The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

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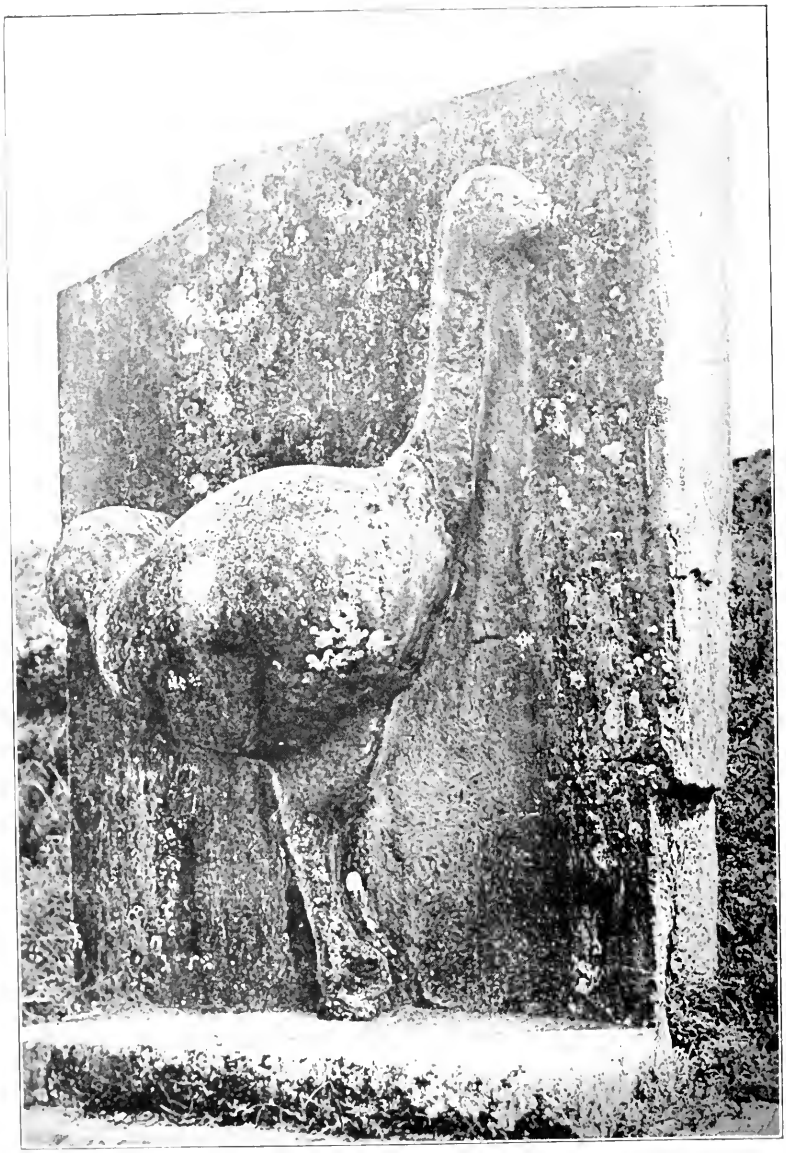

CHINESE STONE SCULPTURE ON THE TOMB OF EMPEROR KAO TSUNG.
TANG PERIOD, SEVENTH CENTURY A. D.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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OSTRICH EGG-SHELL CUPS FROM MESOPOTAMIA

THE OSTRICH IN ANCIENT TIMES

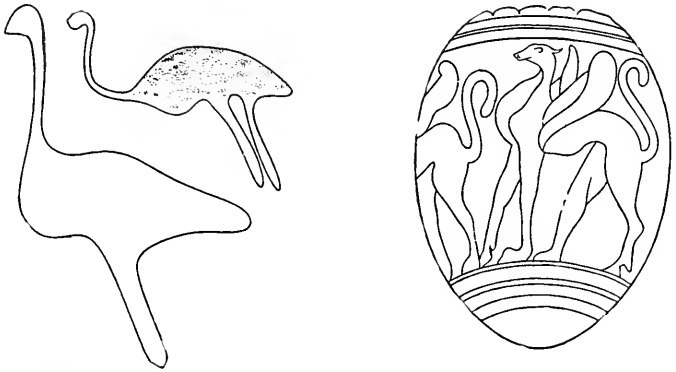
BY BERTHOLD LAUFER*

IN THE course of the excavations undertaken on the ancient site of Kish in Mesopotamia by the Field Museum-Oxford University Joint Expedition, great quantities of fragments of ostrich egg-shell were brought to light by Ernest Mackay, archeologist and excavator, and together with other collections, mainly pottery, stone, and metal, were recently received in the Museum. As ostrich eggs were anciently sent as gifts from Persia to the emperors of China and formed an important article in the history of ancient trade, considerable interest was aroused by these egg-shell shards. T. Ito, a Japanese expert at treating and repairing antiquities, pondered for some time over the problem of matching and joining several hundreds of these pieces and finally succeeded in restoring three cups completely. The result of his patient and painstaking labor is shown in the adjoining illustrations. These restorations are true and perfect; that is, they consist of some eighty pieces each, accurately and perfectly joined, without the use of other substances or recourse to filling-in. Thanks to the admirable skill of Mr. Ito we now have these beautiful cups before us, exactly in the shape as they were anciently used by the Sumerians. These cups, almost porcelain-like in appearance, have the distinction of representing the oldest bird-eggs of historical times in existence, and may claim an age of at least five thousand years. Being the eggs of the majestic winged camel of the desert, the largest living bird, the fleetest and most graceful of all running animals that "scorneth the horse and his rider," they are the only eggs of archaeological and historical interest. But they are more than mere eggs; they are ingeniously shaped into water-vessels or drinking goblets by human hand, a small portion

* Curator of Anthropology in Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

at the top having been cut off and the edge smoothed. They were closed by pottery lids overlaid with bitumen, one of the oldest pigments used by mankind. They are thus precious remains of the earliest civilization of which we have any knowledge. Some of the fragments are decorated with banded zones of brown color brought out by means of bitumen. The shell is extremely hard and on an average two millimeters thick.

The trade in ostrich eggs was of considerable extent and importance in the ancient world. They have been discovered in prehistoric tombs of Greece and Italy, in Mycenae, Etruria, Latium, and even in Spain, in the Punic tombs of Carthage as well as in prehistoric Egypt. We find them in ancient Persia and from Persia sent as tribute to the emperors of China. The Spartans showed the



(Left): Bushman Rock-carvings of Ostriches. (Right): Painted Ostrich Egg from Etruscan Tomb of Isis, Italy.

actual egg of Leda from which the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux, were said to have issued; there is no doubt that the egg of an ostrich rendered good services for this pious fraud. In 1633, Peter Mundy, an energetic English traveller, saw ostrich (or, as he spells, estridges) eggs hung in a mosque in India. In 1771, General Sir Eyre Coote found the cupola of a Mohammedan tomb fifty miles northeast of Palmyra adorned with ostrich eggs, and at present also, devout Moslems of the Near East are fond of honoring the sepulchre of a beloved dead with such an egg which is suspended from a tree or shrub on the burial place. Even in the Christian churches of the Copts they are reserved for the decoration of the cords from which the lamps are suspended.

Pliny writes that the eggs of the ostrich were prized on account

of their large size, and were employed as vessels for certain purposes. The eggs were also eaten and found their way to the table of the Pharaos. Peter Mundy (1634) found ostrich eggs, whose acquaintance he made at the Cape of Good Hope, "a good meate." The egg is still regarded as a rare delicacy in Africa. The contents

ENGRAVED GEMS.

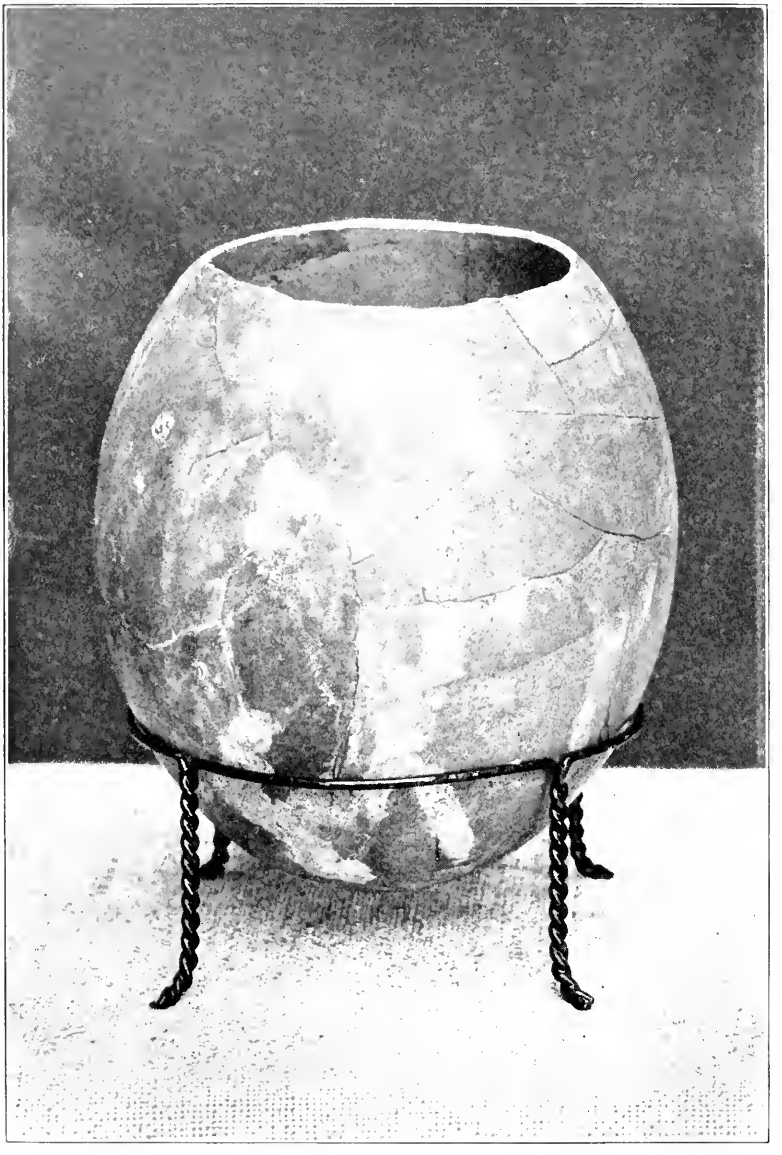
(Left): RUNNING OSTRICH WITH SYMBOLIC DESIGNS. (Right): AMOR WITH A TEAM OF TWO OSTRICHES.

of one egg amounts to forty fluid ounces, and in taste it does not differ from a hen's egg. An omelet prepared from one egg is sufficient for eight persons. Cuvier, the French naturalist, remarks that an ostrich egg is equal to twenty-four to twenty-eight fowl's eggs, and that he had frequently eaten of them and found them very delicate.

Arabic poetry is full of praise for the beauty of ostrich eggs,

ENGRAVING ON OSTRICH EGG FROM MYCENAE, GREECE.

and the delicate complexion of a lovely woman is compared with the smooth and brilliant surface of an ostrich egg. The Koran, in extolling the bliss and joys of Paradise, speaks of "virgins with chaste glances and large, black eyes which resemble the hidden egg of the ostrich."



Ostrich Egg-shell Cup from Grave at Kish, Mesopotamia. About 3000 B.C. In Field Museum. (Field Museum-Oxford University Joint Expedition, under the auspices of Captain Marshall Field.)

The ostrich is clearly represented on Assyrian seals and cylinders. One of these (Figure One) was the seal of Urzana, king of Musasir, a contemporary of King Sargon (eighth century B. C.), and represents Assur, king of the great Assyrian gods, with four wings, in the act of strangling two ostriches. On another seal (Figure Two) the god Marduk is shown in the act of executing vengeance on an ostrich. With his left hand he firmly grasps the bird's long neck, and in his right he hold a scimitar which will apparently be used to sever the bird's head. These illustrations apparently hint at a ritual act and seem to indicate that the ostrich was also a sacrificial bird and that its flesh was solemnly offered to the gods.

(Figure Two)

(Figure One)

ENGRAVINGS ON ASSYRIAN SEAL-CYLINDERS.

FIG. 1. ASSUR STRANGLING TWO OSTRICHES. FIG. 2. THE GOD MARDUK EXECUTING AN OSTRICH.

The ostrich was well known to the Hebrews, and as attested by several allusions to the bird in the Old Testament, must in ancient times have been frequent in Palestine. It is included among unclean birds in the Mosaic code, and its flesh was prohibited. This may hint at the fact that the ostrich had occasionally served as food to the Hebrews, although we have no positive information on this point. The Arabs of ancient and modern times feast on the bird, and as related by Leo Africanus of the sixteenth century, it was consumed in large quantity in Numidia, where young birds were captured and fattened for this purpose. Those who have tasted it state unanimously that it is both wholesome and palatable, although in the wild bird, as might be expected, it is somewhat lean and tough. The meat of domesticated birds, however, especially those fed on alfalfa and grain, becomes juicy and tender. Doctor Duncan, of

the Department of Agriculture, recommends it as a New Year or Easter bird.

Job laments, "A brother I have become to the jackals, and a companion to the young ostriches." And the prophet Micah exclaims in a similar vein, "Like jackals will I mourn, like ostriches make lamentation." The comparison alludes to the plaintive voices of these animals. The cry of the ostrich has been described variously by observers: some define it as a loud, mournful kind of bellowing roar, very like that of a lion; others define the common sounds of the cock as a dull lowing which consists of two shorter tones followed by a longer note.

The famous passage in Job is thus rendered in the Revised Version: "The wing of the ostrich rejoiceth; but are her pinions and feathers kindly (or, as the stork's?) which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers: her labour is in vain without fear; because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath He imparted to her understanding. What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider."

The observation of Job that the ostrich treats her offspring harshly does not conform with the real facts. The birds, on the contrary, are tender parents and feed and watch their young ones very carefully. The eggs are laid in a shallow pit or depression of the soil scraped out by the feet of the old birds with the earth heaped around to form a wall or rampart. The female incubates the eggs during the day, while the male takes her place at night. As eggs are sometimes dropped in the neighborhood of the nest or scattered around, the popular belief in the carelessness of the birds and in the hatching of the eggs by the heat of the sun may have arisen. Any eggs not hatched are broken by the parents and fed to the young for whom they display great solicitude, and whom they defend in case of danger.

As to Palestine, the ostrich still occurs in the farther parts of the Belka, the eastern plains of Moab, and is still obtained near Damascus. It is no doubt now but a straggler from central Arabia, though formerly far more abundant. The portion of the Syrian desert lying east of Damascus denotes the northernmost limit of the range of the ostrich.

From times immemorial the ostrich has been an inhabitant of Arabia. The valuable white plumes of the wings and tail are in

Sketch of Ostrich by Albrecht Durer, dated 1508.

great demand among the Arabs for their own wants in the decoration of tents and spears of the sheikhs. Ostrich hunting is alluded to in early Arabic poetry and has always been a popular sport with the Arabs, who rely on the speed of their horses and run the birds down. As these are in the habit of circling their favorite haunts, the horsemen hunt in relays and are apt to overtake the birds by pursuing in a straight line.

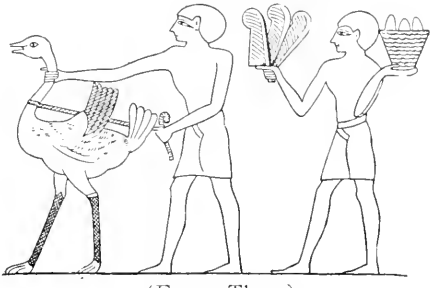
There is a Moslem legend in explanation of the bird's inability to fly. "Once upon a time the ostrich was winged, and like other birds, was capable of flight. He once laid a wager with the bustard, but relying on his strength he forgot before rising to invoke Allah's assistance. He flew in the direction of the sun which scorched his pinions, so that he pitifully plunged down to earth. His progeny has since suffered from the curse which befell its ancestor, and restlessly roves about in the desert."

The ancient Egyptians received the ostrich and its products from Nubia, Ethiopia, and the country Punt on the east coast of Africa. An expedition to Punt, probably of a peaceful nature, is recorded on the wall connecting the two Karnak pylons of King Harmhab of the nineteenth dynasty. A relief shows the king at the right, holding audience, receiving the chiefs of Punt approaching from the left, bearing sacks of gold dust, ostrich feathers, etc. In the rock temple of Abu Simbel on the Upper Nile are represented scenes depicting a war of Ramses II against the Libyans and the Nubian war. In one of these scenes Ramses sits enthroned on the right side; approaching from the left are two long lines of Negroes, bringing furniture of ebony and ivory, panther hides, gold in large rings, bows, myrrh, shields, elephants' tusks, billets of ebony, ostrich feathers, ostrich eggs, live animals, including monkeys, panthers, a giraffe, ibexes, a dog, oxen with carved horns, and an ostrich.

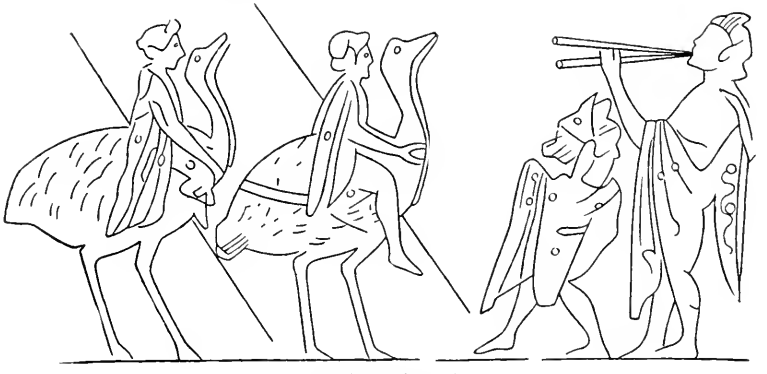
Figure Three illustrates a very instructive scene. The man on the left leads a captured ostrich, grasping its neck with his right hand, while his left holds a rope slung around the bird's neck; this double precaution hints well at the strength of the powerful avian giant. The man on the right carries three ostrich feathers and a basket filled with three ostrich eggs. The ostrich was sometimes used as a riding-beast, as may be seen from the scene in Figure Four, taken from a Greek vase.

Ostrich feathers were worn by men in ancient Egypt, being stuck in their hair, and a religious significance was possibly connected with this custom. Such feathers are invariably found in the hair

of lightly-equipped soldiers of ancient times, and there is a hieroglyph showing a warrior thus adorned. An ostrich plume symbolized truth and justice, and was the emblem of the goddess Ma-at who personified these virtues, and who was the patron-saint of the judges. Her head is adorned with an ostrich feather, her eyes are closed, similarly as Justice is blind-folded. The image of this goddess was the most precious offering for the gods, and was attached to the necklace of the chief judge as a badge of office.



(Figure Three)
EGYPTIAN SCENE SHOWING A MAN WITH A CAPTURED OSTRICH AND A MAN CARRYING OSTRICH FEATHERS AND EGGS.



(Figure Four)
PAINTING FROM A GREEK VASE. CHORUS OF A COMEDY WITH SPEARMEN ASTRIDE OSTRICHES.

Subsequently when the insignia of the various ranks in the court ceremonial were regulated, the ostrich feather became the exclusive prerogative of the kings, and these and the princes of royal blood exclusively were permitted to wear it. Those decorated with the ostrich feather are designated as "fan-carriers on the left of the king" in the inscriptions of the monuments.

The princesses had fans made from ostrich feathers. In the tomb of the queen Aa Hotep, mother of Amasis I (about 1703 B. C.) was discovered a semi-circular fan decorated all over with gold plates and provided along its edge with perforations for receiving the feathers. When the Pharao showed himself to the people, high dignitaries carried ostrich-feather fans attached to long poles alongside the royal palanquin.

Xenophon, when he accompanied the army of Cyrus through the desert along the Euphrates, in northern Arabia, noticed numerous wild asses and many ostriches which he calls "large sparrows," as well as bustards and antelopes; and these animals were sometimes hunted by the horsemen of the army. While they succeeded in catching some asses, no one succeeded in capturing an ostrich. The horsemen who hunted that bird soon desisted from the pursuit; for it far outstripped them in its flight, using its feet for running and raising its wings like a sail. This description is quite to the point. Macaulay said of John Dryden, "His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich. It enabled him to run, though not to soar." The wings serve the ostrich, while running, as poy and rudder, and it has been observed that with favorable wind they are even used as sails. Xenophon confirms the fact that in ancient times the ostrich ranged right up to the Euphrates. The last record of ostriches in the region of this river was in 1797 when Oliver mentioned them in the desert west of Rehaba, about twenty-three miles due south of Deir-ez-Zor.

Strabo, the Greek geographer (63 B. C.-A. D. 19), speaks of a tribe of Elephant-eaters near the city of Darada in Ethiopia. Above this nation, he continues, is a small tribe, the Struthophagi ("Bird-eaters"), in whose territory there are birds of the size of a deer, which are unable to fly, but run with the swiftness of an ostrich. Some of the people hunt these birds with bows and arrows, others by putting on the skins of the birds. They hide their right arm in the neck of the skin, and move the neck as the birds do. With their left hand they scatter grain from a bag suspended to the side. They thus lure the birds, driving them into ravines where they are slain with cudgels. Their skin are used both as clothes and as coverings for beds.

This method of hunting by means of a decoy-bird is perfectly credible and universally employed. In South Africa the native hunters hide in a hole which they dig close to the nest of the birds. Having accounted for one bird, they stick up its skin on a pole

near the nest and in this way decoy another ostrich. Other tribesmen who keep tame ostriches avail themselves of the latter to approach wild ones and shoot them with poisoned arrows. The Bushmen hunted quaggas and ostriches by disguising themselves as ostriches, as shown in a Bushmen cave painting.

The ostrich was known to Aristotle as the bird who lays the largest number of eggs. He conceived it as a connecting link between birds and mammals. In a similar manner Pliny opens his book on birds with a tolerably exact description of the ostrich which he terms struthiocamelus ("sparrow camel"), and which he calls the largest of birds almost approaching the nature of quadrupeds.

Although the ostrich will swallow almost anything, it is by no means able to digest everything, as Pliny thought. It demands stones instead of bread and swallows them in the same manner as other birds do gravel. They act as mill-stones and assist the gizzard in its function. In the South-African ostrich farms a certain amount of bone and grit is supplied to the birds. Grit is so essential that in some parts of the country it is carted by wagon or by rail for many miles, as it was found that without it the birds could not thrive—in fact, could not exist.

The fondness for metals has obtained for the bird the name of the "iron-eating ostrich." In 1579 Lyly wrote in his Euphues that "the estrich disgesteth harde yron to preserve his health." In Shakespeare's Henry VI, Jack Cade thus threatens Iden: "I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part."

The Romans indulged in roast-ostrich, and especially enjoyed the wings as a delicacy. Caelius Apicius, a renowned gormandizer at the time of Augustus and Tiberius, who committed suicide when he saw his fortune shrunk to two million and a half sestertii, has handed down several culinary recipes as to how to prepare good ostrich meat. The emperor Heliogabalus (A. D. 218-222) once served at a banquet six hundred ostrich heads, the brains of which were to be eaten, and was extremely fond of roast-ostrich. The usurper Firmus, who rebelled in Egypt against Aurelianus, performed the tour de force to do away with an entire ostrich in the course of a day.

The ostrich was first discovered for the Chinese by the renowned general Chang Kien during his memorable mission to the nations of the west (138-126 B. C.). He returned to China with the report that in the countries west of Parthia there were "great birds with

eggs of the size of a pottery jar." The "great bird" is the common name of the ostrich among all early Greek writers, while the name "camel-sparrow" or "camel-bird" is found at a later time in Diodorus and Strabo. When Chang Kien had negotiated his treaties with the Iranian countries in the west, the king of Parthia (called Arsak by the Chinese after the ruling dynasty, the Arsacides) sent an embassy to the Chinese court and offered as tribute eggs of the Great Bird. In A. D. 101 live specimens of ostriches, together with lions, were despatched from Parthia to China, and at that time were styled "Arsak (that is, Parthian) birds," also "great horse birds." On becoming acquainted with the Persia of the Sasanian dynasty, the Chinese Annals mention ostrich eggs as products of Persia and describe the bird as being shaped like a camel, equipped with two wings, able to fly, but incapable of rising high, subsisting on grass and flesh, also able to swallow fire. Another account says quite correctly that the birds eat barley. When an attempt was made in Algeria to domesticate them, it was found that they thrive well on barley, fresh grass, cabbage, leaves of the cactus or Barbary leaves chopped fine, and three pounds of barley a day was recommended for each bird, green food according to circumstances.

We have to assume that the live birds transported from Persia to the capital of China over a route of several thousand miles must have been extraordinarily tame, and it was a remarkable feat at that. These birds were kept in the parks of the Chinese emperors who were always fond of strange animals and plants. What is still more astounding is the fact that in the mausolea of the Tang emperors in Shen-si Province we have beautiful, naturalistic representations of ostriches carved in high relief on stone. The artists of the period doubtless received an imperial command to portray the ostriches of the imperial park in commemoration of the vast expansion of the empire over Central Asia during that epoch. As shown by their results, they did not copy any foreign artistic models, but they witnessed and carefully studied live specimens. Their ostriches, in fact, belong to the best ever executed and known in the history of art, and are far superior to any representations of the bird in Assyria, Egypt, and Greece, which are conventional and stiff. The Chinese ostriches are correct in their accentuation of motion and action. The formation and length of the neck allow the bird to turn its head completely around, a characteristic skilfully brought to life in stone by the unknown Chinese sculptor.

"THE ENIGMA OF JESUS"

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

THE historicity of Jesus has long been the subject of scholarly controversy and earnest research. From time to time even the secular, literary or popular periodicals take up the question and devote considerable space to papers pro and con. A year or two ago a French periodical published a series of articles from the pen of an erudite and sober-minded writer whose contention, briefly put, was that the Jesus of the Gospels never lived at all, and that the story of the founder of Christianity is a curiously composite story of several Jewish rebels against Rome, plus myths and pious fictions based on Old-Testament predictions of a Messiah. This theory was vigorously combated in the same journal by Roman Catholic theologians, but unfortunately the latter displayed but little knowledge of the now considerable literature on the question in the German and English languages. It scarcely needs saying that the historicity of Jesus is a purely scientific question to be settled without passion or bias. It is quite possible for Agnostics, or Jews, or Buddhist scholars to reach the conclusion that the Jesus of the gospels *is* a historical figure, and for Christian theologians to reach the opposite conclusion. What is essential in Christianity would not be seriously affected by the conclusive demonstration that the Jesus of the gospels was only a myth, an idea, an imaginative and symbolic figure, an embodiment of human aspirations, hopes and poetic interpretations of the mission and destiny of the race. On this point we may quote Professor Gilbert Murray who wrote as follows in a review of the book which is to claim our attention in this paper:

Belief is a great force in the world. And this particular belief has shown itself to be a living faith, a passion, an inspiration that makes saints and heroes and persecutors and maniacs, an optical glass that transforms the physical universe. And it matters not at all, except as a point of interest to historical students, whether the

faith accords with history or no. In some regions of life a belief comes up against facts and is confirmed or disproved by those facts; "things are what they are, and their results will be what they will be."

But in the field of religion beliefs can seldom be put to any effective test, and beliefs about very remote past history never can. The belief lives or dies by its own power of survival or attraction, and by the credulous or incredulous, barbarous or rational, temper of the society in which its seed is sown. It is never killed by meeting a fact; for there are no facts.

Of course, religious ideas and concepts evolve as does everything else in a world of change and movement. Since finite minds cannot hope to solve the riddle of existence, religious theories will always be formed to serve as a working hypothesis for the masses of mankind, only the few being likely to find peace and serenity in Agnosticism and humility. It would be idle to quarrel with the human tendency to myth-making, symbolism, ritualism and dogmatic creeds.

And yet the question whether a certain great religious figure—a Jesus or a Budda—was historic or mythical has tremendous importance and profound interest. Historians, psychologists, anthropologists, sociologists, moralists are all severally bound to exhaust—and will exhaust—every possible source of information in order to answer or settle that question.

No apology is necessary, then, for a glance at and comment on a fascinating little volume on "The Enigma of Jesus," from the pen of Dr. P. L. Cochoud, recently translated from the French and introduced to English-speaking readers by that distinguished authority on matters religious, Sir J. G. Frazer.

Dr. Couchoud, a French physician, psychologist and student of the origins of Christianity, who, by the way, promises a most elaborate work in three volumes on Jesus and his true significance, has given us the more general results of his studies in the preliminary volume named above. In that little volume he presents a quite original view of the supposed founder of Christianity. But let us first note his negative conclusions. The following quotations will make his position clear:

"As a historical personage Jesus is unknown. He may have lived, since millions of men have lived without leaving any certain trace of their life. It is a mere possibility, and to be discussed as such.

"It will not do to say with certain critics, "We know nothing about him save that he existed"; we must say courageously, "We know nothing about him, *not even that he did exist*. . . . We do not possess any document which, according to the standards of strict criticism, would prove beyond a doubt the existence of Jesus."

After reminding us of Renan's declaration that it is with great difficulty that one can arrive at so much as one page about the personage who was called Jesus, and of the admission of M. Alfred Loisy that the Gospels were based on *a few rather meagre recollections*, and that the fragments of divine biography in the Fourth Gospel "create no impression of reality," M. Couchoud continues:

"If one reduces the Jesus of the critics (some of whom were or are ardent Christians, by the way) to terms of actual history, one obtains something like the following:

"Throughout that overcast period between the deposition of Archelaos and the Jewish insurrection (6-66), there were little abortive revolts in Judaea which heralded the storm. In Jewish imagination the expulsion of the Romans was connected with the end of the world—that is, with the coming of God and his Messiah. Flavious Josephus introduces us to three agitators, more or less Messianic.

"In the year 6 of our era, Judas the Galilean attempted to oppose the census instituted by the legate P. Sulpicius Quirinius, and founded the groups of Zelotes who recognized no other master than God. Somewhere between 44 and 46 the prophet Theudas, at the head of a band of followers, marched toward the Jordan and Jerusalem, proclaiming that the waters of the Jordan would divide at the sound of his voice. The procurator, Cuspius Fadus, had the band dispersed by his cavalry. The prophet's head was brought to Jerusalem.

"Somewhere between 52 and 58, an Egyptian Jew led a mob as far as the Mount of Olives, promising that the walls of Jerusalem would fall at his command. The Procurator Felix sallied forth at the head of the garrison. Four hundred fanatics were killed, two hundred taken prisoners; the Egyptian Jew disappeared.

"To these three must be added a fourth, omitted by Josephus, reconstituted by Loisy. Somewhere between 26 and 36, a Galilean peasant, a village artisan, named Jesus, 'began to proclaim the coming of God. After preaching for a while in Galilee, where he enlisted only a few followers, he came to Jerusalem for Easter, and there all he succeeded in accomplishing was to get condemned to

death on the cross, like any common agitator, by the procurator, Pontius Pilate.' That is all that is known about him. Everything else was imagined by the marvelous faith of his disciples."

But M. Couchoud is not prepared to accept even this Jesus of the higher critics and pious theologians. He says:

"If Jesus did exist, this is how he may be conceived historically. But this is not all. What is the final proof of his existence? It cannot be said to be furnished by the texts. The Gospel texts are not presented as historical documents. Had they any such pretension, it could not be allowed. Jesus traced over the outlines of Theudas and the Egyptian does not fit; he is *made* to do so. . . . In the last analysis, Jesus is derived from an induction."

So far, however, M. Couchoud merely traverses fairly familiar ground. As he himself says, American, British, German and Jewish writers have long held that Jesus was a myth, just as William Tell is a myth. Indeed, that view is gaining ground today. Georg Brandes, the eminent Danish author, in a new book, asserts the absolutely mythical character of Jesus, and it is interesting to note that among orthodox and liberal Jewish rabbis a veritable tempest was aroused by the declaration of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York that Jesus really existed and might well be "accepted" by Jews—accepted, to be sure, not as a God, or son of God, or in any sense a supernatural being, but as one of a long line of vigorous, bold, fervent ethical teachers and leaders of the Jewish people. The indignant rabbis objected to the admission that "Jesus *was*"—that is, lived, worked, preached and died. They persist in regarding him as a pure myth.

M. Couchoud is original not because he is disposed to deny the historicity of Jesus, or because he insists that there is not a scrap or scintilla of real evidence of the existence of Jesus, but because, realizing the many difficulties created by the myth theory, attempts to account otherwise for the Jesus of the Christian church.

His theory is that Jesus is "a personification of Yahveh." Paul, according to M. Couchoud, "proclaimed the strict monotheism of Israel," "he preached in a manner, passionate and hitherto unknown, in the Lord Jesus. He knew of an *additional* work of Yahveh, the work of the salvation of the world; he knew *another aspect* of Yahveh, benign, sorrowful and human. That new aspect was called Jesus, Yahveh who saves, Jesus who saves."

We shall not attempt here to set forth the argument of the work, as incompletely presented by M. Couchoud. We must await his

promised elaborate set of volumes in support of the theory that Jesus is only "the double of the ancient God of Israel." We shall limit ourselves to another quotation for the purpose of clarifying the theory so far as Paul's historic role is concerned.

"There is not," says M. Couchoud, "one word of Paul's which would warrant the supposition that he was acquainted with any historical legend of Jesus. He knew Jesus through the Scriptures and through his own ecstatic visions. . . . Jesus' crucifixion is an apocalypse, a mystical event brought to pass by the powers above. It does not happen on this earth."

"We have to come down to Justin, in the middle of the second century, to find the Gospels cited as authorities and regarded as memoirs of the apostles. Then it is that belief in a historical Jesus of flesh and blood becomes a theological principle, maintained in the genuine or forged letters of Ignatius Antioch, with the passion of the theological controversalist."

As to the Gospels, they are auxiliary and secondary ornaments of the faith; they embody fiction, legend, poetry, pious inventions, hearsay of cathechists and preachers of the market places. They filled in the inconvenient blanks. There was, of course, great curiosity to know more and more about the resurrection and incarnation, about the central figure of the glad tidings, about the Jesus of the fiery Paul. Therefore, "out of Paul's celestial being"—Yahveh under another name and in a new role—"the Gospels make a person who has human features, an age, a manner, an accent and almost a character."

Humanization was carried a little too far by Luke, "who entered on the road that leads to Renan," to quote our author, but "John re-establishes the equilibrium between the Man and the God. After the Fourth Gospel Jesus is in possession of all the organs of his supernatural life. The combined efforts of the imaginative Jews and the mystical Greeks have given a God to the modern world"—a Man-God who is nigh unto broken hearts and oppressed, disinherited, starved beings, victims of cruel fate or of human folly and depravity.

If we accept the conclusions of the scholars and critics under discussion, we are bound to recognize that there is some deep-seated, ingrained sentiment in man which finds expression in the myths and symbols of the great religions. Certainly man has *the sense of sin*, or the sense of culpable failure to live up to the highest aspirations and ideals of which he is capable. It is sometimes asserted

that there would be no progress without that sense of sin and failure. Again, man feels that life is full of unmerited suffering and equally unmerited success. The wicked flourish and the pure perish; crime does not always go unpunished, but the penalties are often paid by the innocent of the third or fourth generation. Conceptions of human justice, embodied in the civilized codes, are continually outraged by the operations of the laws and forces of nature. Vicarious atonement seems to be a tragic fact, and, indeed, all human life seems to be essentially tragic. The scientific evolutionist has his tentative theory of these phenomena, but the founders of the great religions had no evolutional doctrine, no accumulation of data whereon to build such a doctrine, and their theories postulated a divine law and divine justice of a character different from man's and not within his limited comprehension. Life seemed irrational; religion offered a non-rational justification of it. Since man could not explain the ways of God, and since the idea of a meaningless, purposeless, chaotic universe seemed abhorrent, the Son-of-God or Redeemer myth, with the familiar details, had to be evolved.

To trace the origin and development of the religious myths is the task of the man of science. It is, however, equally his task to explain man to himself, to account for the maladjustments in nature, to throw light on the problem of evil and sin.

Evolution tells us much, but it does not tell us everything we need to know. Evolution does not explain the unique character of man; it does not account for his anomalous place in nature—for his awareness of self, his dissatisfaction with himself, his critical attitude toward the rest of nature.

Thus, after the Enigma of Jesus, or the enigma of Buddha, we have to face the enigma of man—man, half animal and half—well, half *divine*, as the poets say. The importance of biology in the study of man has been sufficiently emphasized, and even overemphasized. The study of religious and ethical systems in their evolution may throw much-needed light on man than the study of his anatomy, his physiological processes and his instinctive or unconscious reactions.

SOME PRESENT PHILOSOPHICAL TRENDS

BY R. F. SWIFT

IT WOULD seem that the normal way for philosophy to develop would be as an effort to guide the thought of the age. It should be a growth, as it was in Greece, and not a disputation about and about. Doubtless, it is always this to some extent, but there is a strong tendency to permit its tasks to be defined by merely traditional problems rather than by the problem of present living.

There is evidence today that philosophical interest is developing, not alone by the conscious effort of philosophers, but by the inner demands of many forms of human activity. This brings hope to philosophers, and they stand in need of it if one is to take much current discussion at its face value. For in recent years philosophy has seemed to be a disappointment to its friends and much has been said about its failure.

There have been various opinions as to the causes of this supposed ineffectiveness of formal philosophy and some advice as to what should be done about it.

One reason for discouragement has been the seeming failure of philosophy when compared with the evident success of science. Science bakes bread and does many other useful as well as ornamental things. Science is regnant and radiant. Philosophy, however, shows some signs of developing an inferiority complex.

Some have thought that the discrepancy in the results of the two is due to the fact that philosophy has not adopted the method of the sciences. The advice sometimes is to merge philosophy with science. The Mother of the Sciences having nothing now to live on must go to live with her children. True to experience, the children do not always appear to want her enough to make it wholly comfortable. But there is reason to believe that the poverty is only temporary and that a better living is in prospect. This is well, for philosophy is really, and rightfully, proud.

Others have thought the difference is due to the failure of philosophers to co-operate in working on special problems. Something to be sure, has been done along this line, the results being perhaps in some doubt.

Recently it has become increasingly clear that philosophy should not only learn more science but to some extent should make science the point of departure in approaching its tasks. This appears necessary if for no other reason than that many scientists are undertaking the philosophical task. They may come to think that they themselves may as well do what little is needed of philosophizing and see that it is done well! And philosophers must confess that some things are being done very well; others not so well.

Still others have emphasized the need for philosophy to resume intimate relations with movements of the age in social, economic, and political fields, making its approach from their materials. Much has already been done in this way and more will be done. Philosophy is in this way coming into close touch with the realities of present-day living.

Philosophy, since the late war experience, has profited also by a certain check to the optimism based upon modern material civilization. There is much scepticism, some feeling of the ineffectiveness of our control of the ends of life, an openness to a new valuation of things not found before. There is an accentuated demand for the extension of social control over the materials of living. Along with this has gone perhaps an even stronger tendency toward conservatism, even toward a loss of fundamental ground with respect to liberty. It appears certain that we shall not escape a candid discussion of basic questions in politics, economics, and in morals. Philosophy would naturally find itself responding to such demands. It is in reality not the nature of philosophy to seek the shelter of a wall when a dust storm comes up. Its natural and habitual abode is among men with vital problems.

Among the significant movements outside of philosophy tending toward philosophical thinking is the movement within science itself. Certain scientists, as Thomson, for example, recognize the necessity of a consciously philosophical approach toward the materials and the results of science. In the Outline of Science and elsewhere Professor Thomson has attempted to use the synoptic method and he accepts the synoptic view as a necessary one. This would seem to be the viewpoint represented in other efforts such as Well's *Outline of History*. Indeed, the demand for books which make an attempt,

however, unsuccessfully from the standpoint of the specialist to give a synthetic or a synoptic view of large fields of knowledge is very significant for philosophy. Here is a popular demand for philosophy in at least one fundamental sense. Philosophers cannot afford to ignore it and are under obligations to meet it.

Certain dangers, to be sure, have already appeared in various attempts by scientists to influence the public with respect to questions which are essentially philosophical. This has been shown notably by Professor Otto ("A Forgotten Service of Kant," *Journal of Philosophy*, July 31, 1924). The responsibility of philosophy is also clearly stated.

This trend to philosophy is a notable phase of the present demands for educational reform. Among the efforts now being made in an experimental way, to vitalize the education of the college student are the so-called Orientation Courses, for freshmen in particular. The very need for orientation itself is a philosophical need. Orientation courses are philosophical introductions and if given as designed serve very well as introductions to philosophy. Such courses aim to give to the student a synoptic view of man and his world. They should give the student a philosophical approach from the beginning of his college work.

Not only this but orientation courses aim to introduce a philosophical element into the present curriculum, which at present is devoid of any philosophy as a whole. In some cases the orientation course for freshmen is designed specifically as a beginning in the reorganization of the curriculum upon philosophical principles. For the present curriculum has grown up—rather, has just happened—not in any rational way but as a result of the struggle between traditional forces and the demands of the new necessities of modern life. It is an aggregation of specialties. The teaching is controlled largely by the interests of specialists in highly specialized subject-matter. It is rigidly departmentalized. To be quite up-to-date, it is an aggregate of complexes of the water-tight variety. The competitive motive is determinative. The student learns something of many things, much of some things, perhaps, but has little opportunity of seeing things whole, of getting a synoptic view, of synthesizing the knowledge he acquires. If he get a philosophical viewpoint, to say nothing of a philosophy, it is in spite of the drive in his education, not by design, perhaps not by desire.

An examination of other experiments now being made would reveal something of the same philosophical motive in operation. The

general examination would appear to be an example of this. Independent reading courses, and honors courses especially have something of this in them, or are out-growth of conditions demanding philosophical treatment.

In fact, it would seem that the attempts being made to encourage superior scholarship are conditioned upon philosophical principles. Our present excessive and exclusive emphasis upon subjects and departmental expansion appears not to give the best stimulus to superior scholarship. In attempting to find ways of encouraging superior scholarship therefore we find the emphasis being placed upon methods of teaching which lead to comprehensiveness as well as a detailed study of narrow fields. Perhaps we shall find that the student will go deeper if given wider and freer range, more independence and responsibility. Perhaps we shall find that linkages, connections, relationships, and wholeness will bear fruit in a better grasp of facts and things.

Man cannot live intellectually on specialized knowledge alone, no matter how efficient it may make him in a practical way. He needs, as the present cravings would seem to show, not simply a knowledge of things, of matters-of-fact, but a knowledge of wholes, a synoptic view. This seems necessary to adequately fertilize the mind. It seems evident, too, that in an age of centrifugal tendencies the mind needs unifying, synthesizing conceptions and methods. This is to say that he needs, not philosophy perhaps, but synoptic philosophy at least. The inveterate analysis of all things into forces, impulses, or whatnot and the unrelenting drive for mere facts cannot be all that is needed. It is the business of philosophy to correct this one-sided emphasis.

Although it is a philosophical impulse which is operating to bring about a reorganization of the curriculum, philosophy itself seems to be little concerned with it. Philosophy however might consider not only its function in bringing about a curriculum based upon rational principles but also its own place in that new curriculum. Perhaps the department of philosophy has often been as unphilosophical in its approach to the problem of education as other departments. The tendency is to follow the trends of the sciences. Philosophy has too often neglected its essentially orienting function both for the student and the curriculum. Traditionally it was the function of philosophy to interpret the results of the sciences. The growth of the so-called social sciences has vastly increased the amount of material which needs to be interpreted. But it must be

done. Philosophy might as well do the work it was meant to do. Whoever does the work of synthesis, of interpretation of the currents of present living will be our philosophy teachers whether they are scientists, sociologists, or philosophers.

It may be that we are entering a period in which philosophy will find itself the hand-maid, not of theology or of science, but of a common effort of men today to solve the difficult problems of successful living in an age which is successful above all others in material achievement, but which is morally and intellectually somewhat confused and blundering.

A THEORY OF THE COMIC

A. Logic of the Comic

BY PAUL WEISS

TO distinguish the domain of logic from that of psychology and to thus avoid confusion as to the nature of the problems considered, is to go a long ways towards securing solutions in either field. A similar distinction between art and aesthetics has proved proficuous and will be found likewise efficacious in connection with problems concerning the nature of the laughable, i. e., the Comic, as contrasted with those dealing with laughter situations. The limitations of previous theories, I believe, are due primarily to the failure to make such a distinction—they are, in the main, interpretations of the Comic in terms of its psychological occasions. Now, just as we have an aesthetic reaction where we have no art or theory of art (in connection with tastes, smells, etc.) we have laughter where there is no element of the Comic visible (in that due to hysteria, tickling, or in the innocent gurglings of babes). On the other hand, just as various artistic creations give no appreciable aesthetic sensation, as with the philistine, the Comic will at times not be laughed-at as in the case of repetition, non-recognition, etc. The fact that the Comic is not always laughed at and that laughter arises, at times, in non-comic situations, is a sufficient indication of the necessity for making a platonic distinction between the occasions of laughter and the laughable (a distinction, by the way, which even Plato overlooked).

The value of any theory lies in its ability to explain all the facts, with a minimum of assumptions. To this test, I submit the theory that Comic situations are error situations and that all errors are Comic. If it be true, that error is identical with the Comic, logical fallacies should prove to be the only type of comic situations, for every instance of an error is an illustration of some formal or mate-

rial fallacy—and insofar as material fallacies can be considered as a type of the formal, there exists but one type of the Comic. In this sense, the Comic is strictly objective in its nature and exists independently of anyone's recognition of it; and just as true arrangements or judgments are equivalent as regards their truth value, comic situations are equivalent as regards their error value. A difference between errors can be made by noting the addition necessary to convert the error to truth, but from the standpoint of logic there can be no difference in falsity.

To thus consider all errors as equally laughable, is apparently to go contrary to all empirical observations. This paradox is due, however, only to our persistency in the use of the psychological standard; in our refusal to separate a fact from our appreciation of the fact. Until such separation is made, we will have solely an individual criterion for the given situation, and will be faced with the inability to treat any given subject matter except in terms of individual caprice. Even psychological explanations are ultimately non-psychological and plead to be considered on logical grounds alone, a test which, unfortunately frequently ends in their destruction. Explanations on the basis of somatic response have their place in the science of human behavior, but to interpret the reference in terms of its occasions is to be guilty of what may be called the fallacy ad personem applied to objects. To the possible objection that strictly objective definitions are necessarily dogmatic and involve meaningless unknowables, I would reply that it is only by such procedure that we can adequately treat with the subjective problems; that dogmatic assumptions have their place when they bear fruitful meanings and that unrealized conditions do not involve an unknowable but merely an unactualized situation. Thus, all error situations are equally laughable, not as regards their actual reception but *sub specie eternitatis* or as regards their possible reception. In terms of human response, error would then be merely the sine qua non of all comic, laughable situations—the additional conditions being supplied by the nature of human entertainment about which, more in the sequel.

An error arises when: given A to be true we judge that it is false or that Non-A is true. A complex error situation would be one where it has been falsely judged that A has been judged to be false, a case which has been used to considerable advantage by Shakespeare, especially in the Comedy of Errors. Mistaken identity, optical illusions, anachronisms, and errors in arrange-

ment when interpreted as bodily pointings or judgments of the nature, "A has been falsely judged to be true" (that straw hats are worn in New York in December), are simple comic situations. Errors of representation such as imitation of gesture, voice, behavior, caricatures, etc., are of the same nature. In the latter cases we do not have a comic situation unless the representation is inaccurate, and we cannot have an appreciated laughable situation unless the inaccuracy nevertheless points to the object which has been imitated.

Parody, which is an imitation of manner with the original intent left out, is a form of caricature. Puns are instances of the use of amphibological expressions, while what is called wit is incongruity in subject matter, actual or assumed. Cases involving possible misconceptions in language, which is a characteristic of the latter two types of communicated humor, cannot be said to be true comic situations unless they are so accepted. A word cannot be said to *imply* any other meaning than that given it, and all possible interpretations of any word cannot be said to be involved in its use. We have, therefore, no error of amphibology, per se, but only when an expression is diversely understood. Accordingly, a pun belongs exclusively to one who sees it—and he deserves it.

B. Psychology of the Comic

The recognition of the fact that a tragedy may be the result of an error has been one of the serious obstacles in the way of an understanding of the nature of the Comic. Tragedy, as Aristotle saw, is a matter of morality. Eliminate the moral viewpoint or dispel the sympathetic response which certain situations generate and it can be converted into comedy. To illustrate this it is sufficient to point out the nature of what is laughed at with peoples who are not subjected to the influence of our mores. Max Eastman mentions a cannibal tribe, for example, where it is a great joke to kill a son and serve him to his father for dinner; or to judge from the picaresque novels, to seduce a man's mistress, wife or daughter results in a comic situation— the joke, of course, being on "him." Similarity it is not difficult to imagine the story of Oedipus Rex told as a rare tale in certain quarters insofar as it deals with the error in the King's judgment as to the exact relationship between

Jocasta and himself. In error-tragedies, it is not the error itself that is tragic but what it implies in terms of general morality and, or, sympathetic response. However, inasmuch as a tragedy does not need an error, actual or assumed, as its basis, whereas this is an indispensable condition for a comic situation, comedy and tragedy are, despite possible overlapping, different in nature.

The perception of the Comic, as Bergson realized, is not a matter of emotion, nor is it, as he erroneously supposed, a question of intelligence. To be able to recognize it as laughable it is merely necessary to have a simple awareness that something is wrong. The greater the error (the contrast or divergency from truth), of course, the easier its perception. However, sophistication frequently destroys the possibility of a simple awareness of an incongruity, for what is often done is either inconspicuous, "right," or a "natural" error. These so-called "natural" errors, though recognized as false are minimized because they are expected or considered to be justifiable. When it is a man's business to correct errors, on the other hand, they are frequently exaggerated instead of minimized, but their laughable element is discountenanced by politeness or the intrusion of such implications—"This man is a bad worker." It is for these reasons that teachers, especially of logic, are not in one continuous guffaw over the mistakes of their pupils. There are also certain sanctified errors, such as belief in the efficacy of prayer, magic, etc., which are not laughed at because they are in good repute. Also, as faith in one's judgment depends largely on social approval and the fact that others do not see a thing as comic, will frequently prove a sufficient restraint on laughter—even though the situation be seen to be a truly laughable one.

Repetition, as the comic artists, such as Moliere have discovered, will often make clearer the full contradiction between truth and error. Familiarity with the conditions, on the other hand, though making the error more apparent, kills that spontaneity in the simple perception of a logical incongruity, which is one of the conditions for laughter at the Comic. An important test for a master of the appreciated Comic is his ability to indulge in repetitions without engendering too much familiarity with the situation. By calculating closely the time when repetition causes an expectation of further similar mistakes, and then deceiving that expectation we have the familiar device of many comic artists.

Unfortunately most of the formal fallacies, and of course, the more recondite erroneous symbolic manipulations, are not readily

perceived and very few of them can form the basis for actual laughable events. Thus, although the professional humorist must perforce be somewhat of a logician, the professional logician need not be, and unfortunately rarely is a humorist. Philip E. B. Jourdian, however, in his delightful "The Philosophy of Mr. B*rtr*nd R*ss*ll," with the aid of quotations from Lewis Carroll's several works showed the possibilities of many generally unfamiliar slips of logic.

Fallacies of reasoning, when contrasted with those of behavior are usually hidden behind confusing verbiage and therefore not easily recognized, although the verbiage itself, when considered as an error of behavior, representation or arrangement, or when it involves a confusion with subtlety, may give rise to a comic situation. It is interesting to note that people often unconsciously show that they have assimilated, as part of their viewpoint in life, a logical fallacy, by their laughter at non-comic situations. For a man to be caught smoking a cigar immediately after delivering a lecture on the evils of tobacco is usually interpreted, by the use of the fallacy ad personem, as a contradiction, and therefore as a comic situation. There seems to be a natural opposition between any division of labor in the fields of preaching and practicing, and the non-conformity of an individual to his own theories is often mistakenly interpreted as a contradiction in theoretical outlook. Wherever such ad personem arguments are used to secure true conclusions, as in all cases where false reasoning gives correct solutions, we still have only a simple error situation, just as if faulty results had been secured.

At this point we may note the limitations of the view which considers laughter from a sociological-teleological aspect (Bergson and Eastmann). If laughter is society's naturally purposeful corrective for anti-social actions, repetition instead of dulling the edge of a comic situation, should invariably make it all the more amusing. Neither can we be said to laugh for any purpose or because of an instinct unless it is gratuitously assumed that it is instinctive to laugh at errors, and that we are all unconscious guardians of the truth. The feeling of superiority, already made classic by Hobbes, may be considered conducive to laughter at comic situations. Such a feeling might be the result of a faint recognition that he who judges correctly is more to be envied than he who errs. That theory would find some justification in the annoyance people manifest when accused of having no sense of humor; for that implies they cannot quickly perceive errors, are too hidebound with moral prejudice to enjoy them or too sophisticated to note them without killing

their laughable aspect by introducing extraneous implications. The theory of detumescence, or disappointed expectation which has found favor with Crile, Havelock Ellis, Kant and Spencer would here be applicable if it is assumed that truth is expected and the body prepared for it, which preparation results in unused energy that is transmuted into laughter when the expectation is disappointed.

The element of rigidity on which Bergson laid great stress, involves a comic situation only insofar as it either implies an incorrect imitation or is an instance of incorrect behavior. Rigidity is not necessarily comic in Bergson's sense, as can be seen from the examination of such a situation as soldiers on drill or on parade. It is only when we have awkward drilling or an apparent violation of proper or usual methods, that we have laughter situations. Incorrect behavior forms a large but ambiguous class of comic situations. It would be mere presumption, in the face of diverse customs to maintain that any particular behavior is "right" and it is only when we assume that here is a right and wrong behavior in connection with dress, manners, speech, etc., that we can call any divergence from them, errors. We nevertheless find that unfamiliar mannerisms are an unfailing source of laughter, for what we are generally accustomed to doing or seeing is what we feel is right. The clothes, actions and speech of a foreigner, the use of ancient or foreign locutions, fashions, strange bodily movements, etc., by giving the impression that an error has been committed create a comic situation of a peculiar nature: it is only the judgment on the judgment that is at fault. It is because of an unconscious acceptance of "right" behavior attitudes that we find children and many adults enjoying certain supposed behavior errors, while cosmopolitans see no error whatsoever. On the other hand, the cosmopolitans have their own standard of right behavior, from which any divergency is considered as amusing. The book of etiquette is society's comic-bible. Violate one of its commandments—drink out of a finger bowl, eat with a knife, keep your spoon in your coffee, etc.—and you are a laughing stock. Go to a different section of the country where such a code is contemptuously considered, and conformity to it is considered a justifiable cause for laughter. Behavior errors can not involve comic situations, except insofar as the laughter at them does: unless there is such a thing as "true" behavior.

To summarize briefly: Error situations are comic situations. To be a theme for public laughter the error must be conspicuous and not involve a moral prejudice, or be sanctified by custom or habit. If we call deformity, baseness, imperfections, incongruities, etc., errors, the theories of the past will be found to be so far true. On the other hand, if this theory be true, then, of course, any view contradicting it is a fit subject for laughter; but if false, cannot itself be laughed at, except for some other reason.

A COMMON VALUISM FOR BOTH CONSCIENCE AND CREATIVE POWER

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

THE essential valuism of aesthetics may be generally concerned in our thoughts, feelings, fancies or sentiments in observing or otherwise experiencing the beautiful, the sublime, the picturesque, the tragic, pathetic, agreeable, grotesque or exotic. But not in any valid measure of aesthetic delight or positive appreciative function does any normal person value(?) the ugly, the trifling, the discordant, the decadent and repoussant. Like the ugly or trifling traits in human character, these are negations of the true and positive aesthetic experiences and, while etymologically aesthetic as being so many sensuous perceptions, they are not members to any spiritual or moral aesthetic because they are not recognized or accepted as perceptions of any of the qualities which make up the positive, i. e., the real, active and creative, aesthetic series. These positive characteristics are real and durable homogeneous and continuous, whether we approach them empirically or intuitively; under examination and validation they are posited as being objective elements in an objective situation and do not properly belong to the subjective domain of bare sensory receipt or pleasure.

Any adequate and defensible valuism should start and end with these positive objective characteristics as its *items de metier*, and only mention the negative subjective characteristics for what they are as adjectival readings rather than substantial entities. The analysis and understanding of affection and aversion should be the psychological approach to such a valuism because affection and aversion are the two main categories of human aesthesia. The situation is not altered by trying to reduce our affections and aversions to terms of volition and conation, for we do not have the will to pursue or avoid, to examine or ignore, without first having recourse

to whether our feelings relative to such an object or end are expressions of affection or aversion. We recognize and accept the truth of things anyway more by the way we feel than by the way we think, and we are anxious to reify only those ideal conceptions which happen to be congruous with our native desires or needs.

As in any other sphere of inquiry then, the actual pivot on which the whole valuistic action turns is to be found in man's affections and aversions; and even when the objects of these differ, we also have only to vary the terminology to suit the difference in the degree of our feeling for or against any certain external situation or object. Whence for abstract entities we may have *sentiments* such as those for morality, justice, reality, truth; for friends, relatives or pet animals, *love* or affection in the popular sense; while for our health, wealth or other material welfare we have only a more or less serious *interest*. It is quite apparent that both the object and the feeling for the object in these cases are positive and affective in the sense of being relished and sought after; so then when a feeling is one of repulsion and we seek to avoid contact with the object we give them negative names such as *im*-morality, *in*-justice, *un*-reality, or we call them enemies, beasts, sins, fakes, diseases or whatever term fits the degree of our aversion. As any sensible man can see, our personal valuism in these several fields of affection or aversion is an activity which takes place in ourselves and is directed *toward or for* the objects, and not *in* them, as the pseudo-realists claim, regardless of how we or our neighbors feel. We are all far surer of our eisegesis than of our exegesis when it comes to quoting scripture or experience.

Something like the same line of argument could be used against the algedonic aesthetician who cannot carry his antinomial thesis of pleasure and pain through all the vicissitudes of life and art, because the most essential elements of the aesthetic function are aimed at abstract qualities which are objects of contemplation and affection but not of mere pleasure or sensuous satisfaction; they aim to hold mental contact and spiritual communion with what is positive, active, noble, wise, beautiful, good and inspiring, and not with anything that is negative, passive, ignoble, ugly, vain, fickle or disgusting. The whole field of moral aesthetic is bounded between these adjectival limits but the substantive character of what it aims to know and cherish demands that our affections be dynamic instead of impotent, wise instead of foolish, and melioristic instead of spoliating or decadent.

Aesthetic morality does not leave men free to be either free-booters or free-agents in their pursuits of art, religion, philosophy or ethics, no one being at any time free to be vulgar, blasphemous, foolish or criminal with impunity. Just because they escape man's little inaccurate penalties does not mean that they have also dodged that finer, closer-fitting dispensation which God has given them to follow. But even for those who think they can live without the Grace of God, there is yet to be considered the moral aesthesia of their daily deeds and dreams. If at all active and responsible it will give them a certain commendable pattern to follow, a certain ethical law to abide by, and when they have either the perversity or the cupidity to run amiss from this pattern or afoul of this law, it is not any fault of morality or life, but their very own if they have to grieve or suffer. Aristotle (Eth. Nicod. iii, 1) has mentioned sufficient reason why we are all subject to loves and laws, relations and restraints we know not of, that external constraint keeps us all from relapsing into barbarism, and that civilization would very soon come to a sorry mess if we were all as selfish and ignorant and grasping as we secretly want to be. The disputed question as to just what degree our would-be free-agency is interfered with by penalties and pains, deception and ignorance and other derelict device, is of no serious consequence at all compared with the miserably cheap and archaic affair our civilization would soon become if the world had no one but fools and rogues to make up its personnel. The clever sophists shirk and ridicule man's proper duties enough already, without giving them *more* fools to victimize and fatten on.

Our future social combat will probably have to do first with dissipating that moral cretinism which borders on stupidity and irresponsibility when a person is incompetent from sheer neglect and malnutrition of conscience; when that is once well under way and begins to give promise of man's moral redemption, we may then expect that there will be a popular regard for that rare discrimination which sees that concupiscence and purified desire, the sensual appetite and the *amor amicitiae*, are as diametrically opposite as the poles. But it will be a hard fight to disaffect the scoundrel's wicked emotional complex, to purge his will and crafty deeds of their specious valor, to prevent his cunning exploits from injuring or misleading others. There are hopeful signs however, for right today we are becoming suspicious of the blatant "security" and sincerity of laws which do not guard against the rogue as well as against the fool; laws under the heading of Caveat Vendor, instead of Caveat

Emptor, will give this matter closer consideration than it received at the hands of the Romans who seemed more lenient or tolerant and did not consider malice, fraud or bad faith as cases under *dolus malus*.

But if we are really bent on assaying a full assignment of all instruments and accessories to a common valuism for morality and art, we cannot be too stringent on what others do, for they may not intend to misquote their lines at all; and anyway, if we are open to the various suggestions of others, we may find occasional items of original theory or practice which will prevent our valuism from becoming specialistic and provincial. As with some of the hard-won philoscphical values of science and sociology, we might then discover that "our rules of three for Artistrie" were after all not so irreducible nor even so problematic as we had superficially thought; the real struggle having been against our own affective prejudices and functional inertia. We should learn first of all that humanity cannot achieve much in the way of ethical stability or social justice until we have cultivated to some appreciable degree of power and expression a spiritual aesthetic which is at once valid in theory and virtuous in practice. Until this view of honest constructiveness in all our social activities, which are based primarily on moral and aesthetic considerations, is recognized as a prime necessity and emulated as the most exemplary form of intelligent social life, we can only expect the world to continue on its crude vulgarian course while the derivation and defense of our valuism might aim nominally at serving an aesthetic morality, but will really be still specious and variable For this reason I do not think that our present precarious situation in either art or morality can be relieved in the least by our continued pursuit of the current eleutheromania (freedom-madness) which seems to be on the verge of debauching the whole contemporary era.

Something constructive in this direction can be realized I believe by using control experiments to either prove our purposes worthy and defensible or else to gradually eliminate all the antithetical moods which thwart and mock our better nature. In either case it will be no easy quondam affair of snap judgment and lazy Jenkins-gestures, for if our action-patterns are properly derived and serve us right, we will find that even philosophical speculation under test conditions usually has to eliminate, or at least expurgate with drastic energy, nearly all of our pet hypotheses before it can get rid of the problems of the *given* world, and have an open field for the dis-

covery of what is real and true. On the borderland of philosophic departure we will be able to see the romantic irony of those two epigrams of Pope and Heinie which read about the same, saying:

"One science only will our genius fit:
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

Real culture always starts with the individual himself making the first venture away from his petty personal aims and wishes, out into that larger world where duty, art, benevolence and public joy demand that he no longer live only for his own smug selfish sake. In more general terms it means that in order to have a real civilization, a real cultural process pursued as a moral aesthetic and determined to achieve something ethically constructive, spiritually worthy and socially ennobling, we must first have a real human aspiration and upright desire; second, in order to have an honest and upstanding aspiration we must first have that driving sufficiency of force known to better minds as a good and powerful conscience, the will-to-hold-Goodness, Truth and Beauty uppermost in life and thought: and third, in order to have this irrepressible power of will and conscience we must first have sensed in some substantial degree the existence of a living wakeful soul within us that can serve as foundation, model, plan, and finished memorial to house all our hopes and aims and efforts toward the meliorism of our half-profane life in a half-holy world. But the new recruit must preserve an individual loyalty and responsibility, and not let himself be lost in the mad whirl of social life, else he soon find himself derelict and abandoned. He does well to be fascinated by the cultural adventure, but he should watch his log and chart and compass the while he is out a-venturing.

Cultural education is a vain mockery when it lacks the moral atmosphere. We may be ever so industrious to build up imposing economic organizations, work out ingenious industrial schemes, or even produce more or less monumental works in science, philosophy or art, but if we have brought no deliberate moral sense, no conscientious precision and loyalty to the ethical logistic of our activity, to the scene of our accomplishment, what more than an idle piece of worldliness have we put our talents to? Do we really have any just claim on immortality or any other durable reward in such culpable circumstance? I hardly believe so. Even when an erstwhile genius owes his rent and finds that he *must* produce something to recoup his dwindling fortune, regardless of beauty, use or virtue,

any facetious phase of audacity or indubitable charm of expression which he may happily strike upon will not redeem his default of the moral pledge. Any such subterfuge would mean that his livelihood was made in pretense of some phase of culture and art, that he had cast off the burden of moral restraint in favor of mere vendibility or other vulgar patronage, and that he seeks to please a questionable clientele already wayward and incorrigible. All such despicable treachery to cultural education, ever since the monthly paydays of Protagoras and Gorgias, has been the rhyomist's perennial refuge, a damp and dreadful dugout where he can find false security from the fatal judgment of Time and the truer critics of valid motivation. I cannot see, for the life of me, how any sane responsible genius can find any inspiration for his art in soliloquies from sophistry's salon, in dishabille and procuration.

But, however this condition may be caused or remedied, it remains a fact that the critical values follow rather than precede the cultural values whether the particular field of action be that of philosophy and art or religion and morality. Accordingly then, we must recognize first that cultural education in its full significance does not mean only a bare intellectual refinement or vocational instruction, but comprises also those various contacts with the aesthetic and spiritual world as will make for introstruction and ennoblement through the clear understanding and spontaneous practice of religious, moral, social and other inter-ethical principles. With this well in mind we will then recognize and accept the fact that our truer life as intelligent social beings depends upon a more virtuous valuism than is ever argued by the rhyomistic rogue or foolish hedonist. Some people do not seem to think that neither morality nor art would be possible were it not for a staunch and strenuous sincerity in just this sort of cultural education, that it even includes passional reclamation and the rebalancing of lost powers in motive-choice and actional discrimination, such being the physical approach to the affective relay of the secondary moral influences in any real or honestly cultural exertion. Take away the necessary function of any organized procedure and its structure will soon degenerate and atrophy; take away the cultural values which label the function of morality and art in human life and see how soon the social structure degenerates, see how soon the critical values become decadent with false argument if not in time debauched also with downright delinquency and every other derelict device of sophistry and spoliation.

Such a resolution and reconstitution of our aesthetic valuism does not afford us any thaumaturgy of absolute morality or implastic art-creation; but it should afford us new and juster grounds for understanding our proper limitations and doing our proper duties relative to both morality and art. Both conscience and creative power should be the primary attributes of every bonafide artistic genius, and having these he can go on toward his chosen work with confidence that he will not fall far short of the ethical as well as cultural influence demanded of his artistic accomplishments. If nothing more it would serve him as a philosophical refuge where he could retire from the mad usury of the moiling world and there preserve his own integrity and innocence safe and secure from any umbrage or intrusion. Under pain of this apparently forced asceticism the most fundamental cultural discrimination, I might say, is that of the noble-minded and conscientious genius who has the world's aesthetic welfare at heart but fears for its moral probity, and therefore takes great care to forestall all vendible values or interpretations being put upon his art by choosing only those vehicles of expression, feeling, thought or action-pattern as will best serve the spirit and the symbolism of his high affective purpose. In this more or less fond resort he will prove himself an exacting connoisseur of pure aesthetic motives, a consecrated spirit whose membership in that august society of affective thinkers who *think in hemispheres* proves that he is by nature fitted to think in terms of cosmic truth and act in terms of humanitarian love and benediction. Even though he belonged to a group of thinkers such as the New England Transcendentalists and could achieve only a naive realization of the extent to which his efforts were aesthetically cultural upon society at large, could we justly deny him the solace of our sympathy or the sanction of our supporting patronage simply because he could not prophesy for us the full course of his art's development? The fault for such a gross misunderstanding would rest with us, and not with him.

Aesthetic morality is a delicate subject. That is, it bears many possibilities of delicate discrimination regarding human nature, culture, character, and motivation. There are even great and pronounced differences between masculine and feminine opinion as to what constitutes truth, reality, justice, wisdom, honor, virtue and beauty. Men, however, are the born philosophers for they live objective lives and long ago learned to test everything according to objective valuation. Women are the born companions and exem-

plars for they are forever occupied with subjective interests and supply new problematic thrills when man has wearied of his struggle with the hard external world. Man's sense of beauty rests in cosmic truth while woman's lies in cosmetic imitation. Man wants his wisdom, truth and beauty adorned with various ornaments and symbols, but woman never recognizes them until they are about half-naked from intensive adaptation and analysis. The situation is another fairly representative instance of the contrast between ampliative and categorical judgments, and no attempt to present a philosophical conception of the moralism of art can be considered a valid procedure unless it gives some attention to their differing valuations of the esthete's peirastic ideal.

Ampliative judgments in morality and art are not limited to bare testimony out of the subject alone, to the bare elements of knowledge or experience which are elicited only through analysis of the subject in hand. They look beyond the empirical dative, trying to read some clear supplementary message of the loves and laws, relations and restraints, ethical influences and compound social functions which are additional predications of fact or act not to be found immediately from bare examination or analysis of the subject. Thus, private morality may spring from a live and dominant conscience in the individual, but its full value and understanding by anyone else involves comparison and appreciation in conjunction with the moral code of society, the morality which is a product of the various consciences of others. It cannot operate as self-sufficient or solipsistic because its operation takes place in a public organism whose best interests are not served by any form of selfish individualism however clever or domineering. So too with activities in pursuit of art, the immediate aesthetic inspiration or delight may be fairly limited to subjective receipt and function, but we can predicate many additional features as soon as we look at it as one member only in the whole field of human culture and spiritual expression. In this larger aspect all the functions of artistic genius are seen to have greater honors, nobler aims, and more profound cultural values. No educated mind is sufficiently naive to give purely analytical judgment on any subject; it knows too many items of autral relationship to hold itself down to any such logical naivete. This indicates why there is a whole psychology textbook full of arguments to prove that value-judgments are always synthetic, always ampliative, because the human mind cannot help casting them in retrospect of experience in other fields of knowledge and cultural endeavor.

Still, it is just this empirical ground which is most often questioned by the philosophers of "pure" aesthetics, asking whether it is a valid hypothesis on which to hang all the laws and prophets of art. With them, purity of judgment means affirmation of what is innate or substantive only, giving no thought or attention to what is acquisitive or ampliative. And if we only *assume* that our empirical preclusion from any certain subject is just and complete, then we too can agree that our judgments on that subject can be made similarly affirmative and "pure." Unfortunately however, neither morality nor art can very honestly or consistently be considered subject to any empirical preclusion on our part, although they do very often suffer for our ignorance and incompetence. Categorical judgments, with Aristotle, were always affirmative; mere negative findings do not justify changing or replacing any judgment which is first posited as covering a whole positive or categorical series. And, being always affirmative of the first primary and absolute significance, a categorical judgment will always affirm what is entitial, innate and substantive. It will have no sympathy to share with the connotative valuism which seeks the supplementary company of secondary functions, the conditional and relational significance of things, for in its viewpoint all attribution and implication are adjectival procedures, and in such measure they are adulterous and *impure*. The Hegelians and neo-Aristotelians even go further, saying that under the "new logic" also of evolutionary formulae and evolutionistic debate from Spencer to Bergson the nature of valid thought is not altered when its modus operandi only is changed or revised. The same subject can have various functions, aims or moods without in the least becoming a different subject. Diversity of outward form or aspect does not necessarily indicate any essential diversity of inward nature or disposition. The categorical judgment, then, remains the same whether it applies to a static or dynamic, a conservative or a progressive series. It is made *simpliciter* and has no homage due to the varying fortunes of external relations or conditional welfare; otherwise it would not be categorical or substantive, but merely hypothetical, adjectival and predicative.

Here then are the two great dialectic adversaries face to face in the arena of morality and art. The anxiety that some sort of common valuism for both these zones of human cultural achievement should be arrived at, has turned into the anxiety (nay, the apprehensive dread!) that they are apt to be smothered and mangled

beyond all recognition under the mad stampede of Kantian rationalism, Hegelian terminology, and logical psychologism. But no; not so callously do I intend to abandon either subject to such undeserved disaster for either under cold Kantian categorical absolutes or on top of hot Bergsonian *elans et nerf-fevres* I am afraid the moral aesthetic would soon take sick and fare no better than the romantic morality of Schiller or Swinburne.

AN ANCIENT TEMPLE TO TOLERANCE

BY MERRITT Y. HUGHES

PRIEST-KINGS and god-emperors are not usually regarded as prophets of religious toleration. Traditionally, the Roman emperors, "as a class," have been best known to fame as persecutors of the early Church and they have suffered double condemnation because the two idealists among them, Marcus Aurelius and Julian the Apostate, both sanctioned the choice between the divine Caesar and the divine Jesus by the death penalty. During the past century both men have won a little sympathy as romantic martyrs to the spirit of dying paganism, but the tide of modern sentiment has not really turned in their favor. Swinburne and Ibsen both failed to make a sympathetic figure of Julian, and Marcus Aurelius is as splendidly aloof from the modern world as he was from his own. Probably with much justice and common sense, we refuse to become partisans of those who staked everything on the defence of the abstract past against the living present and the future.

Intellectually at least, there was a quintessential kind of tolerance possible for a Roman emperor which was infinitely more profound than our modern tolerance of spiritual live and let live. Imagine a man bringing to the purple strong religious instincts accentuated by a dash of superstition and cultivated by wide, though superficial reading of ancient philosophy. Give him the curiosity and intelligence of a modern student of comparative religion. Suppose him free to travel everywhere through the Roman world during twenty years of almost unbroken peace and think of him as dominated by a desire to solve the problem of government with a religious formula. Such a man was Hadrian and in his villa near Tivoli we have the ruins of a vast shrine which he erected to his own passion for combining into a single personal experience all the living religious faith, both traditional and philosophical, which he had found in his journeys through the Empire.

Hadrian's journeys around the rim of the Roman world undoubtedly were sentimal. There is proof enough of that in the familiar story of Antinous, the beautiful Greek boy whom he discovered in Syria and made his favorite page, and in whose honor he founded Antinoopolis on the Nile, at the point where the youth was drowned. But Hadrian was as shrewd as he was spontaneous in his sentimentality. He understood the Greeks whom he had to govern, and, if he shared their weaknesses, he won their affection. Three times he went to the Near East in the eighteen years after he became Emperor in 119 A. D., and each time hundreds of coins were struck in his honor by the towns through which he passed, all wishing *Good Luck to Augustus.* Far out on the Parthian frontier he held a durbar, after the manner of the Princes of Wales in India, and the independent, barbarian kings from the desert came to meet him at such a feast of sentimental hypocrisy as only those of us who were in Paris during the Armistice can imagine. Yet he somehow managed to reach an understanding with them which kept the peace in the East for the better part of a century.

Like the present Prince of Wales, Hadrian seemed to find that the art of government was best understood as a perpetual pleasure journey, a journey, that is, which gave pleasure to other people. He was near Antioch when he became, rather unexpectedly, Emperor. He went straight to Rome, and no sooner was acknowledged there than he left for Britain by way of the Roman frontiers in Germany and Holland. He was away on a three-year tour which included France, Spain, Morocco and Asia before he saw Rome again. As a pleasure journey the trip had limitations for all concerned. One Roman gentleman whom he invited to go along as a travelling companion refused its hardships in a famous quatrain which has been translated—without the apologies due to the author of *Hiawatha*—in this way:

"I would rather not be Caesar,
Have to haunt Batavian marshes,
Lurk about among the Britons,
Feel the Scythian frost assail me."

The Travels with a Donkey would be much less admired by most of its readers if its story had to be lived instead of read, and it would be interesting to know how the little, middle-aged man of genius walking bare-headed under a private soldier's kit in the cold of Germany or the heat of Egypt really felt about it all. Unfortunately,

he did not leave any record of his sensations, except the big villa on the edge of the Roman Campagna below Tivoli.

The villa is a log-book, the biggest ever kept and absolutely unique. Hadrian began it when he had returned from his second big swing around the imperial circle and it was building during his last great "pleasure journey." It is rather a begging of the question to dispose of all his travels under that name, but both his German and English biographers, Gregorovius and B. W. Henderson, do so. The name does better justice to the spirit with which he bore their hardships than it does to his objects in taking them. On that last expedition he travelled through Syria and Arabia. He went far down the Euphrates and up the Nile. From Antioch and Palmyra and Alexandria he sent back the specifications of his finest adventures in architecture and scenery to be built into the mighty pleasure dome decreed at Tibur. His idea in doing so bears comparison with our world's fairs, or perhaps better with the Imperial Exhibition at Wembley, or with the beautiful exposition which united the Spanish world at Seville, for Hadrian was a courageous liberal about race and colonial problems and he tried to wipe out all the discriminations to the prejudice of the Roman provinces in comparison with Italy. In one respect his villa resembled the Missionary Exposition at the Vatican this year, for it assembled temples of most of the religions of the Roman world. To be sure, it was not dedicated to the conquest of the religions represented, but it subtly symbolized the absorption of them all into the cult of the Emperor, the super-religion of the Roman state.

The temples to the Eastern gods are the most mysterious things about Hadrian's villa, just because they are such starkly clear proofs of the difference between the Roman world and our own which we find it hardest to grasp. A man who claimed divine honors from his subjects and got them, a man to whom statues were erected in every city in the world so that the trade in them was standardized over the whole Mediterranean basin, surrounded himself with temples to all the gods whose cults were popular anywhere in the Roman world. It was not that he wished to hob-nob with his fellow gods. He was not crazy, like Alexander, who went out to the temple of Ammon near Thebes, and came back with a revelation of son-ship to Zeus and took divine honors to himself ever after. Hadrian took pleasure in insisting unceremoniously that he was a man. When he was at Thebes he seems to have gone into the desert at sunrise to see the musical statue of Juppiter-Ammon quite as a

modern tourist or scientist would go. Or would it be nearer the truth to say that he went in the spirit of a pilgrim, a theosophical pilgrim with curiosity and respect for religious ideas of any kind wherever they were definite and intense enough to have embodied themselves in a ritual? We have no name for this kind of thing in the modern world. We call it Tolerance, as if a world of mere negation could describe a lifelong passion. With feeble imaginations we feel toward it in our science of comparative religions. But the truth is that we do not understand it and probably have no room for it. Our modern missionary movements, and the conception of colonization now put in action by all western nations except the French are founded upon interests and ideas of which it was a sheer denial. Probably the only poet in the English-speaking world spontaneously creating anything akin in spirit to Hadrian's temples to the gods of the gorgeous but superstitious East, is Vachel Lindsay. Lindsay has imaginad glorious fanes to be built by all the Christian denominations living together in unity in Springfield, Illinois, a hundred years from now. What a timid amateur in synthesizing piety the American would seem to the Roman!

Realistic historians such as Signor Ferrero may be right in suggesting that Hadrian, like Aurelian who tried to unify the Roman world on a basis of Mithraism, and like Constantine, who actually did unify it on a basis of Christianity, was only making political experiments in religion. No doubt, that is part of the truth about his character, but it does not explain his enthusiasm or his touch of genius. No one could build Hadrian's replica of the shrine in which the mysteries were celebrated at Alexandrian Canopus—crude though the building may have been—without a fragment of that creative fusion of the religious and architectural passion embodied in the twentieth century in Mr. Cram. Hadrian was a serious dilettante in religions, and from that, in his times, it was only a step to such natures as those of Apollonius of Tyana and of Plutarch who honestly tried to make a synthesis of all the religious traditions around them for the salvation of people intelligent enough to understand them.

Only a fragment of the tufa core of the Canopus temple is left at Tibur. The shell of stone and the main mass of the building are gone. But enough remains to certify that Hadrian had caught the essential thing in the colossal architecture of Egypt and to suggest that he may have given its illusion as successfully as he gave the much more difficult illusion of vastness in the dome of the Pan-

theon. The story is that he had a little reproduction of the town of Canopus built around the shrine for the Mysteries. It was all self-contained and lay in a little valley out of sight of the rest of the villa. There the gossip of Rome said that the Emperor participated in rites too magnificent and sensual for western imaginations to conceive. Certainly the city can have had small part in the dreams that he cultivated in his little Egypt.

Rome was not really shut out of the villa at Tibur. The city lay on the horizon, and inside the Cyclopean walls of the park three thousand of the Praetorian Guards had quarters. Six or seven thousand people in all lived with the Emperor and the spirit of the place must have been as little as possible like that of Louis XIV's Versailles. It was a model city as much as it was a villa, and as such it was perhaps most truly the expression of Hadrian's personality. He had spent his life in founding cities—Adrianople, Antinoopolis on the Nile, Aelia on the Black Sea, and scores of others. He had never lost interest in rebuilding dilapidated Athens. At Tibur he would build a city for himself. If it did not have its roots in the economic life of the Empire, it would at least be a less dangerous parasite than Caprae in the ancient world, or than Coney Island today. And it would be beautiful. Of that he was sure, for he intended to make it out of copies of some of the loveliest buildings that he had seen on his travels. So he seems to have tried to give the effect of having lifted Athens bodily from Greece to Italy. A Lyceum, an Academy, a Prytaneum and a Painted Colonnade were all parts of the main unit of building in the villa. For the most part, only the floors and the stumps of the pillars in the great cloisters are left, but they are proof that there was no crowding. Every building stood free, and almost every building must have had its individual level among the rolling foothills of the Apennines where Hadrian—thinking of the clear definition of the temples on the Acropolis—had chosen his site.

We should do Hadrian no injustice if we compared his villa to some of the famous literary Utopias, best of all with Plato's *Republic*. He may not have been a Platonist, but the villa was a philosopher's paradise, and no better short definition than that could be invented for all the Utopias which have ever been described. There is just enough left of the roll in the villa which is called traditionally "the Hall of the Philosophers" to assure the visitor that the roof of the colonnade was high enough to give a pleasant resonance to a confident speaker's voice, and that the space was just big

enough to accommodate that fit audience—few, but not too few—which Protagoras and all his children love.

Around the great circular portico the life of the villa must have centered and the baths, the basilica and the distant Greek theatre must have been foils for the unmitigated play of conversation that went on there. Just above the portico one niched wall of the library still stands. The room was big enough to contain all the books of value in Greek and Latin literature, but, however rich it may have been, it must have been too dark to invite much reading indoors. Readers must have taken the rolls into the gardens and porticos to scan them and talk about them in a setting marvellously like that world half of livid reality and half of bright imagination in which the Platonic Socrates talked over books and the men who presumed to write them.

Superficially, to a modern visitor, the villa seems like a sheer caprice, an abuse of the tyranny that gave unlimited slave labor to one man. How little a mere caprice it really was, and how closely linked it was with the most humane ideas of the ancient world, will appear in an instant if it is compared with the little Versailles with which a King of Bavaria amused himself not many years ago, or with the pleasure parks built by the two rich men of the English "Romantic Revolt," Horace Walpole and Beckford. Strawberry Hill and Fonthill Abbey were both exaggerated efforts to escape from life. Poe, in *The Domain of Arnheim*, distilled the essence of those efforts in landscape gardening of his English predecessors. A man to whom, by a chance which Poe did not very convincingly explain, the control of all the capital in the world fell, built a park of vast extent and of perfect beauty, but furnished with only a single building, the palace of the owner. Park and palace were so imagined that only a single individual could enjoy them. A house party there would be inconceivable, even to Mr. Shaw. They were the projection of a fancy much more individualistic than artistic. Poe barricaded his imaginary paradise against all but a few visitors, just as Beckford morbidly excluded almost all visitors from Fonthill. Hadrian's villa may have been as full of caprices as Horace Walpole's Gothic mansion, but it was something altogether different. Its builder had lived in extraordinarily active contact with men and ideas and it contained as much of his world as he could crowd into it. If the author of *Vathek* had been in Rome, Hadrian would have invited him to Tibur and installed him in the role of

Rhadamanthus in the little Tartarus which reminded guests at the villa that their host was an adept of the Mysteries of Eleusis.

In the Sibylline Books there was a prophecy in which many of his contemporaries saw Hadrian intended. It said that a king with a brow of silver, who bore the name of a sea, would build temples and altars in every city, would travel through the world on foot, and would understand all magic mysteries. As the *journal intime* of that messianic king, kept in landscape and architecture, the villa at Tibur, in spite of its dilapidations, is alive with meaning.

AMERICAN ART IN THE MAKING

BY RICHARD CONRAD SCHIEDT

Glimpses Into the Growth of America's Art-life

WHEN Phidias chiselled his "Athene Parthenos" and Zeuxis immortalized "Helena of Kroton" on the canvas, Chimi Chassku, the ruler of ancient Peru, built the Truxillo, his famous palace in Cuzco, then the center of America's oldest civilization. The Parthenon and the Truxillo were as far apart in point of artistic conception as they were in the number of geographical miles. Two thousand years later Michelangelo Buonarotti, when but seventeen years of age, breathed into marble "the battle of Hercules with the Centaurs" while his equally renowned fellow countryman, Columbus, found his sublimest imaginations realized in the discovery of Cuzco's old continent, which he called the New World. And when a century and a quarter afterwards the Pilgrim Fathers left their British homes by way of Holland, to start a new nation in the New World, the glory of artistic Greece and Italy had already kindled new fires in the stolid North, and Rembrandt and Rubens had inspired a sturdier race of men with new ideals of the beautiful. Hence, the men who had been here and the men who came from Southern and Northern shores, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, Puritan and Cavalier, Dutch and Teuton, all—whether conscious of it or not—were potentially imbued with the artistic culture of the ages, endowed with the latent heritage of Peru and Mexico, of Athens and Rome, of Antwerp and Brussels, of Nuremberg, Paris and Madrid.

But the glory of the Truxillo had faded long since, and the tomahawk and poisoned arrow, chiselled and carved in quite different fashion from that which prevailed among their Peruvian forerunners, challenged the claims of the newcomers from across the Atlantic and forced them into combat. The struggle for the bare necessities of life carried on against a thousand odds exhausted all the physical energies of the settlers and stunted the growth of in-

herited desires for the amenities of the Old World civilization. It took more than a century of the severest kind of toil to gain a foothold in the wilderness, to conquer the soil, to open pathways to the great rivers, to subdue the sorely tried ferocious Red Man and to build the well-protected shelters for man and beast. Moreover, the religious fanaticism of Puritan and Pilgrim alike frowned upon every attempt on the part of the more liberal minded element among them to enrich in color or in marble either the house of God or their own homes. And yet, the new environment with its vast stretches of forest and field, of mountain and valley, of river and sea, with its thrilling adventures and dangerous exploits, its daily demands of heroic courage and unflinching devotion to home and country—all this gradually but surely developed extraordinary capacity for extraordinary tasks, a quick readiness for daily emergencies, a keen appreciation for vast undertakings and withall a sober sense and sympathetic regard for deeds, fine and noble and beautiful. If Kant is right in his definition of art as "the capacity for genius" surely here was a fruitful soil; if it is art's highest mission, to portray as its sublimest ideals the perfect man and the perfect woman, the gigantic battle for human freedom begun in the earliest days of colonial history should furnish ample material; if art is the imitation of nature there never was here any lack in variety and wealth of themes; if art is interpretation of nature who but a race of men living close to nature's heart, wrenching from her treasures and secrets, can tell her meaning and her mission; if, finally, art is the highest form of self-expression those who framed the Declaration of Independence, and sealed it with their blood at Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, are expected to furnish their share of first class art and artists. A glimpse into the history of the development of the fine arts in America will show whether these expectations have been or will be fulfilled.

In the absence of any established standards of chronology I venture to suggest four distinct periods in the development of art in the United States:

(1) The period of awakening under purely English influences, practically covering the era of Benjamin West, 1756-1820. (2) The period of apprenticeship in the fundamentals of drawing and modelling, largely under German influences of the Düsseldorf School dating from the work of Thomas Cole, the founder of the Hudson River School, to that of Morris Hunt, i. e., from 1825 to 1850. (3) The period of mastering color under French influence from Hunt

to Chase and (4) the period of independent American art, beginning about 1878 with the organization of the Society of American Artists.

In the beginning it was preeminently an art of representation, a sort of anthropomorphic art, a representation of the concrete, of the flesh and blood of matter, largely inherited from the Renaissance, which on the one hand, illustrated the common and collective belief in religion, its dogma and its faith and on the other apotheosized the recovered philosophy of classic Greece with its firm belief in the life and worship of the human form as the highest embodiment of beauty. Portraiture of a conventional type prevailed. Gradually, as the problems of real life were grasped pictures mainly for representation became food for children and art developed into the medium of interpreting expression and awakened to a sense of beauty in the abstract. The stress was no longer, as with the classic masters, on body and form, but on light and color. The struggle was a complex and a difficult one and the story is not always inspiring and interesting.

The Era of Benjamin West

1756—1820

The first prophet who arose on American soil to proclaim the mission of the beautiful was a Quaker lad, born and raised in the little backwoods town Springfield, close to Penn's good old village. To him, as to Abraham of old, the call came to leave his home and friends, who distrusted and reviled his new gospel. So one day, about 1756, Benjamin West arrived in Philadelphia and founded American art. He came by way of Lancaster, the garden-spot of the United States, where he had earned his first spurs in original portrait-painting. The Red Man had taught him how to prepare colors from berries and a brush from the hairs of the cat's tail. West, however, was not only a genius, but also a darling of destiny. He began in Philadelphia a career, which in many respects was to change the crude American notions of art. Among his contemporaries were the sculptor Canova in Italy, the restorer of classic idealism, Gainsborough, the founder of landscape realism in England, strongly national and original; Watteau in France, the then most elegant and delicate master of the canvas; Alvarez in Spain, classi-

cist and author of "Ganymede," and Tischbein, Mengs and others in Germany.

West spent a brief period in Italy to study neo-classicism and then entered upon his long triumphal career in London under the royal patronage of George III. "The spectacle of a colonial lad stepping from obscurity and snatching honors from the elect was startling at home and an audacious tresspass abroad." Yet, in spite of all his honors and friendships with the great on earth, West remained at heart the simple Quaker he was born, his modesty even forbidding him to sign his own canvasses. With perennial affection his gentle nature turned to the land of his birth, declining knighthood and standing firm in his loyalty to his home during the revolutionary war for freedom. And as the twilight of his years closed about him he sent back as a token of his love that impressive canvas, "Christ Healing the Sick," which hangs in the Pennsylvania Hospital, and is today one of the historic gems of that great city, while the most characteristic of his last works and perhaps his largest canvas, "Christ Rejected," adorns now one of the walls of the Philadelphia Academy and is one of the chief treasures of that art center. We are therefore not surprised that many of the creations of his brush represent the history of his native land; most notable among them are "General Wolfe in the Battle of Quebec" and "The Destruction of the French Fleet." Judged by modern standards West's pictures, though far superior to most others of his day, lack natural vigor, are in a high degree conventional and exhibiting but little knowledge of color, are purely imitations of the neo-classic school, but nevertheless respectable and commanding high prices. The seven pictures illustrating revealed religion, which he painted for the oratory at Windsor, brought him over 20,000 pounds. He dominated American painting for more than three-quarters of a century. No wonder that the "tribe of Benjamin," as West's pupils dubbed themselves, had to cross the ocean in order to educate and to maintain themselves. Their works showed talent, but they were weakly painted with the medium strongly in evidence, neither inspired nor inspiring. This period denotes the awakening of the native genius, the dawn of art appreciation as well as of art patronage. Copely of Boston, Vanderlyn of New York, Leslie of Philadelphia, chiefly portrait painters, spent some time or other under West's hospitable roof tree. So did Gilbert Stuart, an adopted son of Philadelphia, and perhaps the most masterly representative of his school, noted for his "Athenaeum pictures of Washington and

his wife," as well as for the "Landsdown portrait," now occupying a place of honor in the Philadelphia Academy.

They all, more or less, illustrated the annals of the revolution. Peale, Trumbull and Sully are names found on many noted portrait canvases of their day. When Charles William Peale came back from London he founded together with William Rush, the first sculptor of American parentage, the earliest national institution of the fine arts, the Pennsylvania Academy. Sully's Richard III and his famous portrait of young Queen Victoria are well known, and in the ancestral halls of many an old Philadelphia family the same familiar name is found on the stately monotonous canvases which tell the story of the earliest native art patrons, among them even crusty old Stephen Girard figures, who opened his house to Sully and his studio. To the same day and generation also belongs Jacob Eichholtz of Teuton extraction, who immortalized many of Lancaster's patricians and stately dames, and Bass Otis, another well-known portrait painter. Washington Allston of South Carolina and Horatio Greenough of Boston, the author of Washington's large statue in front of the Capitol, Robert Fulton, the inventor, and last, but not least, Charles Robert Leslie were distinguished lights among the "tribe of Benjamin." The new Philadelphia Academy had aroused the slumbering taste and appreciation for the fine arts among the wealthy who enabled Leslie and other talented youths to cross the Atlantic and study the old masters under West's generous guidance. However, all they did in return for America was to leave it.

After these progenitors came a host of lesser caliber, who recall the answer of the rector of Grace Church in New York to one of this class, who solicited a flattering endorsement of his art by humbly remarking: "I think you will say, sir, my paintings are tolerable." "Tolerable, why, yes," was the reply, "but who would eat a tolerable egg?" They are melodramatists, mostly men of prodigious industry, among them John Stuart of Philadelphia, Isaac Williams, Christian Schuessele, the teacher of Abbey and Eakins; James Hamilton, a follower of the great Turner, with half a genius in his erratic mode; Emanuel Leutze, a pupil of the Duesseldorf school, the author of the large canvas, "Washington crossing the Delaware," the creator of ambitious compositions of which the fresco in the "Westward Ho!" in the Capitol at Washington is the most ambitious, not to say the maddest, with confusion written all over as though an earthquake had made chaos of his reckless design. Among the best of them were William H. Furness, Jr., Lambdin and par-

ticularly Frederick Rothermel, the author of "Gettysburg" in the Harrisburg Capitol, the harbinger of a new dawn.

So much for the first century in American art, representing largely a survival of English tradition, a respectful following of Raphael, whose glories came to them tempered by the Saxon phlegm of Benjamin West. They all, more or less, painted by prescription and nature was alien to them. They helped, however, to throw modern painting into prominence and to emphasize past and present trend.

Formative Forces

Now the forces active in the seething caldron of the Parisian Terror were to a lesser degree at work in the bloodless field of art. Liberty here meant freedom from convention, a return to nature, the forsaken mother, whose nakedness had offended. It was but fitting that the reaction should begin in France and to the Romantic school of 1830 we owe the new impulses that have been moulding native artists for a generation.

The great periods of art were always inaugurated when the prevailing conditions of life were more or less adequate to the deepest conceptions born of it. When life in its reality has become starved and frozen, art is liable to become an externality, a plaything and amusement. The breakup of the eighteenth century was like the breakup of a frost. The air was stirred, the temperature rose. A thousand springs were set free. The forgotten unity of life was restored through a new kindling and expansion of all human endowments as of a body restored to the circulation of its blood. Art partook of this general reanimation. It became expressive of the general life, sensitive to the movement of thought in science and in literature as it had rarely been before. It was no longer the toy of courts or the mirror of a complaisant bourgoisie.

The liberation was pure gain. But it also was fraught with dangers. A picture tended more and more to become an artist's uncommissioned mind. The wholesome influence of definite established conditions was undermined as the Church and the State withdrew their patronage. The craft of painting had, moreover, lost its traditions.

One main result of the liberation of art and the licentious character of painting in particular was the signal growth of landscape

painting. It was paralleled by the predominance of lyric poetry. The classical was displaced by the romantic. In either case the personal element determined the form. Landscape painting becoming thus independent it was inevitable that its resources should be explored; just as anatomy and perspective were scientifically studied when during the early Renaissance the human body in all its naked charm was recovered for art as a theme. Even though there had not been any special discovery concerning the nature and composition of light the landscape painters would undoubtedly have followed the same pursuit. But the discoveries concerning light and the resulting invention of photography certainly became controlling influences.

Science assuredly had become the beacon light in all fields of thought and production as the century progressed. More and more it claimed the attention of the public and the service of the best talent. Here was a force the stream of which set deadly against the kindly and genial face of art. For the scientific temper is by nature opposed to the artist's temper. Francis Bacon well contrasted the two, when he said: "Science trying to subject the mind to things, art trying to subject things to the mind." With the former temper tending so strongly to tinge the thought of the century there was danger that art would lose sight of its proper starting point and its proper goal. And this, indeed, came to pass in the realistic tendencies of literature and in the attempt to portray things through the "siccum lumen" of science.

Yet in the right hands the advances of science were turned in to clear gain for art. A direct influence made itself felt especially in landscape painting in the treatment of natural illumination. This, however, was not all clear gain. The interest in problems of light which absorbed Turner's later years led him to develop a kind of painting which was new to art. But new additions of scientific data are not in themselves artistic gain. Turner's earlier works, after all, remain his masterpieces. Problems of natural illumination, while highly interesting in themselves, could, therefore, only indirectly affect the main themes of art. But the very widening of interests which marked the nineteenth century resulted in an unexampled exploration and study of non-human forms of life. Barye's sculptures and drawings did much in this respect. His close researches gave a hitherto unknown veracity and strictness to the stuff of his conceptions, but his conceptions were always those of an artist. Barye's studies of lions in the Louvre impress and fascinate by the

contained terrible power, the appalling beastliness of the creatures. Here is science nobly mastered to the use of art and many an American artist, from Hunt to the present time, has been inspired by Barye's art. But science offered not only new material, it also helped to create a certain tempering of the mind, a change of mental attribute which worked for good in men like Barye.

A certain humbling of the mind, a profounder sense of the infinite of nature, a realization of man's relation to nature, of his true place in the world—this is the spirit which we see towards the middle of the century filtering into art. It inspired noble minds with a reverence for the reality in their subjects which the eighteenth century so lamentably lacked. The type of art which expresses most fully and in justest balance the underlying forces of the nineteenth century must be sought in the art of Millet, the author of the "Angelus." He conveys the feeling that there is a deep congruity in anything that nature presents to us, that we must not be impatient to take off all its wrappings and circumstances saying "this is the whole that matters," still less, disdainful, because it does not present us with some absolute beauty we have expected. How far in such art as this have we travelled from the prevalent attitude of the eighteenth century with its wardrobe of prescribed proprieties and its scholastic corrections for the irregularities of nature. France all through this period had been the center of European art. Her people were always distinguished by an unhampered circulation of ideas. That also explains her proud self-consciousness. The subconscious may be unduly glorified nowadays, but it can not be denied that great and powerful art is rarely conscious of being dominated or warped by theory. However, in the nineteenth century external conditions accentuated this tendency to fiercely logical extremes. To other countries the Revolution came as a fervor to the spirit, a new birth of ideas, but in France it was acted out to the uttermost in flesh and blood. David carried the revolution into painting and broke violently with all the traditions of the past. Even the paint must be put on the canvas in a new way. The pupils pelted the masterpieces of Watteau. Then came Napoleon, and in a few years how frigid and far away seemed the heroics of Greeks and Romans beside the turmoils and glories of the living present! Imagination was paralyzed by the extravagant romance of reality.

Suddenly, with Waterloo, the splendor of life collapsed. Dullness, as if in a black shower of chimney pot hats, descended upon the world. It was like coming out of the theatre where great actors

animate magnificent drama to gas lamps in a rainy street. A new generation whose childhood had been dazed and dazzled by the thunderings and lightnings of Napoleon's glory, grew up into a humdrum present. The imaginative ones were thrown back on themselves; and in that balked hunger and recoil from the actual to unlimited dreamland was born the Romanticism of 1830. The fever of that movement burns in Delacroix, in Ingres it recoils and retreats to the fortress of pure line. In each of them temper works formulating ideals and forcing nature to follow. With Chasserian the oscillation appears in a single artist, but its violence is spent. Not until the middle of the century do we observe a steadying of the forces born of the revolution and its reactions; as shown in the work of men like Barye, Millet, Puvis and Rodin. The artistic creations of the eighteenth century had lacked, in Europe at least, the vitalizing touch of experience; the new age had made up for this in full measure with tragic violence and bloodshed; and the fruits of it matured in these great artists. Later, the same bent towards formulating theories and inventing battle cries, which clings to the French habit of mind, produced minor oscillations between one extreme and another among those whom science dominated, and the battles of impressionism were fought with shouting.

When we return to England we find quite a different atmosphere. There is no such free circulation of ideas as in France. Creative effort has been sporadic; genius has pursued its chosen task alone. Here have been no real movements. The Preraphaelites originated one in name; but the members of that group, such as Millais, Rosetti, and William Holman Hunt, were men of singularly diverse natures, and after a few years broke away into separate paths. But England, on that account, kept from extremes and still produced men of genius, such as Crome, Constable, Watts and the sculptor Stevens, who, refusing the academic training of the time, put himself to school with the early masters of the Italian Renaissance and silently formed the grand style which marks him the greatest of English sculptors.

However, before the American artists turned from the English to French influence, there was a mild interregnum created by the stir of another mighty revolution. Germany had reached the high water mark of her literary achievements. In poetry and philosophy she reigned supreme, and her music interpreted the new national ideals in symphonies of unparalled depth and grandeur. In the plastic arts no note of importance had been struck for several centuries,

since Cranach, Duerer and Holbein had expressed the nation's best and highest feeling and life during the Reformation period. But the new literary impulse brought forth a Winckelmann, who issued the first book on "The History of Art," wrought out on Rome's classic soil. It was answered by Lessing's Laokoon and later by August Wilhelm Schlegel's "Lectures on Art." Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, with Schopenhauer and Nietzsche in the distance; Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Schumann and Mendelssohn, Bartholdi with Richard Wagner looming up on the horizon—all epitomized and interpreted to the nation by Goethe in Weimar and Wilhelm von Humboldt in Rome—surely their echoes should have been heard in the realms of brush and chisel. But the nation's political life was at the lowest ebb and the dramatic incidents on the historic stage were not worth recording. Rauch and Schinkel had, indeed given Berlin its first and perhaps still its fairest creations in marble and bronze, and Cornelius and his Nazarenes did some creditable work in Rome, but these efforts were sporadic, and the work of Winckelmann and Lessing resulted only in the construction of theoretic formulas, in organized systems, in the introduction of methods based on anatomy and geometry and carried to their utmost perfection in the Academy of Duesseldorf, which became the great center of realism with its stress upon the strict letter of the law of art, clever in execution, but pedantic, unimaginative and withal unaesthetic, and without any pure instinct for color. Hither the Americans began to flock, here they hoped to find ready-made formulas and clever textbooks, which would turn them into first-class artists. The New England Transcendentalists and poets had pointed to Germany and its leading minds as the profoundest interpreters of all the mysteries of life and, therefore, also of art, and voices such as Emerson's did not plead in vain.

The Influence of the Duesseldorf School

Accidentally, Thomas Cole, of Ohio, learned the rudiments of his art from a Duesseldorf portrait painter named Stein, and the pupil ultimately surpassed the master. For when he came to New York in 1825, he attracted considerable attention by his "Views on the Hudson." In the course of time he became the founder of the "Hudson River School," the first distinctive art

group on American soil, but his pictures were still exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where they became very popular. Among his followers was William T. Richards, a Philadelphian, who began to draw the sea as he felt it, drawing its restless undulations and mountainous upheavals with a precision which made him, at least "a master of drawing," as his pictures in the Metropolitan Museum at New York and in the Philadelphia Academy amply testify. Moreover, Richards brought to his art as no American had ever done before him that knowledge and love of the kindred art of letters which mean so much for the finer subtlety of insight, but are ignored so often for one of paint alone. His friends say that he could talk when in the mood, with profoundity shot through with lovable humor on the fancy of Wordsworth, till his hearers were suffused with that old-fashioned spirit of tranquility which comes to men who know how to live in the spirit and comes to none other.

Among other Philadelphians of the Duesseldorf School who deserve recognition, we mention the Ferrises, father and son; the Morans, Thomas, Edward and Peter, the first of whom won national reputation by his painting of the "Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone" and the "Chasm of the Colorado" purchased by Congress, now hanging in the nation's Capitol; Bernard Uhle, J. B. Sword, William U. Willcox, W. A. Porter, E. Taylor Snow, Thomas B. Craig, Kirkpatrick, William Sartain, Alexander Galder, DeCrano, the two Schells, Milne Ramsay, Charles Stephens and Linford. These and many more, among them not a few women kept alive the embers, when there were few to stir the fire and little fuel to boil the pot.

Most noted, however, among the representatives of this school were Bierstadt, Church, Charles Moore and Farrar. The last two especially are exact literalists, relying too much in their art on its local truth of design and hue, and on the topographical exactitude of representation paying too little attention to the sentiment of nature and the language of color, the strong point of the idealists. Bierstadt's famous "Rocky Mountain," for which he received $25,000, while Raphael received thirty crowns for his "Ezekiel," looks cold and untruthful. Its interest is confined to a tableau—like inventory of an extensive view, and its effect on the mind is similar to sounding phrases of little meaning. Church's "Niagara," with no more sentiment, hard atmosphere and metallic flow of water gives greater local truth, but is also a literal transcript of the scene.

Such is some of the American pioneer work done on the canvas.

More strenuous and mediocre were the executions in marble. Everywhere, except in Italy, sculpture in those days fell behind painting. American sculpture in some respects was more ambitious than its sister art, it aspired to a higher range of motive and greater originality. The greater public demands for monuments and a more elaborate architecture, for costly busts, cheap copies of classical marbles or other crude fancies of second-hand sentiment, portrait statues or bad effigies in stone of imperfect nudity in the flesh, stimulated a host of would-be artists to furnish productiveness. It forced an inept art on an unprepared public as its standard of good in this direction. Even Boston had its share of such art. Let us recall the statue of St. Alessio in the garb of a pilgrim on the façade of Santa Trinita, Florence. Here is life-like movement and character, although merely intended for outdoor decorations. Let us compare with it the statues on the Terrace lawn in front of the Massachusetts State House. On the right, as we ascend, Daniel Webster, in bronze, by Hiram Powers, erected in 1859, looking as though he had been built up after an intense study of his last suit of clothing. On the right Horace Mann in bronze, by Emma Stebbing (1855), resembling a scarecrow in a cornfield, formless and void, holding out the sleeve that does duty for an arm as if for charity. In Doric Hall there stands the statue of Washington in marble, by Sir Francis Chantrey, given in 1829 to the State by the Washington Monument Association, seemingly void either in shape or action of a spinal column. Not far from it in the Public Garden the graceful Everett bursting off his coat buttons in a frantic attempt to box the sky or hail George Washington to stop for him, while the granite Alexander Hamilton on Commonwealth avenue, by Dr. William Rimmer, seems intended for one of the Athenian Hermes in a Yankee guise, although this statue is not lacking some of the elements of great art, especially the head, which vividly recalls Rodin's Balzac.

The Era of French Influences

Finally the deliverer came, a Vermonter, the son of an old New England family, with fine traditions, generations of culture and inherited genius for the arts of the beautiful. William Morris Hunt, born in 1824, four years after Benjamin West had died, the son of Judge Jonathan Hunt. His mother, a Leavitt of Connecticut, had

shown a strong desire for drawing and painting, but the desire met with a strong rebuke from her father. What had been denied her she richly granted her children, working with them until she, too, had carried out her early plans, as the portrait of her son from her brush sufficiently proves. Being left a widow in early life she moved with her family to Italy after William had been rusticated at Harvard for "being too fond of amusement." The latter had begun drawing, modelling and cutting cameos under an Italian teacher while still in America. He continued in Italy and later in France under Louis Barye, one of the greatest of his craft. Intending to go on with his studies in sculpture, he was advised to go to Duesseldorf. He found the place very agreeable socially and artistically, having for friends and companions, Lessing, the president of the Academy; Sohn, Leutze, Schroedter and others, but was shocked at their system of study, a grinding process aiming at the acquirement of mechanical skill. He felt what became afterwards the abiding belief of his life, that the study of art should be a pleasure and not a forced and hateful drill. He finally gave up his intention of entering the painting class and left for Paris to study with Pradier. This resolve ended the Duesseldorf influences on American art. Henceforth France became the Mecca of all lovers of the beautiful—the period of French influence on American art begins. Hunt, however, did not go to Pradier; having accidentally seen Couture's "Falconer," he entered his studio. Couture's method of painting was to make first a careful and, if possible, stylish or elegant outline drawing of the subject, adding only a few simple values with a frotee of their color, and leaving them to dry over night. Next day another thin frotee was used in portions, and with long-haired whipping brushes the color was laid on, the dark of the right depth of tone, the light thickly and with startling brilliancy. Not one stroke could be retouched or mud would ensue. The middle tones required the utmost nerve, feeling and decision, but their quality, when just right, was delightful and fascinating. No wonder that this method of painting attracted artists and students from every part of the world. It was a sublime reaction from the dry-as-dust German painting then in vogue and from the so-called classic painting of France prevailing in the early years of the nineteenth century. Hunt carried it further than his master. A study of Rembrandt's "Night Watch" in Amsterdam showed him that his Couture pallette was not sufficient. He must buy other colors and study the works of the old masters. The great masters of Venice and of Holland still re-

mained unapproached. Hunt looked around for better things. William Babcock, the Boston painter, not quite Hunt's equal, took him to Barbizon and introduced him to Jean Francois Millet, whose wonderful picture "The Sower" had greatly impressed him. The friendship between Hunt and Millet, the American cavalier with his splendid horses and fine hounds, and the humble Frenchman who lived in a cellar, as his friends called his studio, is one of the most remarkable in history. Hunt came into Millet's life like a flood of sunshine, Millet into Hunt's like a new revelation from heaven. Millet was not only a great artist but a great man. Hunt learned from him not only the value of a figure, of light and shadow, but he got from him his broad views of humanity, his appreciation of Shakespeare, Homer and the bible. He said of him: "He is the only man since the bible was written, who expressed things in a biblical way." Hunt's first portrait was a one-quarter length likeness of his mother. It was queenly and gracious and attracted at once attention. His "Hurdy-Gurdy Boy, 1851, was the first picture sold in America. Others rapidly followed, among them "The Belated Kid," the "Violet Girl," and the "Girl at the Fountain." The deep-toned, richly-colored "Fortune Teller," a canvas with three figures, was bought by Mr. Frank Brooks for $300, later Mr. Gregerson secured it for $800 and after the artist's death it was sold for $5,000.

The difference between Hunt's works before and after his meeting with Millet is shown by his two "Marguerites." The first was exhibited in the salon of 1852 and was one of the ten selected by the emperor Louis Napoleon for purchase——but Hunt refused to sell it. The second is a replica but with Millet's genius reflected in it. All his pictures of the last period show an undue attention to technique, while those of the second period excel in keen perception of character and color betraying the storm and stress of middle life. In his third period his colors became lighter and purer with great gain in creative force. On his return to America in the fifties he entered upon a career that was difficult, depressing and wearisome, because he was neither understood nor appreciated. However, like all noble souls, he found consolation in helping those who needed encouragement and assistance. What Benjamin West had been to the American artists in England, Hunt became in America. Foxcroft, Cole, Bicknell, Elihu Vedder, Thomas Robinson and others owe their first renown to him, for he bought their works and exhibited them. He urged rich men to purchase the works of Corot, Millet, Diaz, Barye, and other great masters, for he wanted his fel-

low townsmen to feel that they lived in an era of great art. It is therefore largely due to him that the best French pictures were bought for Boston homes and galleries. He lost heavily in the great Boston fire of 1872, but, undismayed started over again and opened a studio, where he gave his famous art talks, inspiring many of his pupils to carry his art gospel through the length and breadth of the land. His greatest achievements and with them his greatest sorrow came to him towards the end of his life, when he received from the State of New York an invitation to paint two great mural lunettes, each sixteen by forty feet, for the Assembly Chamber of the new Capitol in Albany.

They were epoch-making, inaugurating the era of mural painting in America. His task was Herculean. He was expected to accomplish in five months what would have taken Raphael five years or more. But he was equal to the emergency. Day and night he worked, denying himself to his friends, concentrating all his energies upon the one great task, testing the stone of the building, studying the light effects and working out in charcoal and paint the details of the two allegories which he had chosen. The one embodied the story of Columbus, the other "Anahita," the great drama of his life, both dreams of his younger days; the original of the latter is now adorning one of the walls of the Philadelphia Academy. The former, called "The Discoverer," represented Columbus crossing the dark ocean, attended solely by Faith, Hope, Fortune and Science, and symbolizing the masculine force crossing the water of destiny; the latter he named "The Flight of the Night." Anihita, the Persian goddess of the moon and the night, symbolizing the feminine force, is driven from the realms of phantasy and unreality by the dawn of civilization and plunges with her airy car into the dark and hidden caverns of superstition and barbaric thought, while the attending slave and the sleeping forms of a human mother and child suggest others worlds, where love and tranquility dwell. The contending forces of day and night light the darkness, heighten the beauty of her Pagan countenance and make her as tragic and typical a figure as that of Columbus and a fitting counterpart.

But Hunt was ultimately doomed to disappointment. Just ten years after these wonderful first attempts at mural paintings were begun not a trace of them was left on the walls of the Albany State House, they had completely flaked off. The causes are hidden in mysterious discrepancies between contracts and their fulfillment, but the artist had died in September, 1879, worn and broken-hearted. On

the 11th of November of the same year, a memorial exhibition of the works of William Morris Hunt was opened at the Museum of the Fine Arts, Boston, which lasted several months and proved one of the most remarkable ever held in this country. It contained two hundred oil paintings and one hundred and nineteen charcoal and pastel drawings, three specimens of sculpture and one cameo. It was in a high degree representative of his career, his progress and his hopes. It showed his early efforts in the French Romantic School, his ambition to paint historic or Biblical compositions, as the masters especially Couture, were doing in those days. It also gave evidence of the turning points in his career, when he cared no more for his acknowledged success and worked humbly and ardently with Millet, when he began to paint his own ideal pictures, when he laid these aside for a time to come home to America, when he gave himself wholly to portraiture, when he again in moments of leisure turned to his beloved ideal, when life began to be hard and teaching was in order, when health began to fail and expenses were hard to meet, when he tried landscape and he again felt the reins of power in his hands; when nothing short of the Falls of Niagara claimed his splendid abilities, when the great opportunity of his came and he launched fearlessly upon the untried sea of great mural painting. No wonder the exhibition made a great impression. It marked an epoch in American Art.

Among Hunt's contemporaries who showed the first effects of romantic awakening there appeared such artists as Henry Bisbing; Mary Cassat, with her homely Madonnas, bringing into human touch the sentiment of maternity without loss of artistic reserve; Eakins, with his massive and severe embodiments of early American domestic life as well as of Biblical subjects, among which must be mentioned the colossal figures of the prophets, adorning the Witherspoon Building in Philadelphia; John J. Boyle, authentic in his rude strength; Poore, the portrait painter of his comrade and servant, the hound; Carl Newman, experimentalist, with day and candle light, and lover of flowers; Birge Harrison who measures his capacity so unerringly in snow pieces; Daniel Ridgway Knight in his composition of homely sentiment; Charles N. Frohmut, with pastels of boats, which have won the enthusiasm of Rodin and Thaulow; Alexander Harrison, the interpreter of the sea and winner of French decorations; Cecelia Beaux, unexcelled in her etchings; finally, the lovable, self-forgetting Thomas Hovenden, who held to the English tradition, modified by what he had caught from Duesseldorf. His

picture of John Brown kissing the negro infant and his pathetic masterpiece, "Breaking Homes Ties," belong with much else he produced among the works safe from oblivion. John McLure Hamilton, who went by way of Antwerp and Paris to London and painted masterly portraits of men foremost in English life, such as Gladstone, Cardinal Newman, Professor Tyndal, and others, but finally won recognition from France, which placed his smaller portrait of Gladstone with the exclusive few American works in the Luxemburg.

The chief glory of the French Romantic School in America, however, rests with William Page, George Innes, John La Farge, Furness and Babcock. They are full-fledged modernists, captured by the dominant note of "plain air." The studio was no longer the background of great art; the sky itself was to furnish light from first sources, and all painting was to be done in the open air from first impressions, not from memory. Not the object itself was to be put on the canvas but merely its impressions and in the most fugitive way. Special stress was laid upon color values. It had been discovered that light not only reveals color but also modifies it, that a very brilliant light does not make shadows darker but lighter and more transparent, that sunlight does not add a golden but a silver hue to objects, that each single blade of grass in the meadow is not purely green, but reflects all the colors of the rainbow, however, only the total impression of green is left in the memory. Light itself became the object of the painter's brush, as it floats through the air and suffuses all objects in its path, reflecting and refracting a thousandfold all its variegated beams. A blooming orchard in spring no longer shows on the canvas its dark stems and branches; they vanish and a perfect, floating cloud of blossoms, full of fragrance and rhythm of color, is presented by the modernist. A classicist like Goethe had condemned such attempts as utterly unpictorial, and the old Academies, especially in America, strictly held to the rule.

(To be continued.)

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