toy.





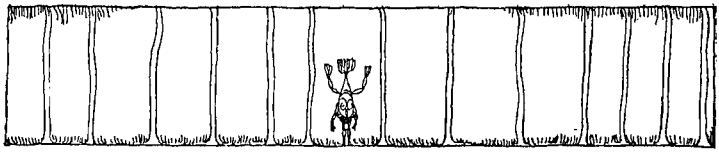
IF there is time enough and if the mind of the worshipper is sufficiently flexible, an animal can become totem and god, ancestor and demon, and his mask can end by holding a place, twenty centuries later, in religious processions and pantomimic dances designed to attract, amuse, and edify the people. In ancient Tibet, before the faith of the Hindu Buddha had penetrated to the north and turned Chinese, the land was plentifully supplied with animal gods who were little better than demons. The raven, messenger of the supreme spirit, stole holy offerings. The tiger, feared and worshipped all over Asia, somewhat mitigated his offenses by assisting at the New Year expulsion of demons, doubtless on homeopathic principles. This Rakshasi, one of a family of female giants, began as a man-eating demon of India. Through the infatuation of a sacred monkey the Tibetans are able to claim descent from this demon, and thus, presumably, to keep her demonism in check. Her mask now plays a part in a holy admonitory drama.



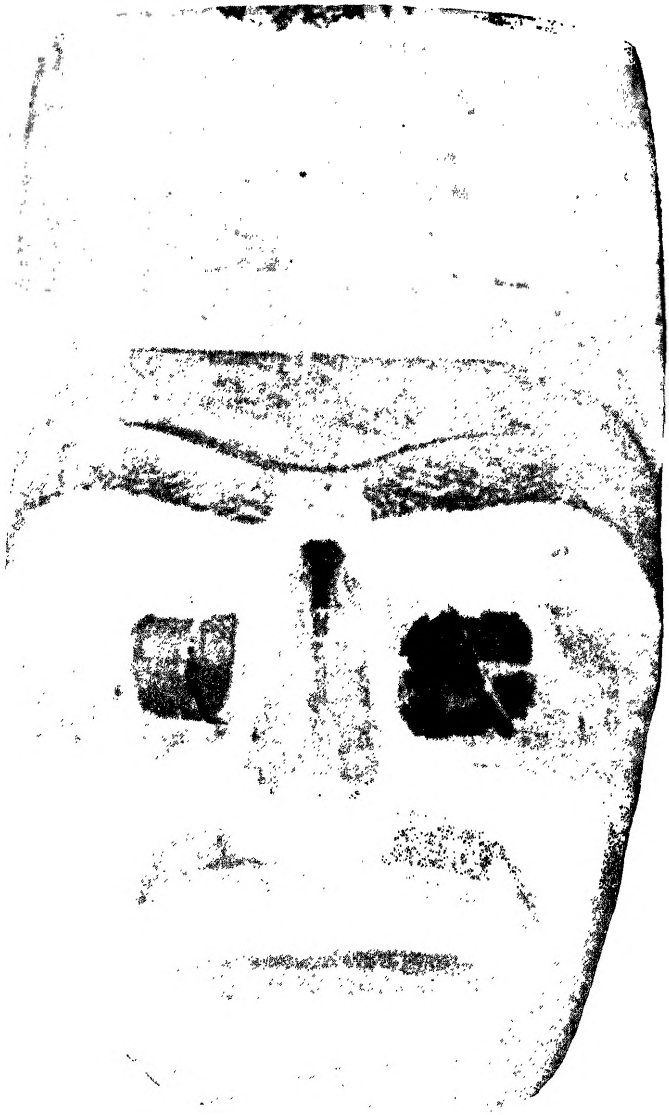


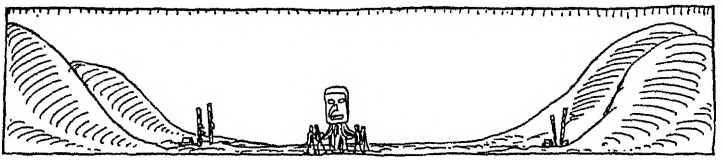
THE luxuriant forests of the tropics, thronging with man-eating animals, poisonous plants, venomous snakes, and unwholesome insects, are naturally the haunts of multitudes of demons. There are jungles in Africa through which it is considerably more than a man's life is worth to pass without protection against devils. Now masks are peculiarly efficacious. To change your face is even more baffling and potent than to change your name. Among a myriad of evil spirits, however, it becomes difficult for the layman to know the personal qualities and prejudices of the particular devil in hand. Certain carvings and colors on the mask, certain words and chants, above all certain dances, are effective against unusually obstreperous spirits. To know these things calls for specialization. The medicine man, or shaman, arises, skilled by much learning and long practice. Even a particular kind of shaman develops to cater to the demon-trade. Devils are notoriously jealous. Rather than tolerate competition, a well-established demon will decamp. An astute Negro appoints himself a pseudo-devil. Masked in some such face as this from the Congo, with magical vermilion squares upon its white temples, dressed in a suit of nicely fitting net, and followed by a boy with a bag to collect gifts of food and money, the fellow goes fearlessly about the country banishing the evil ones.





IN Melanesia demons grow so bold that they leave the forests, and take up their abode in the native houses. When they make their presence felt by famine, earthquake, epidemic, or other disaster, it becomes necessary for the whole town to rise and drive them out. Communal activity must replace individual initiative in the business of vanquishing devils. In Australia, where the bushmen are backward in this as in most matters, painting the face with stripes of red and yellow, and daubing the body white are considered protection enough for a battle with the demons. In Celebes, however, as many natives wear masks as can do so, and the rest paint their faces even blacker than nature has done. Then, having removed their belongings a little distance from the village and dwelt there for some days, they dash into their old houses armed with swords, spears, and clubs, and belabor the demons until they are glad to cry quits and flee. The Papuans of New Guinea are even more systematic. They make an annual event of devil-chasing, a sort of spring-cleaning of the village. They dance for the spirits—perhaps in such masks as this striking one of carved and hollowed wood—feast them upon the souls of pigs, yams, and fowl laid out on tables by the roadside, and then drum them out of town by beating on the house posts.





DEMONS are by no means an exclusive feature of the tropics. North America and Europe have known them, and they trouble the Arctic Circle. The Eskimo of Point Barrow have particular difficulty with a mischievous spirit called Tuña, and those of Baffin Land are sorely troubled by Sedna, mistress of the underworld. Since it is only the western branch of the Eskimo that has acquired the use of masks from the Pacific Coast Indians, the inhabitants of Baffin Land are at a disadvantage when the crash of ice floes and the moan of long winds carry the voices of spirits out of the sea. Demons are not the only supernatural beings against whom it is wise to guard. The Aleuts of westernmost Alaska fear even their gods enough to mask the eyes of men who dance before them with false faces whose eyeholes show them only the ground, and to leave such masks at burial places for the use of their dead in the other world. Farther south, among the Indians of Vancouver Island, we find this huge wooden face with its unblinking tinny eyes, perhaps the mask of some village against the evil spirits that sweep out of the Pacific on the western winds.



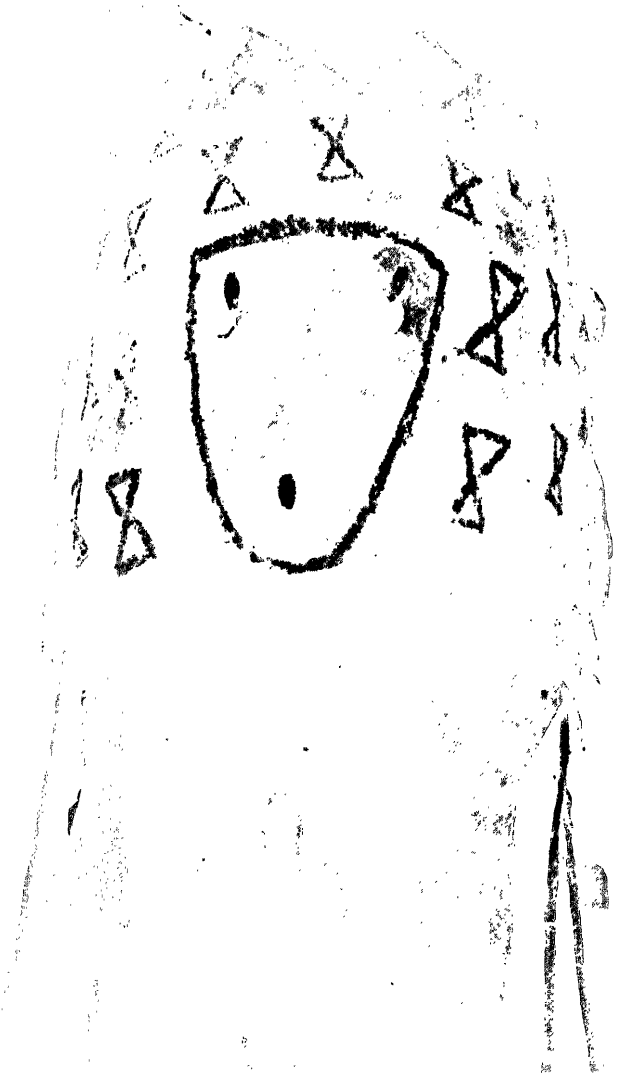


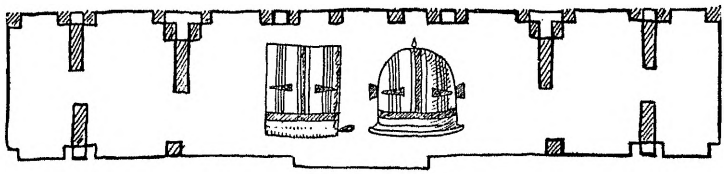
DEMONS of a peculiar sort used to trouble the Iroquois. Doubtless they still annoy the more straight-laced of the tribe. These were the Ga-go-sa or False Faces. They were spirits that had no arms, no legs, no bodies. They existed simply as terrible heads which might be seen jumping from tree to tree in lonely places. They plagued mankind with all manner of ailments. To rid themselves of the Ga-go-sa the Iroquois organized a secret society called the False Face Company. During the first part of the last century it was headed by a woman, and she was the only one who knew the names of those in the society. Once a year these Indians, dressed in tattered skins, shaking rattles of turtle shell, and wearing hideous red masks with crescent noses, twisted grins, or horribly protruding mouths, career through the villages evacuating the demons as the last act in a kind of feast of sin which recalls the Saturnalia, the Hilaria, and other masked revels of the Roman world. Today in the Tyrolean Alps peasants wearing fur garments and twisted masks, some of which are astonishingly like those of the False Faces, invade houses and scatter ashes upon the inmates, insuring fecundity to the women, expelling demons, and curing various ills. This mask of one of the False Face Company of the Seneca is more jovial than most.



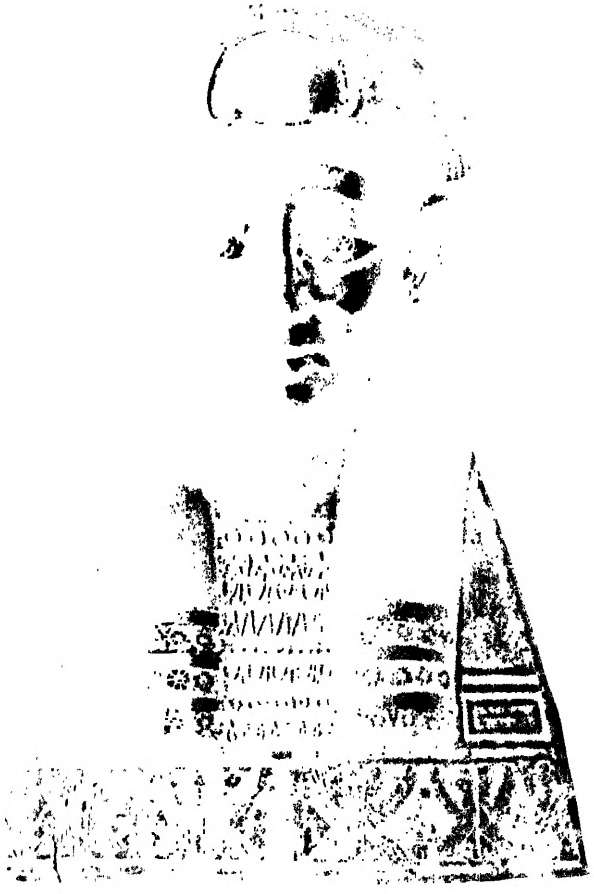


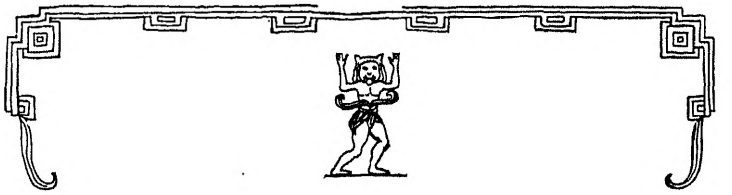
IN Burmah the treatment indicated for cholera is to expel the demons by scaring them out of the houses with noise, and then beating them with sticks when they reach the roofs. This may prove efficacious, but it is hardly so attractive as the more scientific method of the mask. At Fuchow in 1858 masks of white and black devils and of animals were used extensively in curbing the cholera, and even tiny children in China can frighten off the demon of measles by wearing the proper paper masks at sunset. But Ceylon is the land in which the cure of disease by the laying on of masks has been brought to perfection. There are nineteen masks of nineteen devils of the nineteen diseases in the official pharmacopœia. When a medicine man treats a patient he usually erects an altar in the sick room and decks it with flowers and foods. Then he dances in the mask and the disguise appropriate to the demon causing the disease. Repeated three times, at sunset, midnight, and dawn, this lures the evil spirit out of the sick man, and into the devil-dancer. By proceeding to the edge of the village, and feigning death for a short time, the medicine man is able to rid himself, as well as the invalid and the town, of the baleful demon. Here we have the wooden mask of Naja, demon of leprosy. The faces of all nineteen devils are sometimes displayed on a single huge mask for use in cases of doubtful diagnosis.





GODS, rather than demons, are employed in the therapy of the southwestern Indians. These tribes are little troubled with evil spirits, and rejoice in an extensive pantheon of ancestor-gods who can be called upon to cure wealthy chieftains and bring rain by taking part in elaborate ceremonials of dance, legend, and symbol. In one of the cures administered by the Navaho medicine men the younger war god, Tobadzistsini, is an assistant. He is materialized in this mask of soft red leather ornamented with white scalp knots. Because the Navaho are roving herdsmen, they use a mask that is easily folded and packed instead of the stiff and derby-like dome that the Zuñi and Hopi employ when calling out their own deities or borrowing Tobadzistsini. In the Navaho mythology, the first three worlds were most unsatisfactory. They moved a great deal and made the people sick. Later versions of the cosmos cannot have been much better, for, while the first was destroyed by a whirlwind, the second by hailstones, and the third by smallpox, it is recorded that the fourth was destroyed by coughing, and the fifth had to rid itself of monsters through the agency of Tobadzistsini and his elder brother.





IT happens sometimes that even a mask will not succeed in making a sick man well. It need not, however, desert him at the door of death. With certain peoples it follows him into the grave. In the ruins of Mycenæ there were gold masks upon the dead. Funeral processions in Rome included men wearing portrait masks of the family's illustrious ancestors, while a wax mask of the dead man was placed upon his statue in the home. In Cambodia and Siam golden masks covered the faces of dead kings, and masks of gold, silver, bronze, and terra cotta have been found in burial spots from Mesopotamia and Phœnicia, through the Crimea and the Danube valley to Gaul and even Britain. The Alaskans buried masks with their dead to protect them from seeing the gods, and false faces figure in Japanese funeral ceremonies. The most notable use of the mortuary mask was upon the mummies of Egypt, but in Peru, where mummification was also practiced, each huddled bundle of bones was crowned with a mask placed upon a false head or cushion fastened to the top of the mummy. In Peru masks were worn in many religious ceremonials, and it is far more than probable that the animal-headed deities of Egypt were represented by such masked priests as appear on Babylonian carvings. This mummy mask from Egypt resembles in general shape and materials the papier-mâché masks of the Chinese religious drama.





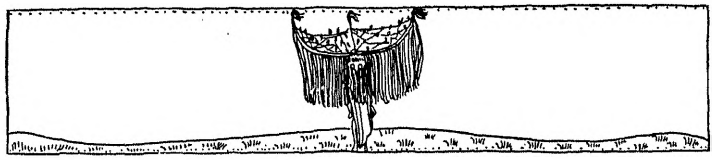
MOURNING for the dead of New Ireland is conveniently concentrated in the month of June. At this season the natives of the most easterly island of the Bismarck Archipelago gather together, under the guidance of a secret society, to wear or display carved masks representing the departed. These masks are, in fact, the incarnate dead, and, as each relative is recognized, the crowd shouts his name, and makes wild lamentation. There are three kinds of masks at the mourning festival. This crested mask, carved with almost the distinction of an African false face, is the only variety worn by the dancers of the secret society. In origin, at any rate, it is not spiritualistic. The crest, which suggests both the Greek helmet and the feather helmet of Hawaii, represents the hair of the dancer as it used to be arranged for the mourning ceremony. Bleached with lime and dyed yellow, it stood up in a great ridge above the shaven sides of the head, upon which stones and various bright objects were plastered for decoration. Men who felt they could not attain the ideal of manly beauty, or who disliked the labor of preparing such a coiffure, made a mask instead. In this they expressed with utter artistic freedom the classic perfection of mourning. A lugubrious parallel to the powdered wig of Georgian days!



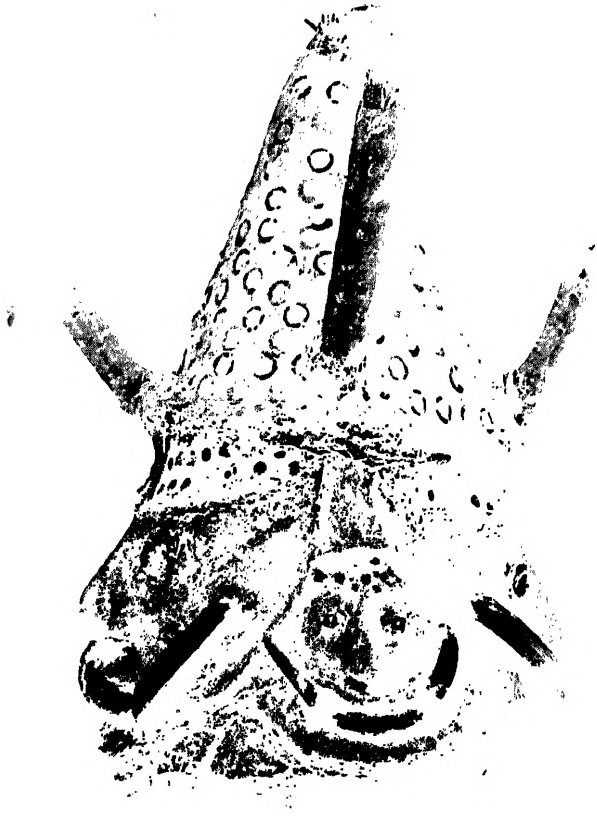


PRIMITIVE man is wise enough not to depend on spirit photographs for evidence of the return of the dead. He fashions a solid and absolutely recognizable spirit in the shape of a wooden mask—the spirit literally materialized. In the yearly mourning ceremonies of New Ireland, while members of the secret society execute pantomimic dances in mourning masks, the crowd laments over such well-remembered faces as this two-foot creature of carved and painted wood. Here in the twistings of red, white, and blue frets, in the gleaming eye of snail shell with its bright green pupil, in the beard of white, brown, and orange cotton, and above all in the emblematic bird perched upon the top—personal totem of the departed—the mourners recognize the beloved ectoplasm. There can be no scoffers. Materialists cannot protest against the flimsy character of the evidence. The spiritualistic manifestation is perfect. At the end of the séance it is retired with the rest of its fellows to the club house of the society, and there rests quietly in the spirit world until the next May comes round.





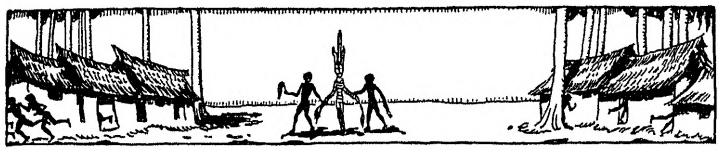
A MASK need not be worn to be a mask. And it need not take the ordinary shape of the human head in order to harbor a departed spirit. Here, for example, in this hollow column of red and blue and white and black carvings is a kind of animated totem pole which is not only inhabited by a spirit but can be instantly recognized by a native of New Ireland as "poor dear Uncle John." Towering structures of this sort, sometimes equipped with carved wings or ears quite as tall, are supported and, if they are not too heavy, worn upon the head by relatives of the dead during the annual mourning ceremonies. They are seldom carried through the village, but are stationed near the enclosure that protects from the contaminating eyes of the women the house in which the masks are made and kept from year to year. The identification of these masks—which the mourners recognize instantly and loudly hail—is accomplished largely through the symbolic totem animals carved upon them. Each native has a bird of one sort or another for its "manu" or private guardian spirit. All other animals in the carvings are evil. Triumphant victories of the birds over snakes and lizards—the most malignant of spirits—are depicted on these spiritualistic masks.



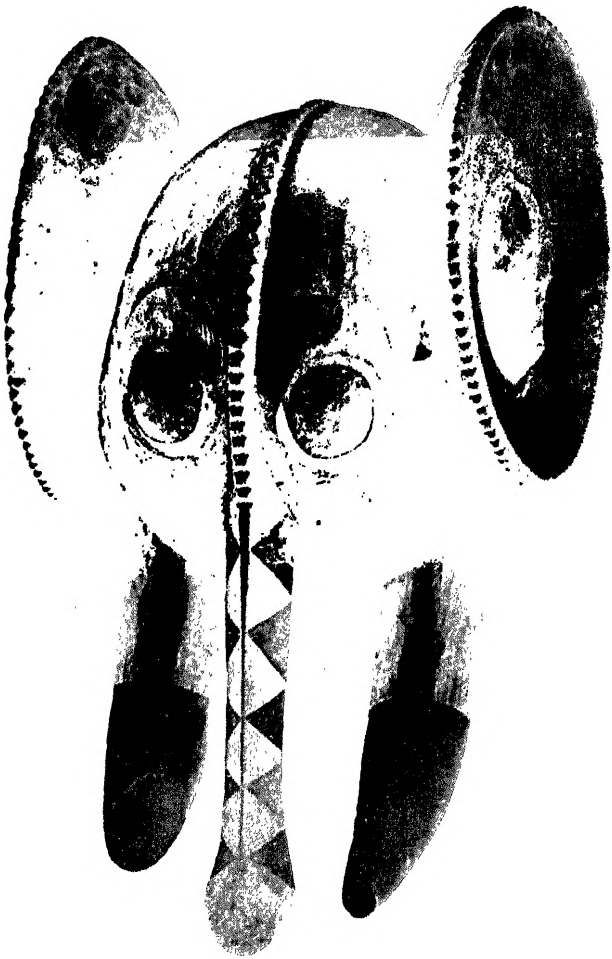


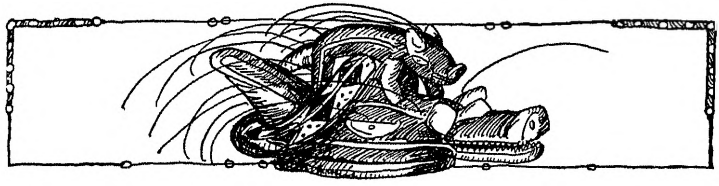
SPIRITUALISM dominates the masking of most primitive peoples. It cannot be otherwise with men who see a ghost in every tree, and look for good deeds and bad from the departed. The dead, intangible and powerful, must be worshipped and kept contented. The Egyptians, far beyond such mere animism, sent part of this world into the next to serve the departed. Food, clothing, dogs, models of boats or graneries belonging to the dead are found in the tombs. African and Aztec savages have not balked at human sacrifice to send servants along, as well. More naïve people like the Melanesians see no division between this world and the world of spirits. Therefore they are content if they can bring back the dead, and offer them service and homage in their villages. Masks serve in many ceremonials—initiations, war dances, magic for the increase of crops and animals—but at the heart of all of them is the spiritualistic notion that a spirit that was once a man has returned in a mask. The dead neighbor is only a lesser spirit; the demon, only a greater. This four-faced thing of bark cloth and mud from New Hebrides may be used in one ceremonial or another, but it is the mask of an incarnate spirit, whether some East Indian Janus or a chief terrible as a Hydra in battle.





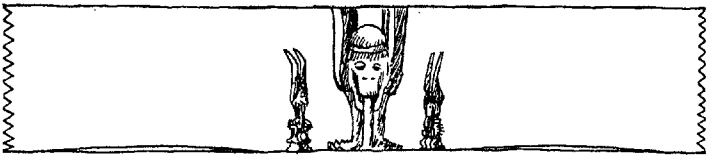
SPIRITUALISM overshadows demonology on the dark continent so far as the mask is concerned. The business of bringing back the dead is one of the major industries of West Africa—and not the least profitable. Private enterprise has replaced the official activities of the medicine man, and companies of young Negroes keep themselves busy impersonating the dead, and levying taxes on the living. The older and more respectable form of the ghost dance is connected with burial. Among the Ibos of Nigeria, between the first interment of a corpse and the second, when a wicker coffin is buried beside the dead, spirits appear twice a day supporting the figure and the mask of the departed. At first they find it necessary to brush much grave dust from his person, and to give the poor weak creature a shoulder to lean on. In the course of four or five days, however, he regains his strength, walks alone, calls on relatives, and finally retires well provided with presents. The spirits appear completely covered with grave clothes even to the hands and the feet. They speak through a reed instrument which gives the voice a kind of comb-and-paper quality. The masks betray the fact that African spirits enjoy a white complexion and features not at all negroid. Not all of them are so beautifully ornamented, however, as this ghost-mask from Liberia.



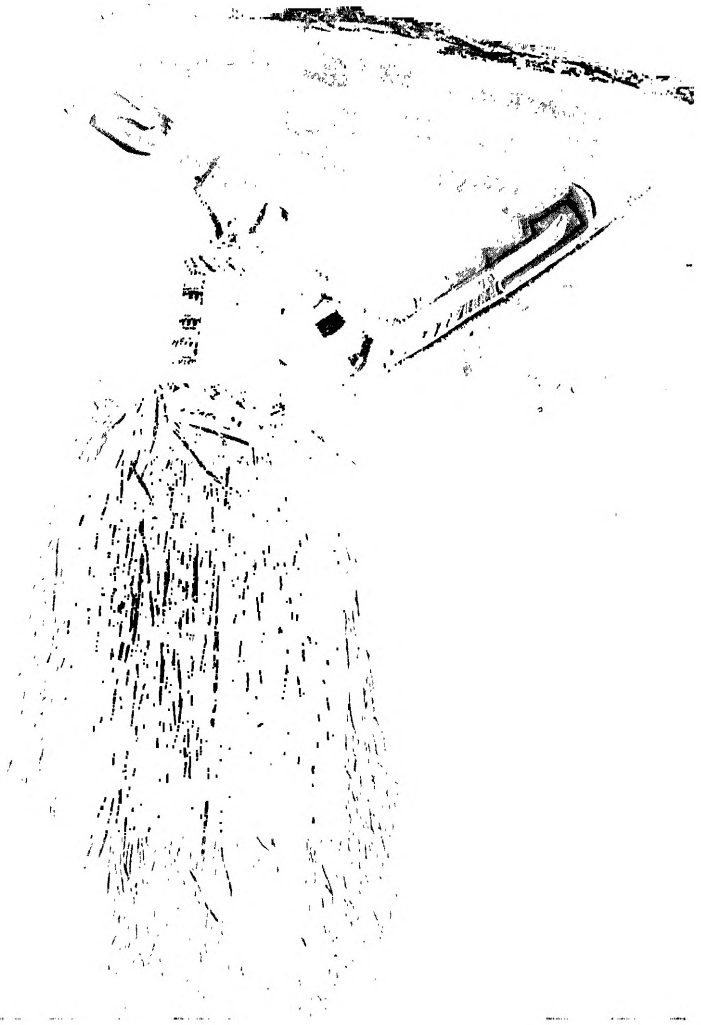


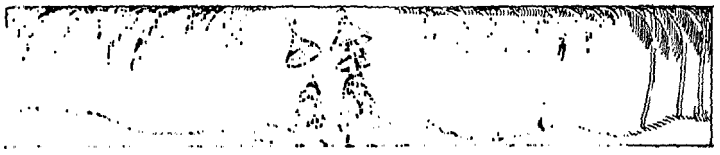
SPIRITUALISM flourishes very like a sport in West Africa. It takes the place of baseball among the young bucks. No funeral need be staged as a preliminary to raising the dead. Companies of youths "make ju-ju" on the slightest impulse, presenting the community with as many "maws," or returning spirits, as there are masks and disguises to be had. There is always some ectoplasm or other wandering through the villages of upper Nigeria, Dahomey, and Togoland receiving what are called gifts from the living relatives. The prevalence of ju-ju making in most of Africa, and the profits it produces need not argue that it is not a serious and sincerely moving thing to the young men. The mask is still potent in West Africa; Negroes have been known to bolt out of a Christmas celebration when the missionary came in masquerading as Santa Claus. If the jazz dancing and coon shouting of a colored musical show works our Negroes up to a pitch of excitement, it is not at all difficult to see how the business of making ju-ju would release their taut spirits in Africa, especially after a liberal taking of gin. Sometimes the mediums materialize the dead in the forms of the animals that were their totems. Thus this elephant mask with a human face in each ear roamed a Congo village, inhabited by a restless spirit.





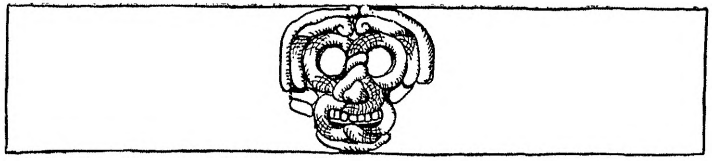
OUT of the Congo—slavery and Ku Klux and jazz, ivory and dollar-votes and the finest masks in the world. An Archipenko in the ashes of voodoo, an Epstein in ebony. The jungle artists have carved in their false faces a beauty they could not find in their own. It is never a natural beauty. The eyes and nose and mouth are not spaced in realistic terms. There is proportion, but it is not the proportion of life. The Negro mask-maker uses nature only as a scaffold. The thing he builds has emotional freedom. Yet the imagination of the witch-doctor does not carry him off into the bizarreries of the South Sea Islands, into elephantine snouts and eyes that are giant ears. He has always the solid sense of the true sculptor. In Africa we catch the artist just before he meets the seductions of realism, just before he discovers the arts of accurate reproduction and spends all his energies on technical display. He has the sense of form and its necessary relation to life; but he is still free to drive directly at the expression of his emotions. He is not trying to imitate man. He is trying to imitate God. He reproduces emotions instead of people. He is the creative artist, not the fecund animal. It is hard to believe that so grave and beautiful an image as this from the Slave Coast can be concerned with ju-ju and demonology. Yet the service of the dead in any form may be as real as this beauty.





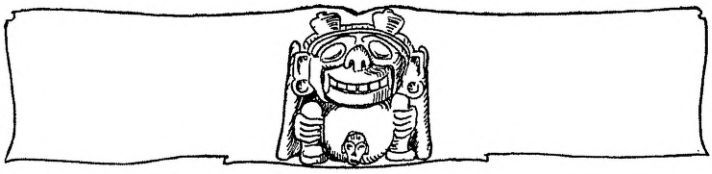
ALL masks have some curious and oppressive sense of the dead made living, the spirit given flesh, the god or demon brought into physical contact. It does not much matter whether the Negro carves a masterpiece of wooden sculpture or hides in a flapping cylinder of white cotton ten feet high. The mask is a symbol per se. The Negro feels this. He feels the immanence of something mystic in the very head itself. He is not apt to paint or carve surface symbols into it. The Melanesian, working with bark cloth and rattan, falls back on decoration for significance. Even when he carves in wood, a passion for symbols pursues him. He ornaments his spirit mask with all the devices which add meaning to painted cloth. The Negro may make a masking-suit of cotton, and give his grandfather's spirit the general appearance of a headless giraffe; but he prefers to carve a vision of his meaning into a solidly sculptured head. The Melanesian wanders off into eccentric detail. He is like a white man with a pencil filling a blotter with vague patterns rooted in unconscious ideas. Here, for instance, is a towering mask from New Britain which has proliferated from a face of leaves into a headdress seven feet wide that seems half bird and half umbrella. From the little carved figure at the top to the last painting on the wings it luxuriates in symbols that not even its maker can penetrate.





THE skull of a dead man is naturally a most significant object to his survivors. Many tribes, from Ecuador to Borneo, preserve the heads of their enemies as trophies. In New Guinea and on the islands of Torres Strait, north of Australia, the skull of the dead is severed from the body, and preserved in the house, much like the coffin plate in New England. It is in this skull that the spirit of the dead man resides when it is not roaming up and down the world. The natives of the neighboring island of New Britain push this idea to its magical conclusion by making a mask of the front of the skull. The essence and the power of dead medicine men and warrior chiefs are preserved in this fashion, while the skulls of even women and children are often found as masks. The nose is built up with clay, and hair and color are added. A stick runs from ear to ear for the living man to grasp in his teeth as he dances twice a year by moonlight. The Aztecs had a similar practice, and this skull mask is one of those that the Spanish conquerors brought back from Mexico four centuries ago. Like the wooden masks of the Aztecs, it is inlaid with turquois mosaic, and also, in this case, with lignite in alternate bands. The eyes are pyrites. If the nose was built up it has fallen away. At the back are holes for thongs.





IF a man may wear a mask, why not a god? Or, rather, if a mask can bring godhead to a man, will it not do something quite extraordinary for an idol? After all, primitive man makes little distinction between a powerful living priest and a powerful dead one—which is all a god amounts to at the beginning. If a mask is to be hung on an idol instead of on a dancing man, lightness gives way to durability as the desirable quality. Hence, beside the mosaic masks of the temples of old Mexico we must place such maskoids as this green stone carving from Guatemala. Similar masks of terra cotta, jasper, and jadeite have been found in Central America, curious shell masks in the monuments of the mound builders of the Mississippi valley, and true maskoids without eyeholes upon the trails of the Delawares farther east. When such a false face as this hung upon an idol, the god lived. Today in India certain Jain idols cannot see until small eye-masks, with precious stones for pupils, are placed upon them. When the Aztec king fell ill, masks were hung on the idols of the gods until he recovered or died. A public disaster required similar treatment. These masks were highly valued. When Columbus landed, such faces were among the gifts he received. Cortes, whose coming was taken to be the return of the old culture-hero and god, Quetzalcoatl, was welcomed with holy objects including masks of the gods.

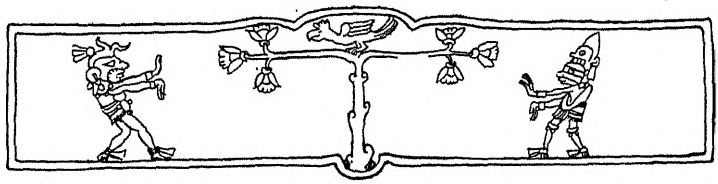




BECAUSE of the serpent's mouth in which the face appears, this mosaic from ancient Mexico may be a mask of the old Toltec god Quetzalcoatl. Like most gods, he had once been a living chief. Legend said he had "gone away" into the east, and out of the east came Cortes nicely timed to satisfy a prophecy of the Mexican priests. Now it was a custom of early man not only to deify his priestly chiefs after death, but to see that they were in a proper state for deification by murdering them before their vigor failed. The chief's murder was often described more pleasantly as a "going away." It is no great feat of the imagination to presume that the skulls of Mexican heroes on the way to godhead may have been preserved as magical masks much after the fashion popular in New Britain. Such a skull mask would be hung in front of his statue to animate it, just as the ashes of a dead Alaskan chief may be put into an abdominal hole in his ancestor-post to give it life and potency. Later, when such a mask had become broken, a mosaic substitute like this would naturally have been made to replace it. Annually the god-king Montezuma appointed a living substitute who was worshipped as the god of gods, Tezcatlipoca, and killed at the end of the year in place of the ruler. These holy substitutes doubtless provided materials for skull masks, since it is recorded that the priests danced in their skins.

3611





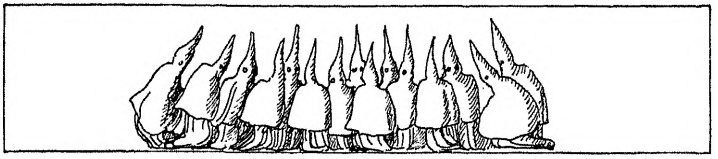
FROM the idols of old Mexico masking spread up and down the Pacific coast of ancient America reaching Alaska and Peru, and it journeyed eastward as far as the pile-dwellings of the Florida Indians. And from these same idols the mask was borrowed for dances and festivals that passed into purely theatrical performances. This wall-carving from Yucatan, cut at the height of the Mayan civilization in the sixth century, probably represents a masked priest, armed with his flint-edged knife, facing the captives whose hearts he is to tear out upon the sacrificial stone. But what is the little figure, curiously like a dancer, which he holds with his left hand? It reminds one that drama in blank verse flourished under the Incas, and that the first Spaniards in Mexico found bizarre theatrical performances going on in the public squares and upon the steps of temples. Sahagun, the Spanish priest whose curiosity preserved some record of the early ways, wrote of "the finery the lords used in their dances . . . masks worked in mosaics, and having false hair such as they now use, and some plumes of gold coming out of the masks." Brasseur de Bourbourg, reconstructing Aztec life from old records, writes of theatrical performances in which there were spoken comedy scenes, and actors were masked as beetles, toads, birds, and butterflies, and also as mythological figures.





THE mask is as full of mysteries and terrors as fetishism itself. The greatest, the simplest, and the grimmest is the grip of fear in which the mask holds even the most enlightened of men. George W. Babbitt, master of phonograph and radio, looks with a certain disquietude upon a mask. What is happening behind the wall of grotesque features? Back of a mask man becomes inaccessible. His eyes and his mouth cease to betray him. The sensitive jelly of his face is no longer exposed to rude and galling estimate. He is suddenly free of self, hesitant, weak, or blustering. He loses his fears, his embarrassments, his responsibilities. What will this thing do? The white man wonders. The child — savage at heart — flies before it. And there, in the frightening of children, one of the legends of the Congo finds the origin of the mask, crediting its invention to a queen with a little daughter who followed her mother to the spring each day in spite of threats and punishments, until the desperate woman painted a horrid face on the bottom of her water gourd. All times, all races know the bogey, and most of them have masks for it. The Romans, the Delawares, the Eskimo, the Zuñi, the Bushongo, and the Papuans all say: Spare the mask, and spoil the child. These wooden masks from southwest New Britain are fearsome enough to become the turning point in the life of any little boy or girl.



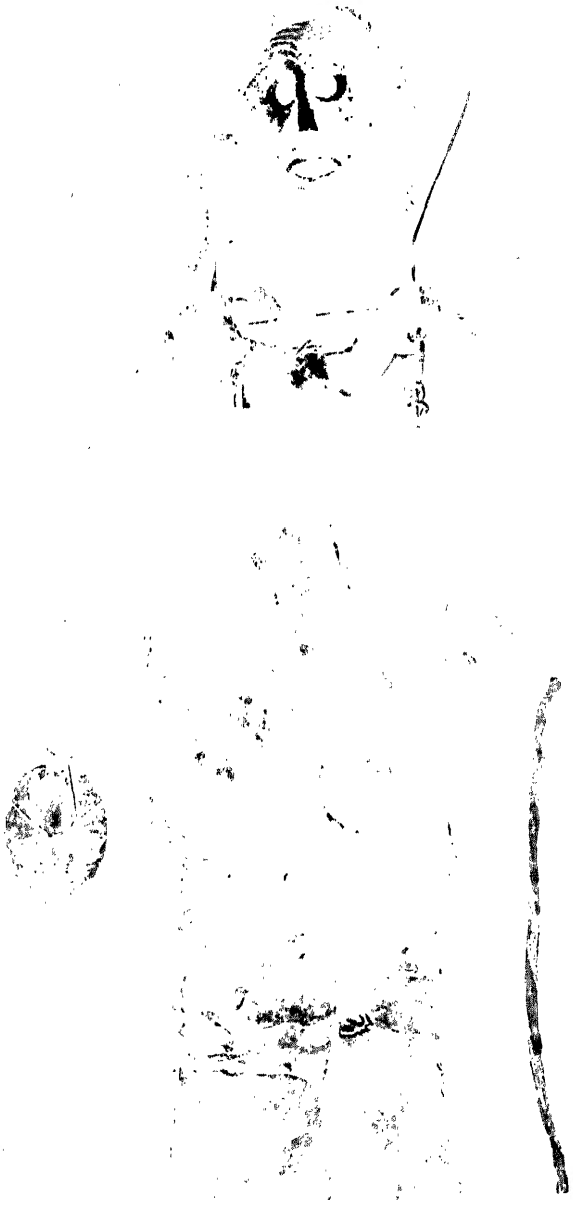


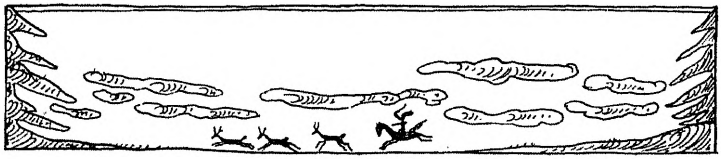
WOMEN and criminals are classed together by primitive man as people who, like children, may be kept in order by a vigorous application of the mask. Towering false faces, screaming giants on stilts, leaf-clad creatures with a black cloth for a visor, help to keep Negro wives in order. Mumbo-Jumbo hears a whisper of domestic friction, and comes screeching out of the woods to inspect the women of the village. By some uncanny sense, Mumbo-Jumbo picks the termagant out of the line-up, and strips and beats her. Peace reigns. In the Congo justice masquerades Ku Klux fashion. Tradition tells of a king who grew old and feeble, and of a young marauder who defied punishment. The king took thought, gathered a company of husky henchmen, provided them all with identical masks to hide them from the vengeance of the marauder or his friends, and sent them out to do justice. Today justice is made by white men, and the secret society of the Babende which grew out of the king's maskers, devotes itself to dances and initiations. But somewhere in the Congo such a mask as this black thing of carven wood may be sitting in mystical judgment on criminals brought into its presence for sentence.





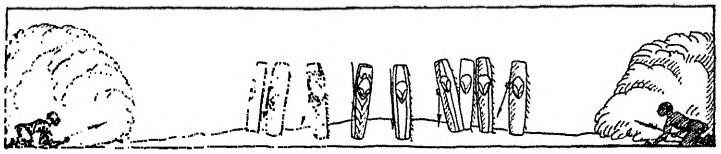
WHEN primitive man wants to uplift the morals of his fellows he hides behind a mask instead of a certificate of incorporation. In the islands north of New Guinea the Duk-Duk finds it necessary to appear once a month and discipline his crinkly-haired flock. Sometimes there is one Duk-Duk; sometimes there are two. At certain places they come out of the dawn dancing upon canoes that have been lashed together; at others they rush out of the brush. Huge of stature, with faces five feet high, and body-dresses of leaves, these ungainly creatures supervise feasts and initiations when they are not engaged on the business of morals. For it is a business, there as elsewhere. A native who feels aggrieved by the actions of some tribesman presents shell-money—as well as his case—to the Duk-Duk. Policeman, judge, and executioner, the Duk-Duk visits the dwelling of the accused, demands justice, and, if the reply is not satisfactory, burns or breaks down the house. The cult of the Duk-Duk takes other forms, religious and medicinal, in these eastern islands; but graft mingles ever with the high moral tone of the proceedings, while in certain sections these offshoots of the sacred cassowary—Duk-Duk and his wife Tiburan—have become strolling players. Doubtless the masks of these comedians are ornamented with a more jocund face than this monstrosity from New Guinea.





OF all masked gods the strangest and most engaging is that kindly, grotesque creation of the Delaware Indians which goes by the name of Misinghalikun—the Living Solid Face. When Egyptian priests appeared, as Apuleius pictured them, masked as Isis or Horus, they represented a deity that had his proper human form as well as his disguise as an animal. But the Living Solid Face is what it says it is—a mask, a living mask. When the Indians first saw Misinghalikun riding a buck, and herding the deer, it was simply a fur-clad figure with a wooden face, the right half red, the left black. Following a disaster, the Living Solid Face taught the Delawares to make a mask like his, and promised that when they wore it his spirit would go into it. Every year Misinghalikun appears at the ceremonies of the tribe, and on the third day sees them off upon a hunt; the twelfth night he dances in the Big House, where his face is carved upon twelve pillars. His mask, his black bearskin clothes, his turtle rattle, and his stick are kept by a family that burns tobacco before it now and then. The Living Solid Face is a bit of a moralist at the Big House meeting, and, when a parent finds his child weak, sick, or disobedient, Misinghalikun is ready to attend. But his main function is general beneficent guidance over the tribe and the hunt. There is no demon here.





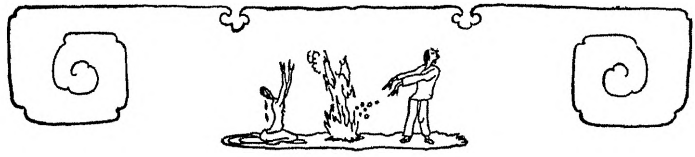
AN ingenious theory makes the war shield the ancestor of the mask. The warrior, holding his leathern or wooden buckler in front of his face, found it convenient to have eyeholes in it in order to see his enemy. Then he found it still more convenient to tie his shield onto his head with a thong and fight a hand-to-hand battle in blinders. The truth is more likely to be that primitive man, observing the fear a mask produced in his friends, began by painting a mask on his shield, and then went as far as he dared in disguising his own face with horror. Paint was the first war mask, and it is still the most popular. It weighs little. It doesn't restrict the vision. The result of a painstaking application of colored earths to the face is often fearsome indeed. Simply because war masks are dangerous to the wearer, their actual use in battle is rare compared with their employment in war dances and in religious and ceremonial rites. If a man is fully armored or mounted upon a horse and safe from attack by foot—a later development in conflict reserved to the mediæval knights of Europe and Japan—the face mask and helmet are common. Crusaders wore strange, afrighting faces upon their visors. The Japanese hammered such demon-grins as this out of iron. They also made half-masks ornamented with an almost kaiserlich mustache of horsehair.





PERHAPS it was the difficulty of doing business with an enemy at close quarters in a mask provided with only one pair of eyeholes that led the Africans to design a helmet with two faces. Or perhaps, like all aborigines, they counted most on the fear-inspiring nature of the carven mask, and thought it wise to have a face to work in retreat as well as one for the charge. Since a fearsome magic, rather than physical protection, is the virtue of the war mask, it is not unnatural that in New Britain masks are sometimes made from the skulls of departed chiefs in order that their spirits may lead the tribe into battle and dismay their enemies. The primitive inhabitants of the New World found an efficient way to use the power-giving mask of a totem-animal without permitting the enemy to take advantage of low visibility. In the armies of Montezuma the Spaniards observed a kind of helmet-mask overshadowing and protecting the face. The Aztec soldier looked out from the mouth of a puma, a mountain lion, or a wolf, wearing the hide much as Hercules—along with other Greeks no doubt—wore the famous lion's skin. In Alaska the Tlinkit Indians still preserve a kind of wooden helmet which seems to be a relic of a war mask grown too embarrassing to the vision, and pushed up on top of the head. This specimen was doubtless painted as well as carved.





DANCING is speech to primitive man. He prays, teaches, threatens, and brags with his body. Before the battle he dances a war dance to heat the blood and to work a piece of disastrous magic on the enemy. Even when he is face to face with the foe, a little dancing is often in order. Roland's trouvère stepped out before the Frankish army to slang the troops of Islam, and to brag of the valor of his lord; but in Java they say it with dancing. Before a conflict two gorgeously robed figures, often crowned with masks, were wont to step out between the rival armies and execute a song and dance reflecting the glories of their arms. The mask of brag is naturally a most important feature of the potlatch of British Columbian Indians, a feast at which a chief demonstrates his wealth by giving away his riches. Here is one mask of four used at such a celebration to represent rival chiefs, who may have looked on during the uncomplimentary proceedings. Half of the face of one of these red, white, and black masks was supposed to have been burned away by the extraordinary heat when the boasting chief was burning up some of his valuable property. It is easy to imagine that, though a ceremony of this kind did not begin as a war dance, it might readily end in one.





THE peace mask is an ingenious invention of the natives of New Ireland. It is diabolically martial. Upon the first of each May tribes that have been deadly enemies for the past twelve months meet and feast and dance together. Considerable preparations precede the love-feast. In the time available from tracking and murdering one another during the fifty-two weeks of active warfare between gatherings, the warriors make themselves masks of as varied and terrible a nature as their genius commands. On the morning of the feast, dressed in red shirts and skirts of ferns, the masked tribesmen paddle to the scene of the feast blowing on conch shells and pounding tom-toms. The day is pleasantly divided between dancing and eating. Enemies sit down to dinner side by side with no more than a passing thought for the possibilities of poison. Peace reigns till evening. Then, perhaps, someone laughs at a mask. And soon there is sufficient casus belli to last the next year through. This mask of painted bark cloth is from the neighboring island of New Guinea, but in what one might call its freedom of execution and its wealth of decorative illusion it is probably very like a peace mask of New Ireland.



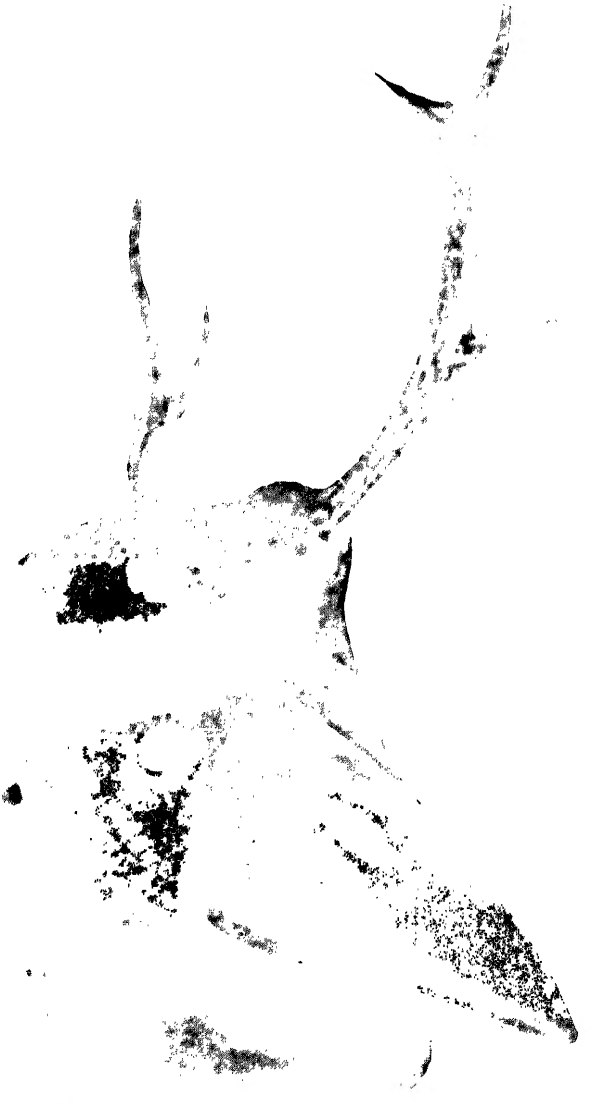


FOR twenty centuries and more, the mask rioted through Europe in licentious carnival. Far behind the Fêtes of the Kalends, far behind the Saturnalia and the Hilaria, pagan peasants revelled in false faces at the seasonal festivals of planting and harvest. Rome and all her empire, from Spain to the forests of Germany, and from Asia Minor to Britain, drank and masked, loved and worshipped, in celebrations that have come down to us in the festivities of Christmas and Mardi Gras. Holy Church frowned and forbade, but had to end in giving the pagan rites a decent name. Christ's birthday sanctified one, the coming of Lent excused the other. Even the clergy masked. At the Feast of Fools, which replaced the Kalends, the lesser churchmen turned their vestments inside out and held in the very church itself the jocund rites of the Boy Bishop, the Lord of Misrule, the Pope of Unreason. In 1207 Innocent III forbade the clergy to wear masks. But holy pronouncement availed nothing. The mediæval miracle plays, with their demons and dragons, had fed the flame of mimicry, and when the mask was driven out of the church at last in the fifteenth century, it luxuriated in the carnivals that have persisted to our own day in Rome and Venice, Paris and New Orleans. Under the shadow of the Alps and within ten miles of Oberammergau, peasants still wear such demon masks as this.





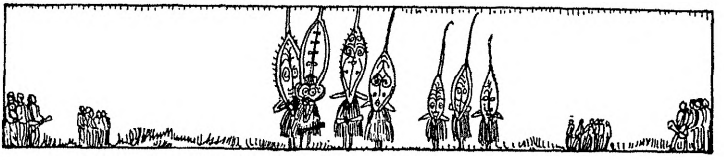
IN the little valley of Lötschental, which lies half way between the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau, Swiss peasants have held revels which carry us back through the whole history of the mask. They bring us memories of Walpurgisnacht and of the Kalends, of child-scaring and neighbor-robbing under the protection of the false face, of feasts to banish demons and make nature fruitful. Three days before Lent the chimneys are cleaned, and the demons come forth. Doors are locked and only mature men venture out. Wearing special vestments, with their clothes turned inside out, and their faces covered with the masks of men and animals and demons, the unmarried men—some disguised as women—career through the villages. They strike and besmooch passers-by with bags of ashes. They bellow like bulls and burst into the houses, frightening girls even as they drive out counter-demons and cure such ills as barrenness. Tradition has it that these masks were used by robber bands, secret societies like the masked fraternities of Africa. This dragon's head with its moveable jaw comes from the neighboring Tyrol, and is typical enough of the eccentric masks of the Alpine people. It recalls the folk-festivals of St. George which must have pained good Queen Victoria as late as 1876.



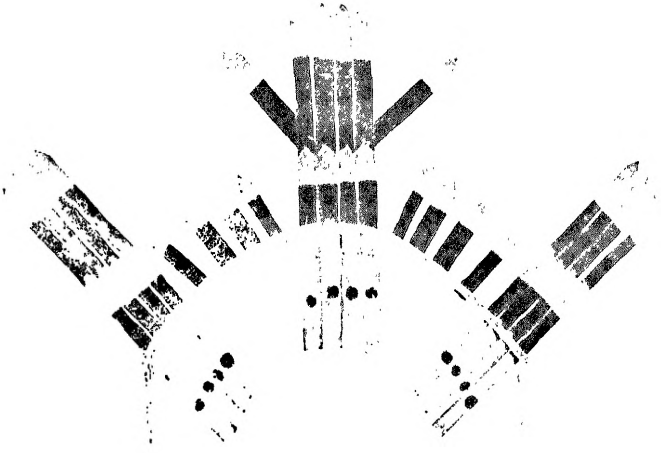


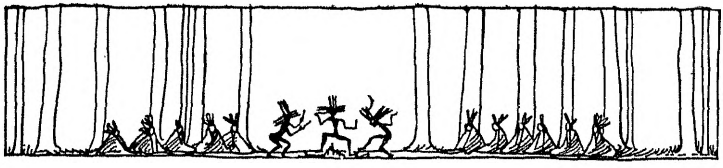
AESCHYLUS preserved in one of his plays a relic of the earliest rituals of Greece, the masked figure who is half horse and half rooster. And in the carnivals of Pinzgau and Pongau in the Austrian Tyrol, a descendant of the curious and classic beast appears in this antlered deer with the beak of a bird. This mask represents a Perchten—one of the "echt" Perchten, in fact. Twelve of these demons—old as time—appear in the procession of fifty or sixty young men who pass through the villages on the first Sunday after Twelfth Night masked as dragons, devils, and all manner of monstrosities, human and bestial. They riot down the streets, striking with whips, cow tails, and other phallic switches, the women that line the way. Young wives, anxious for offspring, gaze upon the potent symbols of fecundity depicted on the masks. From such ancient festivals, demoniacal and comic, developed that masking madness which spread down Italy, and carried disguises through carnivals that lasted six months. In the eighteenth century, from October to Christmas, from Twelfth Night to Lent, and indeed on the slightest pretext thereafter, people went about grotesquely disguised. In a scrap of a half-mask or elaborately helmeted, they shopped and called and danced, invaded church and palace, did business and pressed law suits. Under the mask all was democracy and license.





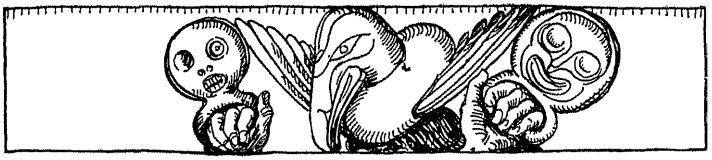
AMONG savage peoples the boy goes to school when he becomes a man. Until puberty he is classed and treated as a woman. Puberty brings initiation into manhood and into secret societies at the same time. Initiation is a time for learning secrets, secrets of men and gods. Some of these secrets are told by word of mouth, some are taught visually. By means of little dramas which show what not to do, the bushmen of Australia teach adolescents the rules of life provided by the gods. Everywhere there is some test of bravery in the ceremonies, some element of the terrifying. The boys of New Guinea, who go about during all the time of initiation dressed in a special costume and mask, are made to walk into the mouth of a whale-like monster, which is a hut disguised. Mothers and sister mourn until the monster spews them up. Or sometimes they are sent out into the woods to meet and talk with such a demon-god as this mask from the Fly River. At this time they learn that the gods they have seen were only masked men—though men animated for the moment with the spirit of the gods—and they swear to keep the secret from the women and the children. Connected with every initiation is a great mass of legend, told, sung, or acted out. From such legends comes the drama of civilized times.





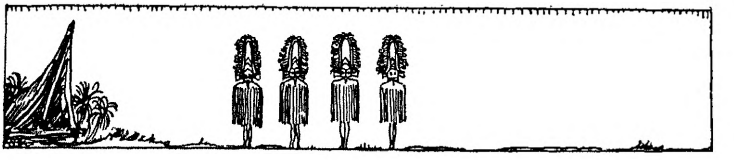
COMPARED with the other Indians of the southwest, the Apache is poorly supplied with gods and legends. Yet the medicine men and dancers who would take part in their ceremonials must know some fifty songs with the accompanying dances and pantomime, and must know them in the proper order. In contrast to the huge pantheon of the Pueblo Indians, the Apache have only four gods of their own. These are the Gans, and they make their appearance at very important ceremonies held in a time of war or pestilence, and at a frequent and very odd puberty rite—a kind of initiation for girls. The four Gans—each of a different color and dedicated to a different quarter of the earth—originally dwelt with man. They grew fearful, however, when they saw death about them, and decided to depart. Not wishing to leave men alone, the head god hid one of his little daughter's playthings, and while the child was searching for it, the Gans escaped. For a time these gods returned at stated intervals, and when they returned no more, the descendants of the girl and her Indian husband learned to make masks of the Gans, and to dance their dances from sunset to dawn. The mask itself is a shapeless bag with three holes, at first made of deerskin but now of cotton. Above the mask is a pattern of painted sticks made from the Spanish bayonet. A clown without a mask accompanies the Gans.





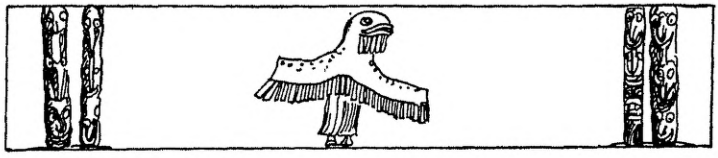
THE tribal legends of primitive man lead backward into buried history as well as forward into the theatre. Some race-memory of a terrible man-eating chieftain is doubtless preserved in the Great Cannibal Spirit of the Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia. Today he protects the Hamatsa secret society. The candidate for initiation disappears into the forest in summer to meet the Great Cannibal Spirit, and to learn the songs and rites of the order. At the time of the winter ceremonies the Great Cannibal Spirit dances the earthquake dance in the house of Hamatsa to bring back the initiate. The front of this house is painted to represent a raven, and it is through the open mouth of the bird that the candidate enters, much as the boys of New Guinea enter the whale-house of their society. The hint of death and rebirth in this initiation is elaborated in many Indian and Eskimo ceremonies having to do with those twin offshoots of the totem—the clan and the secret society. In one case, for example, the candidate is most realistically killed. The women wail over a decapitated dummy. There is a funeral, a banquet, a burial. It is not till a year later that the initiate reappears, brought back by a man masked as a totem animal.





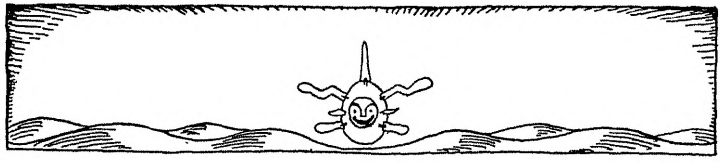
THE mind of the North Pacific Indian is astonishingly fertile in dramatic legend and in methods for embodying these stories in masked beings. The initiate of the Hamatsa secret society, becoming the slave of the Great Cannibal Spirit who protects the lodge, dances four times about the room disguised in this bird-head and costume, snapping his three-foot wooden jaws at everyone in the house. In this initiation the Kwakiutl Indians make use of many stage properties of wood, including lightning sticks and serpents made with moveable joints much like the Japanese toys.





THE bleak northern winter, empty of activity, which leaves our farmers immured with the Sears, Roebuck catalog, turns the Indians and the Eskimo of the North Pacific coast towards the most fantastic play with wooden masks and the dramatization of legends. Summer is the time for the potlatch—great feast and giving away of property in a gesture of braggadocio. Early in winter, before the secret societies hold their initiations, the clans recount their legends in long dramatic sequences. From Vancouver Island to the Aleutians at the farthest tip of Alaska, Indians and Eskimo are carving, painting, and using masks such as this of Dsonoquoa, the Black Man. Although some of the masks in wood and copper bear a striking resemblance to the work of the Japanese, and are used by Eskimo upon islands stretching close to Asia, the fact that the eastern Eskimo are without false faces argues that masks were borrowed originally from the Indians to the south, who in turn probably got them by easy stages from Mexico and Peru. The religion of these northern tribes, unusually rich in totems, coupled with the leisure of long winters, has produced an elaboration in the use of masks not to be found elsewhere in the world.





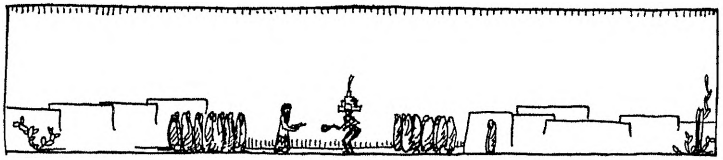
THE rich rivers of the North Pacific enable the Indians to maintain a fixed abode, and to advance to the cultural level of an agricultural people while still remaining hunters of animals. The result is a remarkable mass of totemic legends, elaborate dramatic ceremonies, and the most complicated use of masks. The hunting man conceives animals as gods and gods as animals. He believes that great spirits take animal shapes. He sends his own spirit into animals for safe-keeping. Small wonder the North Pacific Indian thinks that an animal has two shapes—one his own, and the other a god or a man—and that all the beast has to do is to shove up his snout with his paw to show the human face beneath. Hence the Indian makes masks which can be god, animal, or man at the will of the dancer. His mask acts out a whole legend by itself. Here, of instance, is a mask of the first dawn. Outside, when the black wings are closed, is Night. The dancer pulls a string, the wings open, and the red, beaked sun appears. He pulls another string, the sun-mask rises on little iron rods, to reveal underneath it the face of the being who makes the light, all white. Above the sunrise mask is a device for scattering feather down to represent mist or fog.



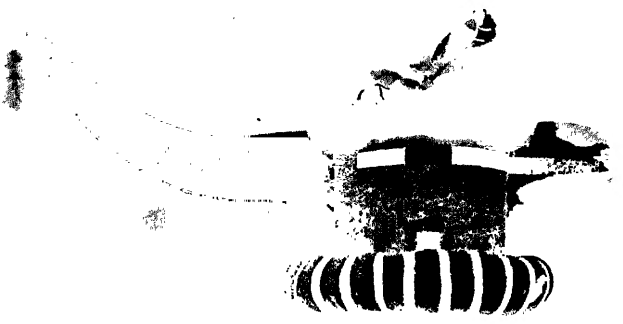


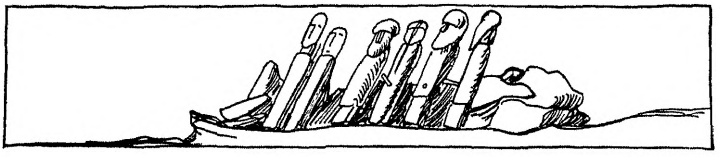
THE Great Spirit took the form of a bird, flew down to earth, and became a human being. Man at his most primitive would chant such a story at the proper point in a ritualistic ceremony. A little more advanced, he might symbolize the legend through a number of men and masks. The North Pacific Indian creates, instead, a single mask by which a dancer can act out the whole story. This mask from British Columbia may well have told such a story. On the outside is some great round shape, perhaps a painted and carved head of deity. Within—pulled back now against the outer shape by a set of strings—are a bird's head and beak. In the centre on a third mask appears a human face. When a man thus dramatizes a legend he is on the way toward pure theatre. And, indeed, the Indians and the Eskimo of the northwest seem to derive quite as much pleasure as they do religious satisfaction from their ceremonies. They are always elaborating old dramas and staging new ones. A traveler records fifty-three ceremonies on Vancouver Island, enacted by twenty to thirty men, women, and children. The use of the mask with these people ranges all the way from elaborate mechanical tricks and illusions of murder, fire, and decapitation, to little finger masks for the women to wear on certain ceremonial occasions.



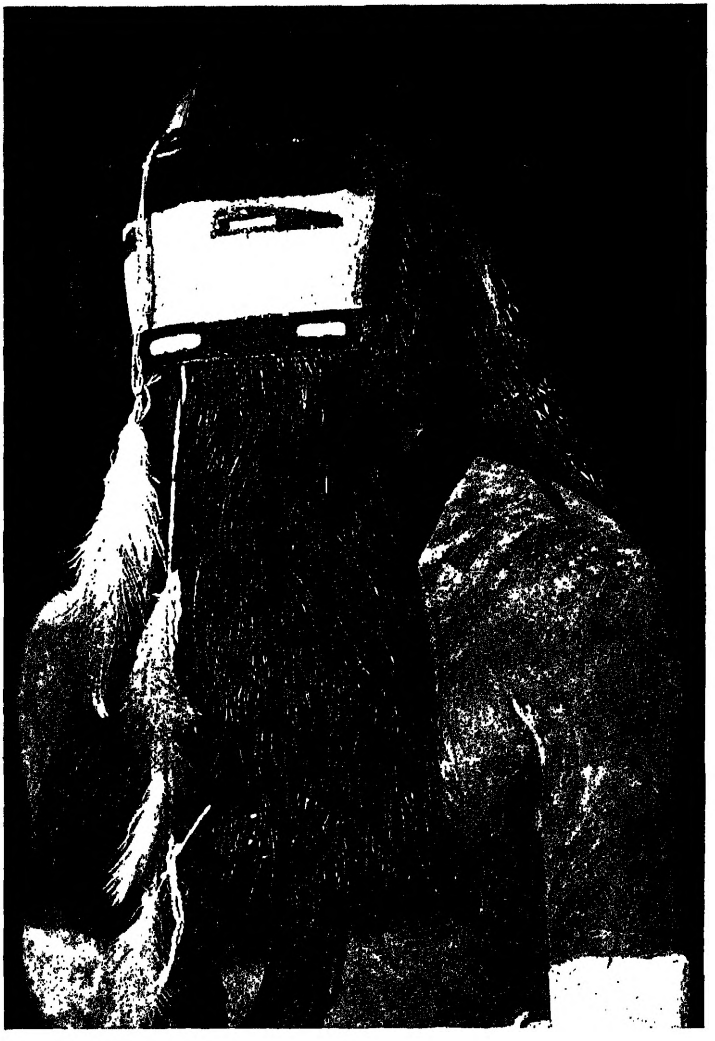


HUNTING man—the savage—makes masks of animals to increase by magical ritual the food on which he lives. Farming man—the barbarian—thinks only of rain, and works his magic by pouring water down from a treetop or showing the gods in some such way what it is he wants. He reserves masks for initiations, the raising of spirits, and the punishment of the wicked. In America, however, down in the desert lands of the southwest, where mesas jut up out of the golden waste like castles in a dawn, live farmers who have evolved a most extraordinary cult of masked gods to act out rain ceremonies which are almost dramas. These are the Zuñi, Hopi, and Keres Indians, who live in those strange and mesa-like dwellings of rooms piled on rooms, the ancient pueblos in which we see the ancestor of the American apartment house. Here in the masked spirits—the Kachinas of the Hopi and the Kokos of the Zuñi—we find ancestor worship and god-making in clearest beginnings, the dead hero turning into deity, the holy man into a saint. The masks of these gods are as symbolic as the dances and the legends of their drama. The stiff leather is decorated with symbols rather than features. Here is the Zuñi mask of Anahoho, for instance, with a hand painted in black across the face to represent a constellation, and with a flower of the narcotic jimpson weed for an ear.





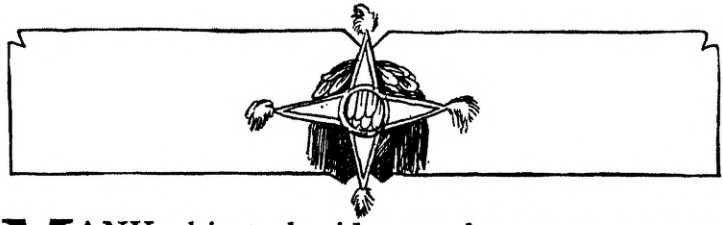
THE religion of the Pueblo Indians is as acquisitive as the next man's. The tribes borrow deities and dances from one another. Their gods are very like Catholic saints; sometimes their ceremonies corrupt Catholic ritual, and sometimes they are corrupted by it. There are queer old war god idols that lurk out in the hills. The stars take human shape upon fetishes. Animal and vegetable spirits appear as masked men. But the bulk of Pueblo religion is symbolic legend, acted out by the ancestor gods who intercede between man and the Great Spirit—the He-She of the Zuñi, visible as the blue vault of the sky—and his Rain Makers. At the head of the Zuñi Kokos are the nine members of the Council of the Gods, the four towering Shalakos—giant couriers of the Rain Makers—and the ten mud-head clowns, the Koyemshi. This black and white mask with its long blue horn represents Siatasha, the Rain Priest of the North. The Kokos go through ceremonies that range from marching, singing, and dancing, through symbolic action and dialog, and the display of marionette-like devices, to burlesque and something very like pure theatre. The purpose of the ceremonies is usually rain-making, sometimes the propitiation of ghosts, and sometimes purification. They are all based upon legends and they serve the purposes of initiation and pure entertainment.



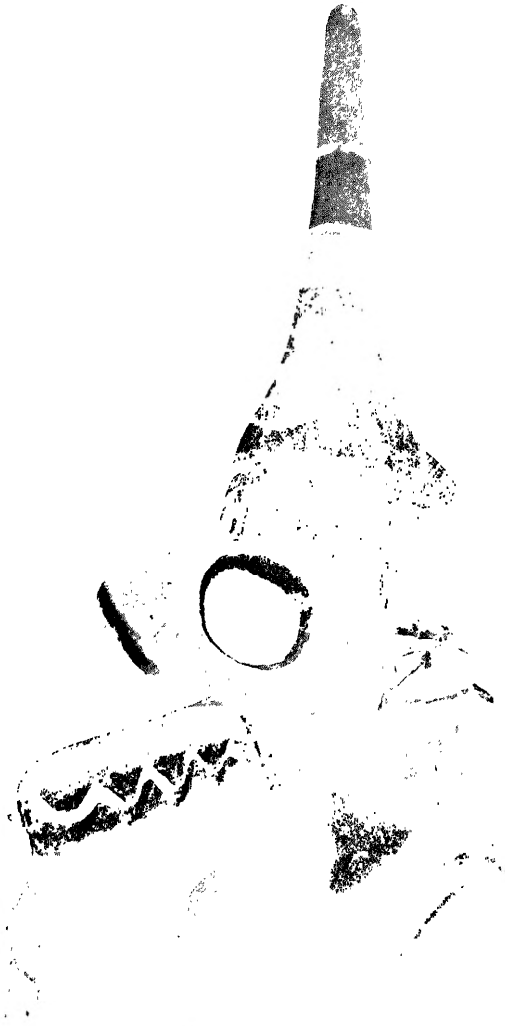


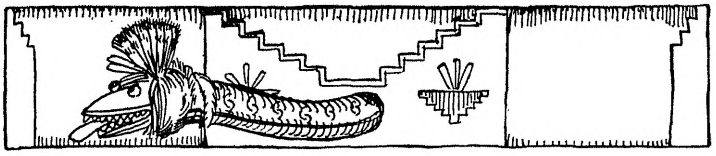
EACH mask of the Pueblo Indians is used many times in many ceremonies. Its leather base is repainted and redecorated again and again each year to represent different gods and goddesses. These masks are of five shapes. Two varieties cover the whole head, one with a smooth, hard, dome-like helmet, the other with a shapeless cloth bag. Three others are simply visors like this. The visor may extend only as far as the chin; it may round under the chin, or it may hide the chin with a fringe of black hair. Oddly enough, if the mask has a beard, it usually means that the god is a goddess. In the case of this false face the statement is literally true. For the Zuñi mask of this design belongs to a god who was dressed as a woman to make him a more docile captive. It figures in a quarterly ceremony to propitiate the spirits of a legendary tribe annihilated by the Zuñi after it had captured a number of their ancestral gods. The ceremony shows the enemy tribe and its captives. As masks are not only repainted, but the gods themselves appear in many different ceremonies, this deity may be found among the Hopi taking part in rain dances.





MANY objects besides masks are necessary to Pueblo ceremonies. There are sand paintings, fetishes in the ceremonial rooms, corn meal and pollen to be scattered about, bull roarers and gourd horns, dolls duplicating the masked gods, and lightning sticks like Jacob's ladder. Tablets, feathers, and bits of painted wood are often added to the mask. The helmet of this Hopi mask is supplemented with devices painted and cut to represent rain, thunder, clouds, lightning, and growing corn. Naturally it is potent in the ceremonies designed to liven the alluvial desert into fertility. The Pueblos seem little concerned with the fertility of man or beast—having noticed, perhaps, that this is apt to take care of itself—and the only god who wears a phallus is wholly absorbed in rain making. The Hopi dead, when they become Kachinas, intercede with the Rain Makers. The Zuñi dead collect water in gourds and pots which the Rain Makers pour upon the earth from the protection of cloud masks. The Kachinas—the dead and deified ancestors themselves—used to come down to live with the Hopi from the winter solstice to the summer solstice. When they could do so no longer, they taught the people how to make masks into which their spirits could go. These masks are now first worn at the late December ceremony called the Return of the Kachinas, and put away with the departure of the Kachinas at the end of June.





WHEN the roots of Elizabethan drama were forming in the mystery plays, guilds of actors, each in charge of an episode in a story of the apostles or the saints, passed from square to square until all the town had seen the completed drama. In the pueblos the religious drama of the Indian saints is acted in the same way by half a dozen different societies, each giving one of six scenes in each of the kivas or sacred rooms of the orders. Later some of the dances may be repeated on the plaza; but in these outdoor performances there is never the atmosphere of mystery and theatricalism that hovers in the stifling air of the kiva lit only by a fire which attendants hide with blankets while the dancers and the marionettes take their places. This monstrous mask of Wupamau stands by while the plumed serpent of the great flood, suspended on wires, darts his body out of a hole in a sacred tablet, and knocks down little clay pedestals and sprouts of corn which represent a growing field. Here in the mystic clarity of the southwestern air dance and dialog, mask and marionette are creating the beginnings of religious drama. But civilization, corrupting the ritual, seducing its servants, and laying the shadow of the Black Rock irrigation dam across the ceremonies of the Rain Makers, decrees that these beginnings shall also be the end.



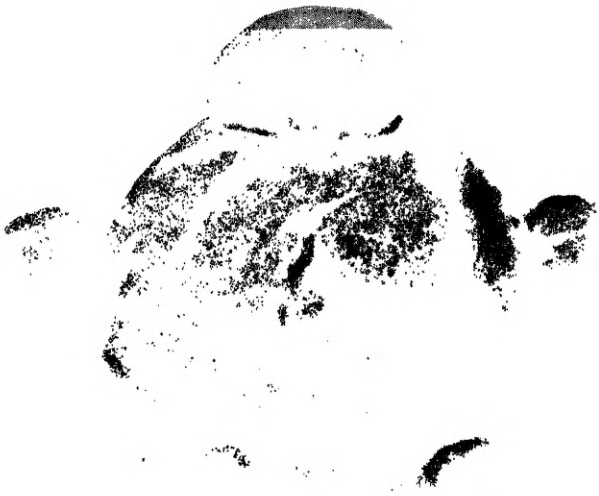


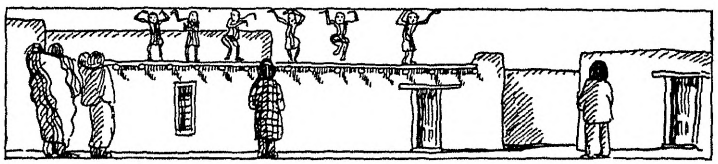
DIONYSUS, fertilizing earth-spirit of the Greeks. Bacchus, his Roman brother, god of wine. A deity presiding over the rebirth of the fields and forests each spring, uniting fecundity and drunkenness, religion and drama. . . . This mask might be the effort of some rude but expressive peasant of the Mediterranean to weave the fibers of the harvest into a portrait of the god with vine leaves in his hair. At certain places in America, Indians have masked in a fashion that carries us back to Greece and the birth of the drama. Something of the clown, something of the demon, and something of the earth-god are to be found in all spirit-emblems of fertility invented by man to give him courage in the face of the death of vegetation every fall. These things are here in this corn husk mask of the Iroquois. As a prelude to the purifying offices of the False Face Company, these wind-borne spirits who guard the growth of vegetation rush in and out of the ceremonial lodge before their brothers appear, carrying implements of husbandry in their hands. Significantly, the healing rites of the Husk Faces are accomplished, not with the ashes of the False Faces, but with water.





WHEN the clown invades demonology and a comic mask mocks at the dread solemnities of the spirit-world, primitive man is fairly well along toward that great liberation of the spirit which speaks out in drama. It is hard to claim as much for such a clown as this fibre mask from the Amazon with the diamonds of Harlequin upon it; for we know little of the rites of these South American Indians, and less about this particular false face with its covering for head, body, and even hands. We do know, however, in the bacchanalia with which these people propitiate the demon Jurupari, there are not only mythical figures, giants, naked men with horrible faces, and men disguised as oxen, deer, cranes, and jaguars, but also daring jesters. And we know that in northwestern Brazil the savages have masked ceremonies which have worked over into little less than pure theatre. Defiance of the demon-world, and assertion of man's own godhead come in with the clown. The ritualistic meaning of the masked rite begins to fade, and the sport of imitation and of story-telling gain upon actor and audience alike.



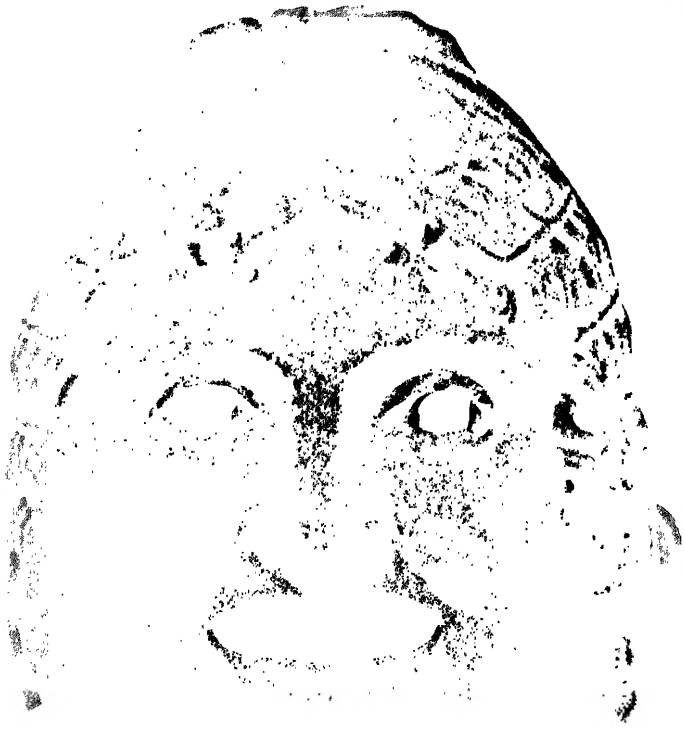


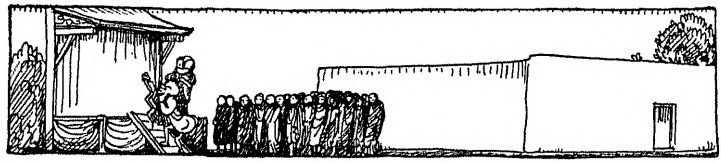
PHALLIC and fertilizing, outrageous and divine, roared over and revered, clowns play a part in every masked ceremonial of the southwestern Indians. The ten Koyemshi of the Zuñi and their counterparts in the other pueblos are as earthy as their pet name—the Mud Heads—or the clay-loaded bag which makes their mask. When they give you corn, you must neither eat nor trade it; it must be planted as a magic for the crops. When they eat filth or make love realistically on the house tops, you must see in it nothing more personal that the eternal, fruitful processes of nature. But when the Mud Heads play games and travesty the sacred ceremonies like circus clowns burlesquing prohibition, the Ford car, or radio, you may see grubby little Man asserting godhead and elbowing and jostling the demons. The Indians fear the Koyemshi—for one thing, they have in the knob on each ear and the top of the head the footprints of the people scooped up with the dirt of the streets. If the Indian begrudges the Mud Head food when he comes begging, some trouble is sure to befall the niggard. Yet you may see the Zuñi praying to a Mud Head. He remains the Dionysiac divinity who is making fearsome ritual over into the joy and exaltation of drama.





DIONYSUS makes drama. Before this god of vegetation came to Greece there was ritual but no drama. There were masked animal dances that stretched far back to primitive initiations, and there were chants sung and danced at the tombs of dead heroes who had become gods. The peculiar and dramatic thing about Dionysus was his story of death and rebirth. His body had been rent apart, and scattered like leaves in the fall, and he had been reborn as the earth is reborn each spring. When the leader of the worshippers in goat-skins, dancing and chanting the story of their hero before his altar, began to act out the god's life in his own person he had to do something inherently dramatic. He had to leave the circle to meet his death in the woods, and he had to return to tell of his death and his rebirth. All Greek drama retains the distinctive forms of the service at Dionysus' altar—the dancing, chanting chorus, the hero who is killed, the messenger who tells of his death and rebirth, the return of a god. Thespis fused the mimetic worship and the ritualistic choruses, and he added an actor. They credit him, too, with the invention of the mask worn by actors and chorus. But the evidence is as slight as the supply of masks left from Attic Greece. Today we have only such replicas in marble or terra cotta as this votive offering in a Roman tomb.





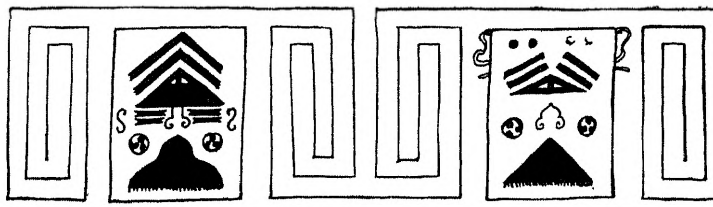
THESPIS may have invented the mask or merely borrowed and improved it. The mask was inevitable in Greek religious drama, and it held on even into comedy that became domestic farce. Spirits that come out of graves —not to mention gods—are hardly likely to take the forms of villagers. Even in New Guinea a man will wear a mask when he is going to raise the dead. If he has the sensitive mind of a Greek, he will know that a human face is absurdly inappropriate to a god. To an Athenian of the time of Phidias the natural thing was for an artist to create the face of Dionysus out of wood and leather, cloth and cork and paint, and give it appropriate and absolute values. Moreover, the mask had certain practical advantages. It could contain a kind of megaphone to throw the voice across the great spaces of the open air theatres. It could be made a little larger than life in order that 40,000 might see it. With many tragic masks to choose from, the three actors to whom Greek tragedy was limited could play many parts in the same play. This mask of a courtezan on the later Græco-Roman stage carries us on to the days when the stock figures of Latin drama—the glutton, the miser, the rascally servant, the young hero—had been reanimated into the fixed types of the Commedia dell' Arte of the sixteenth century with their half-masks.





IN Japan the mask begins in demonology, and ends in the most refined and recondite dramatic form in the world. In the eighth century a force of twenty devil-dancers, equipped with exceptionally potent masks each containing four lozangular eyes, kept the palace free of demons. By the fifteenth century the Japanese had developed a form of masked religious drama as perfect within its own limits as the Greek, and presenting surprising parallels to that highest of tragic forms. Today the drama of the Greeks is a little bundle of manuscripts, and their theatre a dubious tradition. Even the ways of Shakespeare's playhouse are difficult to learn. But this No drama of Japan exists today as complete, as pure, as uncorrupted by man and time, as when the Shoguns first saw it four centuries and a half ago. The masks of the No, clean cut, sharply characterized, quite perfect in their sublimation of the realistic, stand close to the top of the art of the false face; only the more vigorous and expressive masks of the Negro excel them. Here is a mask used in the religious dances of the eleventh century from which No sprang. Few of these older masks have reached the western world; they are treasured reverently in the Buddhist temples and imperial collections.





OFFICIAL religions are thoroughly confused in Japan. Transmigrational Buddhism, plentifully encrusted with demoniacal and heroic legends, reached Japan in the sixth century. In the course of thirteen hundred years it has managed to fuse with the mild spiritism and nature worship of the Shinto faith of old Japan, just as it fused with the ancestor worship of China. The origins of the No drama lie in this curious and obscure mingling of religions, and they are as curious, as obscure, and as mingled. Two sources are Buddhist; one of these is courtly and one religious. The Chinese brought to Japan a court dance which still persists. In it the actions of a hero are dramatized in a series of postures against a background of music. The Buddhists brought, too, their miracle plays. In the temples, to the accompaniment of scriptural readings, a masked god and a certain number of subordinate figures danced holy pantomimes. As with our own miracle plays of the middle ages, the comic element had a way of squeezing itself in, requiring masks which, some authorities think, may have been remotely derived from Greek low comedy. This grotesque mask from the twelfth century was one of those used for the Gigaku dance, in which the pantomime of Buddhism began to fuse with a more native form.





BUDDHA is complacent. Demons, gods, and ancestors may cling to his vestments. He accepts their attentions as part, perhaps, of the discomforts this side of Nirvana. In Japan Buddhism found one of the most primitive forms of religion, the Shinto worship of nature forces and a myriad of beneficent spirits. All Japan is dotted with shrines of local deities, kindly though mysterious beings that crept out of the ancestral forest when fetishism was dying. For centuries these spirits have appeared at regular intervals to repeat the story of their advent in the pantomimic dances of masked priests. Even great cities like Tokyo are well supplied with such local spirits, and once a year the god climbs up on a platform in the street to dance the story of his coming. Before the No drama was invented, dances of this sort were accompanied on the lute. The next step was the introduction of song. In the Japanese renaissance the nobles were already singing together with all the enthusiasm of a German Sängerbund, and soon they made verses and music to be sung as an accompaniment to a dance. At the same time the Shinto priests introduced songs of the god-spirit as they danced the yearly story of its advent. Thus was the ground prepared for that rare, lovely, and aloof art, the No drama of dance and dialog and lyric song. Here is another of the Gigaku masks which antedated those of the No.





QUITE as old a thing as the return of a spirit in a mask was the ancient celebration which sent to the Shinto temples the actors who were needed to make ritual dances into drama. This thing was the country festival of spring planting and autumn reaping. As everywhere the world over, rude comedy arose in these simple attempts at generative magic and celebration. The end of such buffoonery was another of the many forms of the masked dance in Japan—the Dengaku or "ricefield music." Soon there developed roving acrobats and jugglers, clowns and comedians, who spread the fun of seed time and harvest time all round the year. The priests of Shinto and Buddha brought these Dengaku gamesters into the temples to draw crowds to the periodic festivals. These players began to devise farces, and ended with the comedy called Kiogen. Presently they were trying their hand at tragic subjects, the legends of spirits and heroes. The god-dancer appeared in their midst, sometimes as a spirit, sometimes as a hero. A Dengaku troupe was invited to the court of the Shogun, and under the stimulus of such patronage arose suddenly from god-dance, country farce, and the songs and dances of the court the precise and lyric drama called No. Here is the mask of a fool, Baka, typical of the country farces and the false face clownery still to be seen in temple yards and religious processions.





SOMETHING besides masks and demons was necessary to the making of a dramatic art so refined as the Japanese No. This was the ancient aristocratic culture of Nippon. Gods, spirits, and heroes can make religious pantomime, but only the critical soul of man can make a delicate, mannered, yet austere art-form. The No is a group of five or six very short dance-dramas given at court or in a special theatre on a single day. There is a pattern in each, and a pattern in the group. First comes a congratulatory play in which the gods bestow their blessing; next a battle-piece, a kind of sympathetic magic, for the gods and the emperors pacified the country by ejecting the demons. After that comes a "wig-piece," or quiet love story; then a play of the spirits to signify the passing of this transitory life; next a play of an admonitory nature, often farcical, and finally another congratulation. In each verse play there are always three chief characters who speak together developing some facet of legend. A chorus interjects comment. At the close the chief character dances while music and chorus continue their interpretation. The drama of it is spiritually intense, the form fragile and precise. The fusion of dialog, dance, and music is the secret of its brief lyric perfection. Here is a No mask, grave, austere.





MASK and ritual and legend unite the perfection of Greek tragedy with the perfection of the Japanese No. Both dramas are religious and both spring out of services commemorating the appearances of gods. Both are lyric, as well as dramatic, and both are founded upon music and dance. They share the chorus, and the human actions and sorrows in both are lifted up into a healing understanding by its interpretation. Both draw upon heroes and beings of the spiritual world for people and stories. Both put forward a simple ethical lesson. They have rich costumes and characterizing masks in common. The Greek, like the No drama, was given in the open air upon a bare and formalized stage. The resemblances are so many that certain reckless scholars are tempted to trace these features of the No back to Greece via the conquests of Alexander, and the spread of classical influences in art across India and China with merchants and travelers. Yet essentially No is a product of the religion of Japan, and of the probity of a race at its highest point of progress. Of Greek tragedy and the No it is truer to say that both sprang from the common religious nature of man, caught up and beatified at a moment of exceptional racial exaltation. This old man, Sanko, is one of the three hundred masks employed for various parts in the two hundred No plays now extant.





THE masks and the plays, the acting traditions and the stage of the No drama have come down through four centuries unchanged. The plays are acted on a square platform backed by a wall on which a pine tree is painted in a certain fashion as a symbol of undying strength. The wooden floor beneath an overhanging roof is made resonant to the feet of the dancers by great jars cunningly placed beneath the boards. The long "bridge" or wooden walk leading to the actors' room is similarly resonated, and along its length are planted three symbolic pines. All this has never changed. And so with the actors. Whether they appear in unmasked characters or are hidden behind the faces of old men, spirits, or such lovely women as this, they must learn their art by a training that has not deviated from the time when their forefathers played the same parts. The movement of their bodies is fixed by diagrams accompanying the written texts. The niceties of interpretation are preserved wholly by the training of masters. The pose for looking at the double reflection of the moon in two tubs is reverently learned with the same precision as the movement of the arm when the fan serves as teacup, sword, or pen. Here in the No, hard on the heels of Greek tragedy, the mask finds itself at its highest point of perfection in a theatre that unites religious ritual and dramatic art.



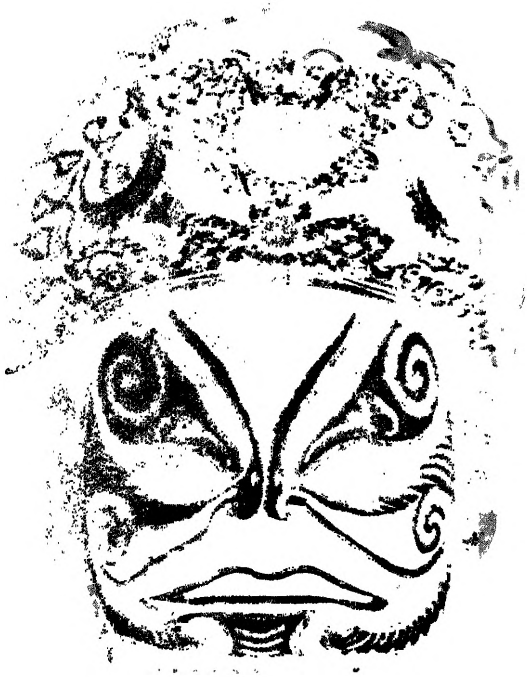


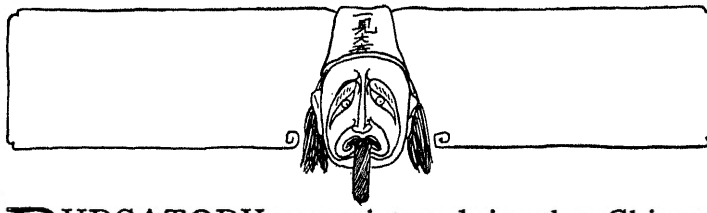
WHEN the mask comes out into public entertainment it is in danger. Only the exceptional minds of the Greeks and the Japanese—temperate, contained, yet spirited—have been able to make the legend of masked ritual into the finest drama. The Chinese have turned it into a thesis-play. This drama of the Buddhist temples of the continent is purely admonitory. Like the sermons of John Wesley and Billy Sunday, it warns you of the consequences of sin. Upon stages in the temple yards, the priests appear in spectacles that are at the same time edifying and amusing. To encourage the Chinese to lead virtuous lives, and thus at death to travel a step nearer the blessed, permanent extinction of Nirvana, the Buddhist and Taoist priests depict the judgment after death, and the horrors of punishment in the hells of purgatory. Gorgeous costumes, masks lovely, horrible, or bizarre, and pantomime of a vivid nature unite to impress the occasion on the minds of the people. Yet even the most revolting tortures are mitigated by a kind of grotesque humor that makes the lesson bearable as well as impressive. This devil lictor from the seventh court of purgatory suggests the masked devil of the European mystery play who popped damned souls into hellmouth to the great delight of the mediæval audience.





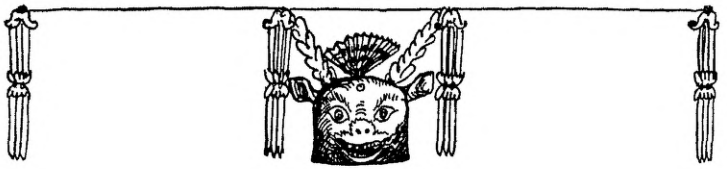
THE Chinese have one hundred and twenty-eight hells in the ten purgatories through which the soul passes from life to life on its way to Nirvana. There are hot hells, cold hells, and dark hells; hells where those who practice medicine without a degree and those who refuse to ransom grown-up slave girls are rolled out flat on a sheet of ice with equal impartiality; hells where those who stop funeral processions and those who promote litigation join in the pleasures of salt pits and brine wells, sit upon spikes, drink abominable drugs, or slip and fall upon a path of well-oiled beans—all, perhaps, merely to pass from the body of a lawyer into that of a coolie or even a dog. Yet this charming little girl with the quizzical smile upon her mask is among the attendants in the First Court of Purgatory. She is one of four servants waiting upon the beneficent Buddhist madonna Kuan-yin, who attends the hellish court doubtless to see that justice is properly tempered. When the Taoist priests act out this scene in their religious and admonitory drama of the after-world, Kuan-yin sits in the centre at the back with her eight merciful hands and her many other charms displayed against the scenery of the island of P'u-t'o, lit by candles on the backs of birds.





PURGATORY, as pictured in the Chinese admonitory drama, is a place of orderly processes and variegated officials. The ten courts are presided over by kings of impressive aspect as well as virtue. They are assisted by all manner of functionaries. There is, for example, a person named General Bull in the first court. He is the beadle, and his mask presents him as a bovine creature, because the bull is sacred to Yama, lord of the infernos. To summon a culprit or a witness from the other world the judge employs a sheriff of human form, because the devil-policemen cannot stand the light of day. This sheriff is a man who has committed suicide with a rope. His tongue hangs out in an alarming manner, but on his dunce cap are four words assuring those whose virtuous actions he sees that they will enjoy good fortune. The judge is provided with two assistants, a civil officer and a military man. This martial mask is as thoroughly adorned with symbolic flourishes as the face of any general on the popular Chinese stage. The secular theatre, which is as moral and almost as admonitory as the priestly performances, has substituted make-up for mask. The strictest of traditions prescribe white powder and paint for a perfidious statesman, red for an upright man, black for a brutal character. Over these ground colors play bizarre and brilliant curves.





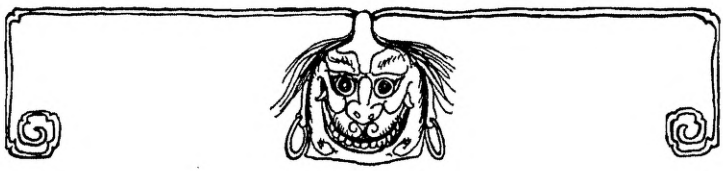
THE official religions of China are even more confused than Christianity from Christ to Channing and from Gregory to Straton. Confucianism is a rational ethic which took a little ancestor worship out of the past. Taoism is an intellectual philosophy heavily decorated with the wildest kind of polytheism from demons to the distinguished dead. Buddhism started out to be a rational and atheistic theory that no power but your mind could free you from the law of reincarnation—a law that made every man his own ancestor and his own god or demon —and Buddhism ended by allying itself with Taoism and acquiring sky gods, animal gods, ancestor gods, fairies, and mythological heroes who only just escaped deification. When a birthday or a wedding occurs among the best families of China, this amazing pantheon parades in masks as a prelude to the play which usually celebrates such an occasion. These deities and heroes have come to congratulate the celebrant and to bestow on him long life, wealth, and progeny. Among the well-wishers, if he is a governor or an emperor, are the Twenty-eight Patriarchs, the Dragon Kings of the Four Seas associated with the rain-making dragon, and the fairies of the hundred flowers, the thousand flowers, and the ten thousand flowers. This is one of the gods of the Twenty-eight Lunar Mansions, an animated constellation.





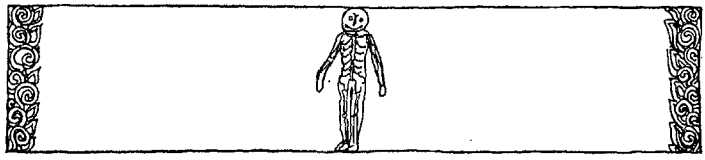
ANCESTORS make the best gods. They are human, easily understood and managed. Yet at a certain point of intellectual growth man stops turning his dead into deities, and makes mythological heroes of them instead. Troy marked this stage for the Greeks. Most of the so-called ancestor worship of China lies this side of godhead. In the congratulatory play which used to be given upon an emperor's birthday, there were all manner of ancestors present in masked form, as well as sky-gods and fairies. Twenty-one masks revealed the cast of the great mythological romance Fung shen yen i. The most interesting character is Kiang Tse-ya. He became chief counsellor to the emperor at eighty when the ruler found him fishing with a straight iron hook out of his goodness of heart. Such virtue, so the book says, attracted the fish as well as the emperor. How close the good man came to being made a god may be seen from the fact that the words: "Mr. Kiang is here!" written on the door of a house is highly esteemed as a method of frightening away a demon. Had he lived a few centuries earlier, he would as surely have achieved deification as Yün Siao, the nature goddess of the Three Fairies Island. She is charming enough in this mask, but her only claim to religious fame seems to be that she is the owner of a pair of shears capable of cutting gods and men in two.



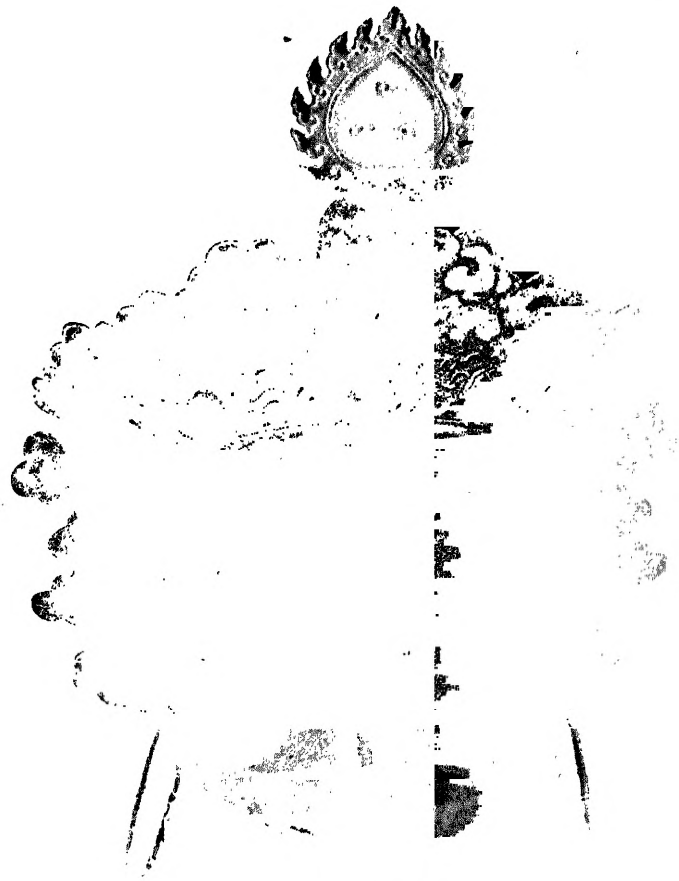


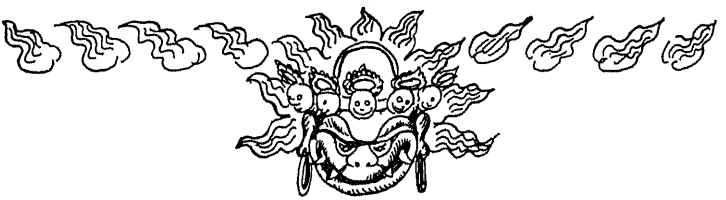
IN the Rome of Buddhism—the city of Lhassa, to which the religion came from India as late as Christianity came to Rome from Judea—the faith of Gautama is even more corrupted by tales of saints and demons than it is in the Taoist temples of China. The masks of Tibet reflect this. In the lamaseries—those hospices of the Tibetan monks which infest the country as monasteries infested mediæval Europe—there are masks which carry us back to the days when magic and the medicine man, demons and rain-makers held sway without the aid of revealed and codified religion. Among such ancient masks from western Tibet is this portrait of an Indian Brahman with the third eye of wisdom in his forehead, as well as masks of a famed hermit from that holy land, a Hindu layman, Mara, the evil principle, and a dolphin-like sea-monster. The presence of such every-day figures as a Hindu, a Brahman, and a hermit indicated, even centuries ago, the practical, workaday nature of the Tibetan holy drama. Simple and rude in its technique, a mere pantomimic pageant of a moralistic nature, it is a spectacle which proves to the public the practical advantages of salvation by Lamaism.





THE lamas of the Tibetan monasteries are monopolists of the holy drama. Yet they provide no theatre and no stage, no scenery and no dialog to aid in its presentation. The performances take place in the temple yard. Outcries and interjections are the only sounds heard above the tramp of feet, the swish of garments, and the row of trumpets, gongs, and cymbals. Ghoulish clowns, the Atsara, open and close the pantomimes in Lhassa by dashing into the courtyard, leaping and whirling and turning handsprings, or subsiding into a slow and mystical movement of body, hands, and fingers. They are clothed in tight-fitting one-piece suits painted with the bones of skeletons, and on their heads they wear this grisly mask. Its flesh-colored surface, laced with meandering veins of blood, suggests a flayed head or a ghastly, fattened skull. The pantomime which follows the appearance of the Atsara is the story of man's temptation by the forces of evil and his rescue through the power of the church. Demons offer temptations to a masked man. At first he resists, then is about to succumb, when, in answer to the pleadings of his friends, the lamas and the guardian powers intervene, and he turns towards them. Then follows a merry lambasting of the demons, whose clothes are as well stuffed as the clubs of the gods.





IN Lhassa masked festivals are common. At New Year's there are carnivals. In the third month, when holy dishes are emptied, and sacred pictures hung up, the lamas provide admonitory pantomimes. And throughout the year in Tibet and in China the temples of Lamaistic Buddhism hold solemn processions of the masked powers of the faith. At New Year's in Pekin the priests of the Yung-ho-kung temple present a varied pantheon to the public gaze. There are Red, Black, and Blue Kings, the Guardians of the World, each provided with the lozangular eye of wisdom in his forehead the better to penetrate past, present, and future. Like the Heavenly Kings, the Green-blue, Brown, and Light-blue Officials have a wreath of skulls on their foreheads. Each has ninety-one sons, but their only companions in the processions are eight generals and twenty-eight kinds of demons. This is the mask of one of the sixteen Dharmapala, who, like the kings of England, are defenders of the faith. Their defensive methods are not the same, however, for they spy the enemies of Buddha from afar, and appal them with a ring of flame.





CHINA makes the mask into a moral lesson and a horrible example. Asia to the south of her turns the false face toward art for art's sake. Through Burmah, Siam, Sumatra, Java, and Ceylon—in all of southern Asia where the Mohammedan does not bar the graven image—the mask has left the service of the temple for the service of the theatre. And as the mask goes out of the temple, so religion goes out of the theatre. The drama is only half legend, the rest is contemporary fiction. The mask itself has found a careless and neglectful master. Sometimes it is used in the plays, sometimes not. The twilight of the gods falls upon masks and demons. The false face does not hold the high place it has known in savage New Guinea and barbarous Africa and among the Greeks and the Japanese. In Siam, for example, not all the characters wear masks, and those that wear them do not speak. This is the mask of the White Demon.





EAST and West have met in the Siamese theatre and curbed the masks and legends of the gods. Before the Europeans came Siam knew only masked pantomime, and its stories were the stories of gods and Buddhas. Soon speaking characters invaded the dumbshow, and were lording it over the false faces. Today the masked figures in the spoken plays are a memory of a faded and shrunken art. The theatre of the old days is visible only in some occasional production of a masked and operatic ballet wherein monkeys fight with demons and many strange and curious things occur. The troupes of actors that go up and down the country still carry stories from Hindu epics, and tell tales of the final life of Buddha or of some earlier incarnation. But many of their plays are modern love stories—such yarns of maidens beloved by crocodiles and elephants as the later literature of India delights in. The masks that manage to insinuate themselves into this drama are made of papier-mâché, painted white or green or red, and elaborately ornamented with gold. This tusked demon is also decorated with a headdress on which appear turreted heads and grinning faces. Animal gods, deified heroes, hermits, and wild people are similarly masked.



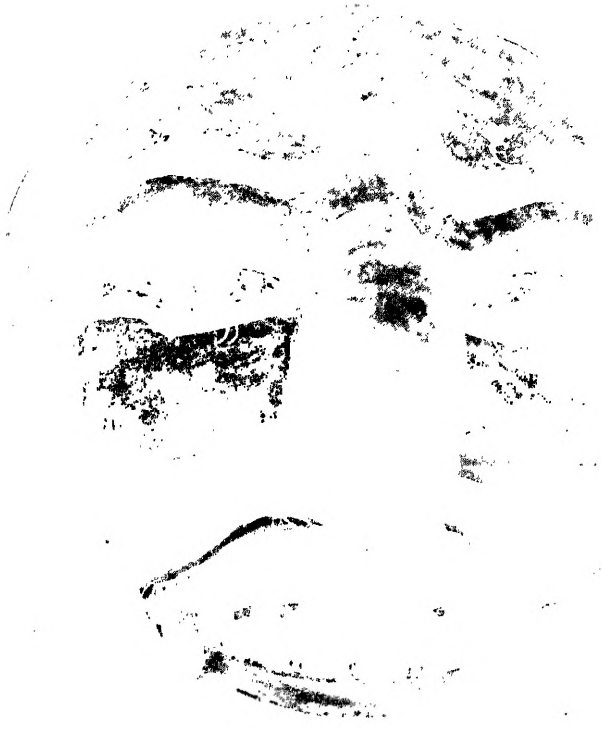


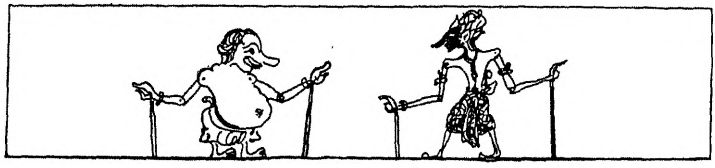
THE story of the mask and its theatrical cousin, the marionette, is vastly complicated in southern Asia by the coming of Mohammedanism. The last of the great religions—bent on the worship of one sublime god, and the abolition of fetish—forbade its artists to create the form of man, animal, or vegetable. Religion progressed; art turned into a kind of geometry. The reaction of this upon the mask, image of god, and the marionette, image of god and man, was disastrous. The actor—image of another; image, even, of the mask and the marionette—seems to have fallen under the ban. Like the mask, he is seldom heard of in strictly Mohammedan countries. The result is a most confused story of the origins of actor, mask, and marionette in lands like Java, which are Brahminical or Buddhist at heart while nominally Mohammedan. This island has shadow puppets borrowed from China many centuries ago. It has marionettes which seem to be of more recent origin. And it has actors who appear both masked and unmasked. The unmasked actor was introduced by an emperor in the eighteenth century, but the masked player is as old as the shadow puppet. Only the deepest study of the land from which this grotesque mask comes could show how puppets, masks, and actors developed in an attempt to balk the law of Mohammed, and preserve ancient and fetishistic art.





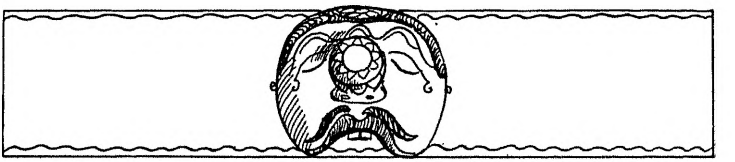
FAR back in the theatre of the shadow puppets Java began with a religious drama. There were stories out of sacred history, tales of demons and gods drawn from the Indian epics of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, moved to Javanese locales, and mixed with a few legends of native deities. Such stories are acted out today by the leathern figures which, painted in vivid colors and adorned with gold for honor's sake, are moved between a lamp and a sheet on which their shadows fall. Some tinge of religious feeling still attaches to these flattened masks of the gods, for before the performance of the Wayang Purwa can begin there must be an offering of food and a burning of incense. These stories of the puppets have been transferred to the stage, where actors appear in such disguises as this half-mask of a bird-demon. On the white, egg-like skull are markings in delicate vermilion.





JAVA has shadow puppets which tell the story of its epic hero, Panji, as well as puppets which cast the shadows of a thousand Buddhas across the screen. Such adventures among the legends of Java are known as Wayang Gedog, and religion takes no heed of them, and burns no incense at their nightly sessions. The same epic stories, along with the saintly and demoniac tales of Buddha and Brahma, are the materials of the ordinary puppet stage of Java—the Wayang Golek. Those svelt and swarthy creatures with their almond eyes, long noses, and even longer arms move with a curious elegance as their master, the Dalang, hidden below, shouts their lines, and at the same time manages the sticks to which, like the shadow marionettes, they are attached instead of to strings. The faces, if not the figures, of these puppets are duplicated in the theatrical performances of actors with masks—the Topeng. Even the Dalang is present to speak the play. The masked stage might, in fact, be a copy from the puppet stage, as the puppets from the shadow-sheet, were it not that such masks as this are far older in Java than the batik-girt figures of the Wayang Golek. Or was the puppet as ancient as the mask or the shadow show, and is he only now escaping from the ban of Mohammed?



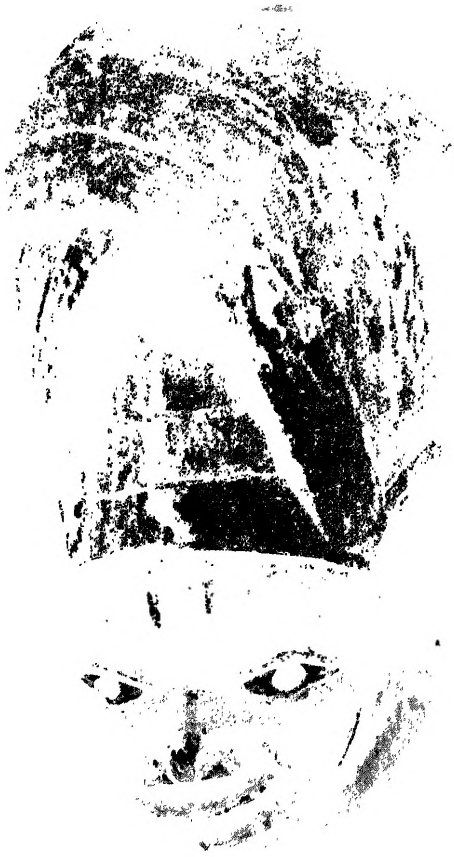


JAVANESE puppets and Javanese actors, whether masked or unmasked, share a varied repertory. It includes not only the religious legends of Asia, and the native epic of Panji, but also a large array of Mohammedan and Malayan stories of a most romantic type. Clowns and buffoons break the monotony of love-adventures and heroic exploits. In the case of the puppets —so much more under the control of the Dalang who operates them—satiric improvisation and plenty of local color are vastly popular. With the acted versions of these tales no such liberties are possible. The action has to be settled on beforehand, and the Dalang can speak only such lines as will accord with the movements of his players. Like most love stories and melodramas of martial adventure, the plays of Java are full of stock figures—lovely and elegant heroines, handsome heroes, and most despicable villains. To capture such a matchless beauty as this lily princess, the amorous enemy of the hero is very likely to send demons and evil spirits as well as battling armies. Which, curiously enough, never seem to render his efforts any more successful.



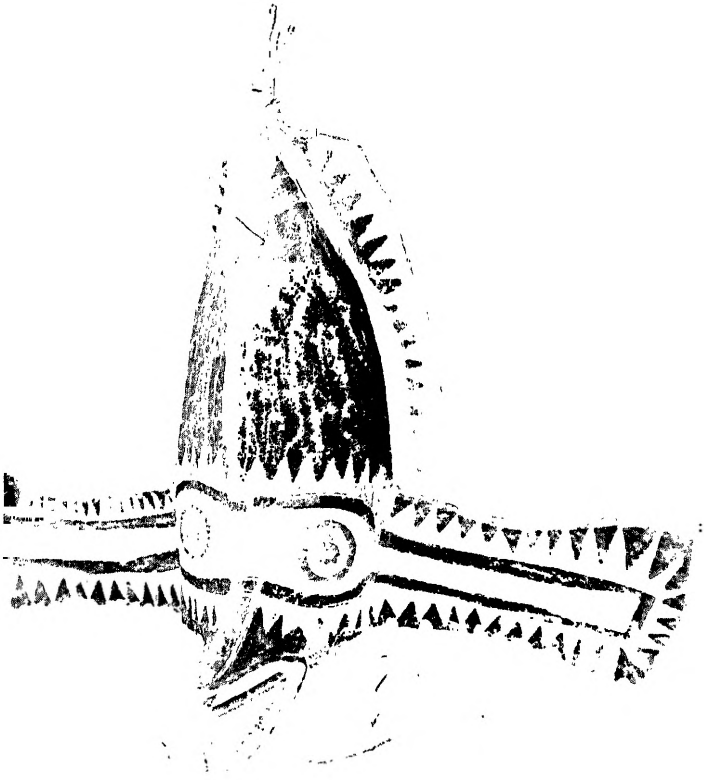


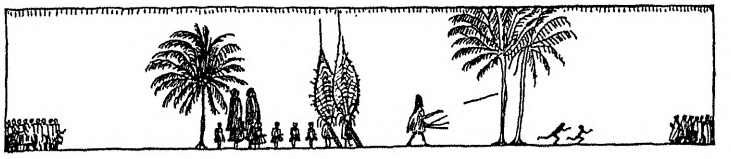
THE masks of the Javanese theatre are ordinarily held in the teeth by means of a strip of leather or rattan across the inside. Occasionally a player leaves his muted world to interrupt the Dalang, who is speaking the play unseen; and then he takes the mask in his hand, and holds it in front of his face while he says his line. Music and headdresses are even more essential to the success of a theatrical production in Java than are such masks. The heads of kings and princesses are piled high with goodly ornament. Rawhide and thin, beaten brass or copper, suitably painted, tower above the figures of the play. Even a dusky villain like this fellow is permitted a headdress of appealing and potent beauty.



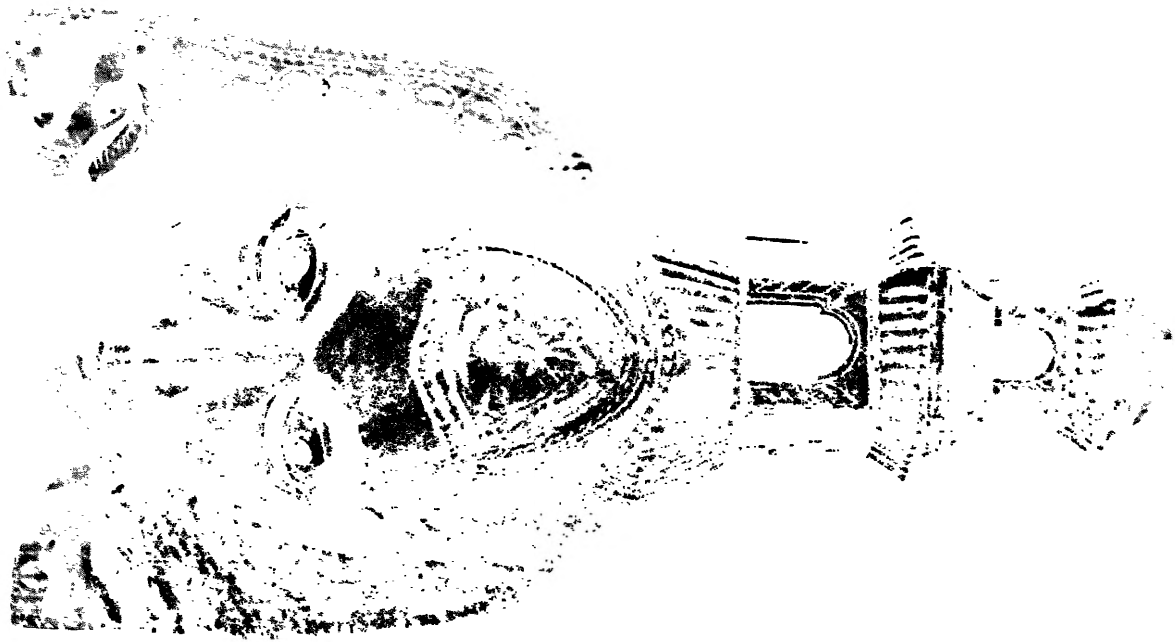


AT first blush the commercial theatre of the mask seems confined to Asia. It is only there that you find pay-as-you-enter theatres where the mask is worn. Yet the principle of buying a dramatic pig in a poke is very far from the mark of the playhouse run for gain. Even in the Orient the commoner way of managing popular commercial drama is to pay for the entertainment after it is sampled; sometimes the strollers take up a collection, sometimes the richest land owner pays the bill. Is there much difference between this system of contribution and the gifts presented to medicine men and kings who dance in masks? This mahogany-colored face with its white and turban-like headdress may very well be the mask in which some ruler of a Negro tribe on the Slave Coast danced before his people. There is something theatrical, as well as beautiful, in the sweep of the headdress, and there is something theatrical, as well as regal, in such a dance. The Negro has never reached pure drama, masked or unmasked. But he has played the false face game with an energy and a brilliance surpassing almost all other races. For him—naïve and uninquiring, intense yet limited—medicine-dance and drama, like mask and justice, can be one.





ALL through the islands of the east the mask is falling away from high sacramental uses into mummery. There is no mind of Greek or Japanese to raise it into religious drama. And even the Papuans do not seem low enough in the mental scale to keep the mask pure fetish and resist the temptations of the theatre. The white man—especially the white doctor—breaks down the power of the fetish a little. And, as the terrible spirit of the demon goes out of the mask, the spirit of play which has always been in it increases. Soon the same false face that once housed a god or a devil, a dead hero-spirit or a moral rectifier hides the head of a dancer. Perhaps by being very amusing he manages to keep the perquisites that belonged to the owner of the mask when it was a spirit or a god, and levied a kind of holy blackmail. Then—like the Duk-Duks who were once stern disciplinarians—he has become a public entertainer. The mask is commercialized. This false face from New Guinea is two and a half feet high. It is made of bark cloth painted red, white, and black. It has nothing more sacred about it than memories of other and older, fiercer dances.



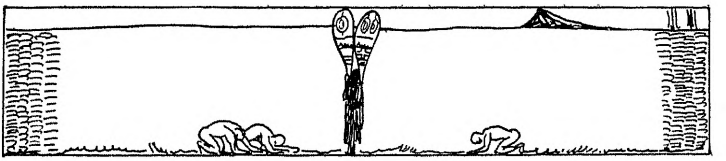


THE curing of fever by the application of masks is a thriving business on the island that sends us the bulk of our quinine. But the masked actor who sells pleasure in verdant and pearl-girt Ceylon is an inconspicuous stroller carrying pantomimes and comedies from village to village. Many towns depend for their drama upon the efforts of just such amateurs as leave their work at the end of the day to give America its "little theatres." These Singhalese appear in a public square which has been made into a theatre surprisingly like an Elizabethan playhouse. There is a forestage thrusting out a half circle into the midst of the audience. At the back is a curtained inner stage. An orchestra maintains a steady accompaniment to the chanting of the players. Since labor keeps these actors occupied through the day, they are apt to be none too conversant with their lines. Hence a prompter walks in and out of the action, supplying dialog whenever it is needed, reminding the actors where to "cross" and occasionally taking over a part, and reading it from the book. These people's theatres present, night after night, week in and week out, those interminable epics of India, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, which delight the playgoers of Java. They wear masks of wood painted in bright reds and blues against the brown of the eastern skin.



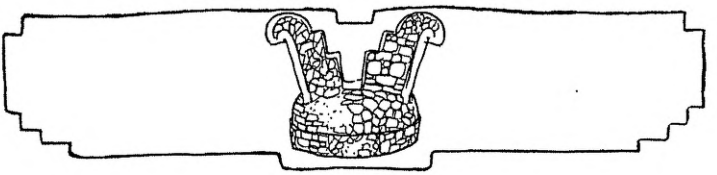


THE masks of the Singhalese actors are as strictly conventionalized as those of the devil-dancers. The patterns are often ancient, and these are seldom varied by the craftsmen who reproduce them. Many of them have high merit as sculpture, though the crude color detracts not a little from their beauty. The carving of this lovely mask, gaining a classic quality from the absence of color, recalls the sculptures of Greece as we know them, cleansed by the centuries from the bright paints of Phidias. Here there is still something of the spiritual richness of the religious mask, conveyed, perhaps, by the details of Hindu temple art. The theatre gains thereby. With us the mask must come upon the stage shorn of the power of the religious spirit. There is still a mystery behind it, but the towering terrors of superstition no longer hang over it. The mask may be amusingly novel to us. It may bring a grotesque comedy into our revues, or an aphrodisiac charm. But as a serious factor it suffers because mystical religion has gone out of our life taking its symbols with it. The task of the artist of the theatre may be to seek out new symbols—the symbols, perhaps, of beauty and pain, of exaltation and pathos—and to make us feel them in one of the greatest of symbols, the ancient and mysterious mask.



EXORCISM

THE mask is not to be put aside carelessly. There is a ceremony for taking it off as well as one for putting it on. If a savage ignores the ritual he knows that disaster will follow. His spirit will be caught in the heart of the carved wood. The god who came into him when he wore the fetish will remain in his flesh, tortured and torturing. . . . We discarded the mask of the Greeks without ceremony. Perhaps that accounts for the state of our theatre today. . . . Yes, there is a way of taking off every mask, the mask of knowledge, too. But you must find it for yourself.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THIS little book is obviously not the work of an authority. If it has any values, they may be human or artistic, but they are not scientific. This is a collection of facts and conjectures sifted through intelligence that is interested in the theatre, and claims no experience in ethnology or comparative religions. Indeed this appendix is the only part of Masks and Demons of which I can claim the authorship. Not only for the facts presented in the preceding pages, but even for a great part of the inferences drawn, I must give extensive credit.

First of all, of course, credit to my collaborator, Herman Rosse, whose wide knowledge of the theatre in the Orient, as well as in Europe, and of the beginnings of dramatic art in masked ceremonials has contributed as much to this book as have his many illustrative drawings at the head of the text pages.

Samuel J. Hume, Director of the Greek Theatre of the University of California, placed at my disposal an unpublished thesis, The Mask, Materials for a Monograph, which has provided a mass of invaluable fact and reference. A large part of his bibliography has been incorporated in the list of books and periodicals on pages 168-173.

Curators of the American museums which

contain all but ten of the masks reproduced, have been characteristically generous in their help: Stewart Culin, in particular, curator of anthropology in the Brooklyn Museum; F. W. Hodge, curator of anthropology in the National Museum, Washington; Dr. Berthold Laufer, curator of anthropology, and Dr. A. B. Lewis, assistant curator, in the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago; Prof. Marshall H. Saville, Dr. M. R. Harrington, and W. C. Orchard, of the Museum of the American Indian, New York; Dr. P. E. Goddard, curator of ethnology, Dr. G. Clyde Fisher, associate curator of the department of public education, and Dorothy Van Vliet, photo-engraving librarian, in the American Museum of Natural History, New York; Prof. C. C. Willoughby, director of the anthropological section of the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, Cambridge; J. E. Dodge, curator of Chinese and Japanese Art in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; Miss J. M. McHugh, secretary of the University Museum, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, Dr. Arthur C. Parker, State Archæologist, New York State Museum, Albany; Dr. J. W. Fewkes, chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute, Washington; Douglas Stewart, assistant director of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh.

I owe much aid and criticism, especially as applies to German sources, to my wife, Edna B. Macgowan.

The masks, photographs of which are reproduced in this book, are to be found in the following museums:

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

PAGE	RACE	INSTITUTION
4, 10, 12, 14, 18, 24, 28, 32, 34, 36, 44, 54, 58, 66, 68, 76, 80, 82, 84, 86, 94, 96, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 150, 152, 156, 158, 160.	Melanesian, North Pacific Indian, Tibetan, Singhalese, Egyptian, Hopi, Chinese, Javanese.	Field Museum, Chicago.
2, 6, 8, 16, 26, 30, 38, 40, 56, 62, 78, 90, 92, 98, 104, 116, 118, 154.	Negro, Navaho, Melanesian, Japanese, Apache, Zuñi, Hopi.	Brooklyn Museum.
110, 112, 114, 120, 122.	Japanese.	Boston Museum of Fine Arts.
22, 64, 100, 140, 142.	Seneca, North Pacific Indian, Iroquois, Siamese.	National Museum, Washington.
48, 88, 102.	Aztec, North Pacific Indian, Brazilian Indian.	American Museum of Natural History, New York.
70, 72, 74.	Alpine.	Salzburg Museum.
20, 60.	North Pacific Indian, Delaware.	Museum of the American Indian, New York.
144, 146, 148.	Javanese.	State Ethnographic Museum, Leiden.
42.	Negro.	Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh.
50.	Aztec.	Prehistoric and Ethnographic Museum, Rome.
46.	Aztec.	British Museum.
106.	Roman.	Therman Museum, Rome.
108.	Roman.	Vatican, Rome.

The reproduction on page 52 is from a photograph of a Mayan carving furnished by the Peabody Museum, Cambridge.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am aware of only three books dealing extensively with the general subject of masks. One, Masks, Heads, and Faces, by Ellen Russell Emerson, is principally concerned with the relation of masks and their markings to religious and æsthetic significances to be found in various treatments of the human face. The Mask Number of Wendingen, a Dutch periodical edited by H. T. Wijdeveld, contains over a hundred reproductions and a number of articles. The bibliography of the third publication, a German volume, Masken, by Rudolf Utzinger, containing forty-eight reproductions, is included in the following list of material dealing with masks:

F. Altmann: Die Masken der Schauspieler.

R. Andree: Die Masken in der Völkerkunde. Archiv für Anthropologie, Vol XVI, No. II.

R. Andree: Ethnographische Parallelen und Vergleiche.

M. Andree-Eysen: Die Perchten im Salzburgischen. Archiv für Anthropologie. Neue Folge, Vol. III.

M. Andree-Eysen: Volkskundliches.

W. Bang: Materialien, etc.

G. T. Basden: Among the Ibos of Nigeria.

A. Bastian: Amerikas Nord West Küste.

A. Benazet: Annales du Musée Guimet, Vol. XIII. Le Théâtre au Japon.

M. Bartels: Ueber Schaedelmasken. Festschrift für Adolf Bastian zu seinem 70 Geburtstag.

O. Benndorf: Antike Gesichtshelme und Sepulcralmasken.

L. Biart: The Aztecs.

F. Boas: The Social Organisation and the Secret Societies of the Kwakiutl Indians.

F. Boas: The Use of Masks and Head-Ornaments on the Northwest Coast of America. Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie, Vol. III, p. 7.

E. Bötticher: Die Cultusmaske und der Hochsitz des Ohres an ägyptischen, assyrischen und griechisch-

römischen Bildwerken. Archiv für Anthropologie, Vol. XVI.
B. de Bourbourg: Collection des Documents dans les Langues Indigenes d'Amerique Ancien. Vol. II.
J. G. Bourke: Medicine-Men of the Apache. 9th Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology.
P. Brozzi: Teatri e spettacoli dei Popoli Orientali.
P. W. Buckham: The Theatre of the Greeks.
G. Buschan: Die Sitten der Völker.
E. Candler: The Unveiling of Lhassa.
B. K. Chambers: The Mediæval Stage.
A. and M. Croisset: Manuel d'Histoire de la Littérature Grecque.
W. H. Dall: On Masks, Labrets, and Certain Aboriginal Customs. 3d Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology.
J. J. M. Degroot: The Religion of the Chinese, also Annales du Musée Guimet. Vols. XI, XII.
O. Dingledein: Haben die Theatermasken der Alten die Stimme verstärkt? Berliner studien für classische phil. und arch., Vol. XI.
J. W. Donaldson: The Theatre of the Greeks.
N. Dumarest: Notes on Cochiti, New Mexico. Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association, Vol. VI, No. 3.
O. Edwards: Japanese Plays and Playfellows.
E. R. Emerson: Masks, Heads, and Faces.
The Encyclopedia Britannica. See Index.
E. Fenollosa and E. Pound: Noh.
J. W. Fewkes: Tusayan Katcinas. 15th Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology.
F. de Ficoroni: Le Maschere sceniche e le Figure Comiche.
W. Filchner: Das Kloster Kumbum in Tibet.
O. Finsch: Südseearbeiten.
R. K. Flickinger: The Greek Theatre.
J. G. Frazer: The Golden Bough.
L. Frobenius: Die Masken und Geheimbünde Afrikas.
L. Frobenius: Paideuma.
L. Frobenius: Ueber oceanische Masken. Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie, Vol. II, pp. 82, 130, 162.

L. Frobenius: Volksmärchen der Kabylen, Vol. I.
H. H. Gigliol: On Two Ancient Peruvian Masks. Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie, Vol. IV.
P. E. Goddard: Indians of the Southwest.
P. E. Goddard: Myths and Tales from the White Mountain Apache. Anthropology Papers of American Museum of Natural History, Vol. XXIV, Part II.
L. Gouse: Histoire de l'Art du Japon, Vol. II.
A. Grünwedel: Singhalesische Masken. Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie, Vol. VI.
E. Guimet: Le Théâtre en Chine. Conferences faites au Musée Guimet. Vol. XVII.
A. C. Haddon: The Secular and Ceremonial Dances of Torres Straits. Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie, Vol. VI, p. 131.
C. Hagemann: Schauspielkunst und Schauspielkünstler.
C. Hagemann: Spiele der Völker.
A. E. Haigh: The Attic Theatre.
H. U. Hall: New Ireland Masks. Museum Journal, Vol. X, No. 4.
M. R. Harrington: Religion and Ceremonies of the Lenape.
L. Havermeyer: The Drama of Savage Peoples.
C. A. Hawes: In the Uttermost East.
S. Hedin: Transhimalaja, Vol. I.
O. Hense: Die Modifizierung der Maske in der griechischen Tragödie. 1905.
L. Hildburgh: Notes on Singhalese Magic. Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute.
M. A. Hinckes: The Japanese Dance.
M. Hitomi: Le Japon.
L. Joly: Legend in Japanese Art.
R. Karutz: Die afrikanischen Hörnermasken.
R. Karutz: Zur westafrikanischen Maskenkunde. Globus, 1901.
E. F. Knight: Where Three Empires Meet.
Th. Koch-Grünberg: Zwei Jahre unter den Indianern, Vols. I and II.
G. Korting: Geschichte des Theaters.
P. La Croix: Manners, Customs and Dress of the Middle Ages.

B. Laufer: Oriental Theatricals. Part I of Guide to the Field Museum.
A. B. Lewis: New Guinea Masks. Field Museum Publications.
P. Loti: The Sacred Drama of Cambodia. The Mask, Vol. V.
F. v. Luschan: Zur Ethnographie des Kaiserin-Augusta-Flusses. Baessler-Archiv.
F. v. Luschan: Zusammenhänge und Konvergenz.
J. P. Mahaffy: History of Greek Literature.
A. Mansfeld: Urwalddokumente.
Karl Mantzius: A History of Theatrical Art.
R. Martin: Ueber Skeletkult und verwandte Vorstellungen. 1920. Mitteilungen der Geographisch-Ethnographischen Gesellschaft, Zürich.
Memoirs of the Peabody Museum on Yucatan, Vol. II.
P. Mounier: Venice in the 18th Century.
J. Moura: Royaume du Cambodge. Vol. I.
F. W. K. Müller: Einiges über No Masken.
J. Murdoch: The Point Barrow Eskimo. 9th Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology.
E. W. Nelson: The Eskimo About Behring Straits.
Pallegoix: Royaume Thai ou Siam, Vol. I.
E. C. Parsons: Notes on Zuñi. Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association, Vol. IV, Nos. 3 and 4.
E. C. Parsons: Winter and Summer Dances in Zuñi, 1918.
E. C. Parsons: The Zuñi A'dochle and Suuke. American Anthropologist, New Series, Vol. XVIII, No. 3.
A. Pavie: Mission Pavie Indo-Chine, Vol. I.
K. Th. Preuss: Bericht über meine archäologischen und ethnographischen Forschungsreisen in Kolumbien. Zeitschrift für Ethnologie. 1920—1921.
K. Th. Preuss: Der dämonische Ursprung des griechischen Dramas. 1906. Neue Jahrbücher für das klassische Altertum, Geschichte und deutsche Literatur.
W. Ridgeway: Origin of Tragedy.
C. Robert: Die Masken der neueren attischen Komödie.
C. Robert: Satyrmasken aus Terrakotta. Mitteilungen

des Deutschen Archäologischen Institutes in Athen. 1878.
E. de Rougé: Notice sommaire des monuments égyptiens du Louvre.
L. Rütimeyer: Ueber einige archaistische Gerätschaften und Gebräuche im Kanton Wallis und ihre prähistorischen und ethnographischen Parallelen. Schweizerisches Archiv für Volkskunde. 1916.
L. Rütimeyer: Ueber Fell-und Kindermasken aus Ceylon. Verhandlungen der Naturforschenden Gesellschaft, Basel, Vol. XXVIII.
L. Rütimeyer: Ueber Masken und Maskengebräuche im Lötschental (Kanton Wallis). Globus, 1907.
P. and F. Sarasin: Reisen in Celebes.
M. H. Saville: Turquoise Mosaic Art in Ancient Mexico.
E. de Schlagintweit: La Bouddhisme au Tibet.
Shriften der Gesellschaft für Theatergeschichte. Deutsche Theaterausstellung.
W. Smith: The Commedia dell' Arte.
F. Starr: The Tastoanes.
J. Stevenson: Navajo Ceremonials. 8th Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology.
M. C. Stevenson: The Zuñi Indians. 23d Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.
O. Stoll: Das Geschlechtsleben in der Völkerpsychologie.
M. C. Stopes: The Plays of Old Japan.
The Sun, Tokio: Japanese masks classed by Tateki Owada.
A. Tafel: Meine Tibetreise.
E. Torday and T. A. Joyce: Les Bushongo. Annales du Musée de Congo Belge, Series II, Vol. II.
S. Tsubouchi: The Mask, Vol. IV.
R. Utzinger: Masken.
H. R. Voth and G. A. Dorsey: Field Museum of Natural History, Anthropological Series, Vol. III.
L. A. Waddell: The Buddhism of Tibet.
A. Waley: The No Plays of Japan.
Warsage: Histoire des Marionettes. Dessins Armand Henrion. Le Théâtre de Laurent Broders à Bruxelles. Marionettes et Guignols.
Wendingen, June-July, 1920.

Zur Westafricanischen Masken. Globus, Vol. LXXIX, p. 361.
R. Zeller: Die Bundu-Gesellschaft. Ein Geheimbund der Sierra Leone.



THE LINE DRAWINGS

Page

v A Tibetan Mask.
vii Masked Actors, Greece.
xiii The May Spirit, Jack-in-the-Green.
3 Face Paint as Mask, Melanesia.
5 Sawfish Dance, Torres Strait.
7 A Wolf-follower of Odysseus in a Greek Comedy.
9 Egyptian Masked Gods.
11 A Badger Beggar, Japan.
13 A Fox Dancer, Japan.
15 The Demon Tuculcha on an Etruscan Tomb.
17 An African Mask.
19 A Solitary Roaming Demon, New Guinea.
21 A Giant Mask, British Columbia.
23 The Iroquois False Face Company.
25 A Medicine Mask of a Singhalese Devil Dancer.
27 Bag and Helmet Masks, Arizona and New Mexico.
29 The Egyptian God Anubis on an Etruscan Vase.
31 A Hawaiian Feather Helmet.
33 A Spirit Mask, New Guinea.
35 A Spirit Mask, New Guinea.
37 A Mask and Costume of Leaves, Torres Strait.
39 A Spiritualistic Séance, Nigeria.
41 An Animal Totem Mask, Africa.
43 African Masked Gods.
45 Umbrella Masks of Unknown Gods, New Britain.
47 A Mosaic Skull Mask, Mexico.
49 A Masked Idol, Mexico.
51 [illegible]ic Masks, Mexico.
53 [illegible] Heiroglyphics.
55 [illegible]linary Masks, New Britain.
57 The Ku Klux, America.
59 Leaf Costume and Mask, New Guinea.

THE LINE DRAWINGS

Page

61 The Living Solid Face Goes Herding.
63 Shields as Masks, Melanesia.
65 Symbolic Headdresses, Melanesia.
67 A Potlatch, British Columbia.
69 A Primitive War Mask, Melanesia.
71 The Devil as Policeman in a Hungarian Nineteenth Century Miracle Play.
73 A Mediæval Christmas Reveler.
75 A Swiss Mask.
77 Super-gods of the South Seas.
79 An Apache Initiation Ceremony.
81 The Thunderbird, British Columbia.
83 Initiates Costumes, New Guinea.
85 An Eagle Dancer, Alaska.
87 A Sunrise Mask, North Pacific Coast.
89 A Hand-Mask, British Columbia.
91 A Hopi Ceremonial.
93 Zuñi War God Idols.
95 The Giant Courier Gods of the Rain-Makers, Zuñi.
97 A Sun Mask, Zuñi.
99 The Plumed Serpent Marionette, Zuñi.
101 A Greek Comedy Scene.
103 Harlequin and Zany, Commedia dell'Arte.
105 Mud Heads on a Pueblo Roof, Zuñi.
107 A Greek Tragic Mask.
109 A Greek Comedy Scene.
111 A Japanese Mask.
113 Cloth Masks for the Kitchen Gods of Purity, Japan.
115 A Japanese Masker.
117 A Dengaku Dancer, Japan.
119 A No Mask.
121 A No Mask.
123 A No Mask.
125 A Chinese Stage.
127 Kuan-yin, the Chinese Madonna.
129 The Mask of the Purgatorial Sheriff, China.
131 The Mask of General Bull, China.
133 A Japanese Lion Dance.
135 A Tibetan Demon Mask.
137 The Atsara, Tibet.
139 A Tibetan Admonitory Mask.

THE LINE DRAWINGS

Page

141 A Painted Dancer of Cambodia.
143 A Siamese Dancer.
145 Javanese Maskers.
147 A Javanese Shadow Puppet.
149 Puppets of the Javanese Wayang Golek.
151 A Javanese Theatrical Mask.
153 Javanese Court Actors.
155 A Japanese Masked Actor.
157 Fourteen-foot Feather Masks and a Policeman, Melanesia.
159 A Singhalese Theatrical Mask.
161 Masks Plain and Painted.
163 A Melanesian Mask.
165 A Mosaic Helmet, Mexico.
175 A Tibetan Mask.

