

# 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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JUNE, 1926

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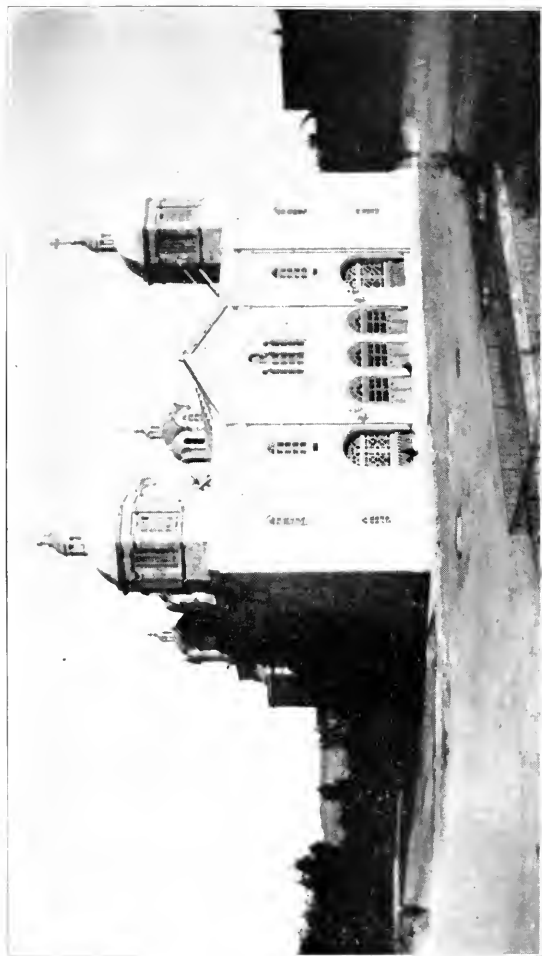
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## RUSSIA AND PALESTINE

BY AMOS I. DUSHAW

THE collapse of the Russian Empire was not without its influence on the Holy Land. In the days of her power when she extended her arms far and wide to seize territory she also had her covetous eyes on Palestine, and among the nations contending for positions of prominence through their respective religious societies the position of Russia in Palestine was second to none of them. The Russian Palestine Society purchased extensive, valuable and strategic sites in the leading towns, Jaffa, Jerusalem, and Nazareth, and erected barrack-like structures for their pilgrims who thronged the land in great multitudes during the sacred festivals; monasteries for monks and nuns; and many churches and schools. The Russian Tower on the Mount of Olives is still a landmark, unrivalled in height, and from it one gets a better view of the surrounding country than Moses did from Pisgah's mountain height. Their schools for the native children were exceedingly popular with the natives of the Orthodox faith because of Russia's political protection, which was real and meant much in the days of the Turk. The Russian Society was also noted for its generosity in matters of finance. The pilgrims brought to the country much wealth, and the Greek church because of its control of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, and because of similarity of faith, grew rich on their generosity, due to the natural piety and devoutness of the Russian peasantry. The love of these pilgrims for the Holy Land was not surpassed even by the pious Jews. The Greek clergy took full advantage of their credulity, and laughed at what they called, "Russian Superstitions." But today, due to the absence of the Russian pilgrims, this Church is in financial difficulty, despite the fact that it is in possession of much of the best land in the country and also in the towns, purchased with the money pro-

cured from the peasants they despised. Her hosts of monks are in a semi-starving condition because they have not learned the art of useful toil. Their laziness was their undoing. Had these monks carried out the Apostolic injunction, "to do your own business, and to work with your hands, even as we charged you; that ye may walk becomingly toward them that are without, and may have need of nothing," they would today be independent of outside aid, have the respect of those who are without, have enough food and raiment for themselves and for their poor, and would have been a shining light of industry and thrift to their many followers. I suggested this to some of them and they were candid enough to admit the folly of their past life. Perhaps the fall of Russia may not be alto-



RUSSIAN TOWER ON MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM JANCHO ROAD.

gether without some blessing to this church. Charity has had no debauching influence in Palestine, on Christian as well as Jew.

In their intense desire to acquire land in the Holy Land the Russians came in too late to acquire sacred sites, but they avoided the temptation of starting rival sites. For instance, Jaffa has the good fortune of boasting two houses of Simon the Tanner. One of the sites is under Latin control the other under Moslem, but both places afford fine views of the sea. It was in Jaffa that St. Peter had that wonderful vision (Acts x.), and which soon convinced him of the oneness of the human race, and that Christ's salvation was for all. He said, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness,

is acceptable to him." This discovery was of world-wide significance in its results. About a mile from the old town is the Russian settlement where the location of the house of Tabitha, or Dorcas is shown as well as her tomb. The spacious grounds are enclosed with a good wall and a substantial iron gate. But once inside one feels that its caretakers believe in order, cleanliness, and comfort. It is one of the bright spots of the city of Jaffa. Within its enclosure are orange, fig, and olive trees; vegetables and flowers; shady walks, tables and benches for those who may wish to enjoy a glass of tea in the open in the cool of the afternoon; rooms for pilgrims, and a fine church with a very tall steeple, or tower. The walls of this



JERUSALEM'S LEADING STREET, JAFFA ROAD.

(Buildings on Right, Russian.)

church have many paintings of Biblical stories appropriate for the place. From the tall church-tower one gets a grand view of the Mediterranean Sea, the Judean hills, the plain of Sharon with well-known towns, native villages, German and Jewish colonies, and above all, the orange gardens which stretch out far and wide over the Plain give the impression that the whole territory is paradise-like in scenery and fertility. This beautiful spot is a worthy memorial to the memory of a Christian woman of whom it is written, "Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas (Gazelle): this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did." Acts ix. 36.

Jerusalem has two gardens of Gethsemane and two places where St. Stephen was stoned. The one we are all familiar with is the Latin Garden. The Greek Garden is a little further up the Mount of Olives, and only a short distance from the Latin Garden. Alexander III, emperor of Russia built for the Greeks in their garden the beautiful cathedral of St. Mary Magdalen. His son, the unfortunate, Nicholas II contributed funds towards the building of the Church of St. Stephen, in connection with the Dominican Monastery, on the ground the Latins claim to be the place where St. Stephen was stoned. And it was the Russians who enlarged and restored the Monastery of Mar Saba. This well-known Monastery is under Greek control. In these instances of Russia's generosity we see why she was so prominent in Palestine before the war.

At Ain Karim, about four miles from Jerusalem, supposed to be the birthplace of John the Baptist, there is a Russian settlement. The place has a copious spring of good water, and is called, "St. Mary's Well," because the mother of Jesus, on her visit to her cousin Elizabeth, the mother of the Baptist, quenched her thirst here. If the mother of Jesus did visit this place we can very well believe that she drank of this water. Out of the 2,000 inhabitants, Moslems, Latins, Greeks, there are about 150 Russians. The section occupied by them is on the side of a hill. Here they have their own church, and the settlement is clean, attractive and rather picturesque.

In Nazareth the Christian denominations are well represented: Orthodox Greeks, United Greeks, Latins, Maronites, Anglicans, and Scotch Presbyterians. The Presbyterians are engaged in medical missionary work. Here the Russians have established themselves on an independent basis. The Russian Palestine Society before the war had schools for boys and girls, a teachers' college, a hospice for their pilgrims, and a hospital. The natives of Nazareth were pretty well looked after along missionary efforts.

But of all the places owned by the Russians none of them surpassed the section known as "The Russian Compound," in Jerusalem. Here they had a hospital, a dispensary, barrack-like dwellings for the pilgrims, dwellings for their priests and wealthier pilgrims, the Russian consulate, a cathedral, bowers and gardens with benches for the benefit of the public. Now, with the exception of the Cathedral and a few rooms occupied by the very few monks and priests, the vast property is occupied by the British and used for barracks, courts, military warehouses, prison, hospitals, and the spacious grounds used for drilling, military reviews, and as playgrounds for



the soldiers. But the British are compensating the Russians for the use of their property. I never walked through this spacious compound without recalling David's lament over Saul and Jonathan.

"Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy high places!  
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!"

In the days of her power she was proud. Her consuls were arrogant, treating even the Turkish authorities with scorn. They despised their Jewish countrymen, treated them with utter contempt, and even refused them the protection they were entitled to, and the Jews found the Turk to be a better Christian than the Russian. It was Russian tyranny and brutality that led them to seek the hospiti-



RUSSIAN COMPOUND.

able shores of the Turkish empires, because the Turks were seldom, if ever, deliberately unkind to the Jews. Then the Russians were on the top, and the Russian Jews ground down under the iron heels of despotism and brutality. But today, the Jews of Palestine are on the top, and the Russians down and out. This recalls to my mind the words of a great Hebrew prophet and patriot, "Therefore all they that devour thee shall be devoured; and all thine adversaries, everyone of them, shall go into captivity; and they that spoil thee shall be a spoil, and all they that prey upon thee will I give for a spoil." Had Russia stayed on the winning side until the end it is doubtful if the Balfour Declaration would ever have seen the

light of day. But no one in Palestine, not even the Russian Jews, are in any way unkind to the poor Russians, the majority of whom are women.

Among these Russian women are many of real culture and ability, who before the war were socially well-connected. But hard times have not robbed them of their refinement, devoutness, bigness of heart, and the desire to maintain their self-respect, and there are no beggars among them, and they are all more than willing to work for their daily bread at anything. Their services are in demand and appreciated because of their ability and willingness to do an honest day's work. I remember a little old lady who used to visit us. She was well connected in Russia, and before the war was able to help the needy, but now that she was in distress she never uttered a word of complaint. She was a woman of refinement and culture, able to converse fluently in several European languages, and withal of a very charming personality, and loved by all who knew her. I also recollect while walking one afternoon from Ain Karim to Jerusalem being stopped by a strong Russian woman, a member of the Ain Karim colony, who asked me if I knew of any work she could do. I am glad to state that Doctor Hart, the American secretary of the Jerusalem Y. M. C. A. did all he could to help these worthy women in many ways. One day I saw a Russian woman distribute a few small loaves of black bread to native beggars. Suddenly she was surrounded by a host of such beggars; they seemed to spring from the ground and almost mobbed her in their persistent demand for bread. She had a hard time to get away from them, pleading in Russian, that she had nothing more to give. This shows their compassionate disposition, and why in better days they were so welcomed to the Holy Land. They are not a mean, penurious, grasping people. At every service in the Greek and Russian churches these poor, forlorn women can be seen devoutly worshipping. Economic distress, stranded in a foreign country, separated from friends and relations yet their faith in God is as strong and deep as ever. They convey the impression that such a people are not without a great future. One Saturday, at the close of the service in the Russian cathedral in the Russian Compound, I said to the priests and several worshippers that America had a friendly interest in Russia, and that I believed that God would bring them out of their present distress. They seemed pleased and thanked me for my words of encouragement.

We wish for Russia a real spiritual awakening, and when that day comes she will be a power for righteousness instead of being a power for tyranny as she was in the days of her power and pride. When that day comes she will know that greatness is not to be measured in terms of mighty armies, navies, and extensive territories, and that "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord," are great and enduring things achieved.

## METHODOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS IN PRIMITIVE ART

BY SIDNEY HOOK

THE field of general culture study affords an excellent opportunity for the rigorous application of critical scientific method. In no other field has the glorification of national prejudice been so often presented as the findings of accurate historical research. Early investigators have been almost exclusively dependent upon the casual observations of the ancient historians, the reminiscences of globe-trotters and the reports of missionaries whose training and perspective make rational, unbiased judgments difficult to attain. A vast amount of confusion has therefore resulted from the conversion of some particular cultural trait into a determining symbol of necessary cultural development and from the edifying but unverified dogma that universal social evolution has prevailed throughout the entire domain of anthropology. Simplicity, which Maitland somewhere describes as a mark of a highly sophisticated people, has been interpreted as an indication of comparative historical priority while the Spencerian formula that progress proceeds from the simple to the complex has been accepted as the leading methodological assumption in the face of indisputable evidence to the contrary, revealed in the history of art, language and law. The belief that origins and beginnings are invariably relevant to judgments of value or worth is responsible for even more pernicious errors.

Modern field study, particularly the contributions of Boas, Kroeber, Goldenweiser, Wissler and Lowie in this country, has done a great deal to discredit the unwarranted generalizations of the classical school of anthropology and to dispell the illusions born of a misuse of the Law of Parsimony (Ockham's razor). That all the ghosts have not yet been laid however, is attested to by the prevalent belief in fixed racial traits and by the doctrine of Aryan suprem-

acy, whatever either of these words mean, which dictates our national immigration policy. The cardinal and besetting sin of those who believe that anthropological data furnish conclusive grounds for the adoption of practical policies has been the flagrant disregard of the first principle of any theory of scientific measurement, viz., *terms of appraisal or evaluation are scientifically incommensurable*. Together with the fallacy of selection, this accounts for the glaring non-sequiturs set forth as conclusions which take their point of departure from premises reading, "History proves."

Art as an institution is as evident and as important a factor in social life as any. Although its forms and motives in successive periods have varied with other cultural influences it bears the closest affinity in primitive society towards religion. An investigation of apparently so technical a subject as the symbolism of primitive art may be justified, aside from the fascinating interest and delight attached to its pursuit, on the ground of the important implications it possesses for the methodology of the social sciences. The phases of the subject treated, although not exhaustively explored, are intimately related to problems which in themselves should arrest the attention of all students of the philosophy of civilization.

A partial enumeration of some of these problems would include (1) the question of "Independent development" versus "cultural diffusion"; (2) the problem of "origins" and "first causes"; (3) the effect of the physical, climatic, and telluric factors in the social environment on art-forms and expression; (4) the psychic processes involved in artistic activity; (5) the mentality of primitive man; (6) methodological considerations in ethnology, e. g., the categories of social science,<sup>1</sup> the denotative or connotative use of such terms as "civilization," "progress," etc.

Needless to say I have not overreached myself in an ambitious attempt to treat all of these moot questions, no less presuming to offer a definitive solution, but have contented myself with indicating their relevance to and influence on the subject treated.

This study is divided into two parts. The first is essentially descriptive and comparative dealing with certain art forms of primitive people. Lack of both time and facilities have prevented me from extending my researches to the art of African and Asiatic folk. From among the primitive tribes on this continent, I have selected for the most detailed analysis, the art of the Arapaho, be-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Goldenweiser, A. A. "History, Psychology and Culture: A Set of Categories for an Introduction to Social Science," *Jour. of Phil.*, Vol. 15 (1918), No. 21-22, pp. 561, 589.

cause Kroeber's splendid memoirs assured both sufficient material and some degree of assurance that "social evolutionist" prejudices had not vitiated the selection of facts. The second part of this study is concerned with an attempt to evaluate various interpretations of the data presented in the first part, containing the expression, of what to my mind, appear to be the soundest if not the most conclusive views on the subject.

## I

At the outset, it is important to grasp the fact that although there is a sharp distinction between the decorative and pictorial aspects of primitive art design among the Arapaho, every decorative design is also pictorial. Pure or associated pictorial art aims at the reproduction of several salient features of the object or scenic effect represented. Departure from this type, usually sets in with the expression of two diverse tendencies; the first is a straining for realism through attempts at imitation and naturalism, which is comparatively rare in the New World; the second and more prevalent, seizing upon the most significant of the salient features of the object, discards all touch of realism, resulting in an attempt "to think" the object. The latter type of art is what one denominates as "symbolic."

Arapaho art is decidedly pervaded with the symbolic tendency. The symbols may be classified into representations of animals, plants, physical nature, objects in use created by man, and remarkably complex abstract ideas.

(1) Designs and symbols of animal origin though abundant are by no means predominant; the birds and animals that are most characteristic of the locality affording subjects for representation through beaded designs. However, most portrayals of animal types are executed more realistically on paintings and carvings. It would seem that familiarity with the objects treated was at the basis of both proficiency and motive.

(2) Ornamental designs derived from plants seem to be exceedingly rare.

(2) Surprising to the uninitiated is the fact that a very large number of symbols of considerable and distinct variety are representations of inanimate nature. The Arapaho give symbolic expression to the subtlest as well as the most striking of natural phenom-

ena. Their designs indicate the rainbow, the four quarters of the moon, sunbeams and the scintillation of the stars, lightning and hail, purple and crimson sunsets, the Milky Way. If we are to believe Kroeber, some of their designs are like facets from a lapidary setting, as for instance, the representation of "snow-topped mountains and sloping, verdant fields verging on placid, colored lakes." It seems that this elaborate symbolism is resorted to, whenever complexity and rarity of natural phenomena or limited ability and inadequate facilities, render it impossible to express natural objects realistically. Winds and whirlwinds which are denoted by multicolored combinations of lines and curves could hardly have been realistically presented. How strikingly reminiscent of a certain modern school which deliberately aims at this translation of auditory and kinaesthetic stimuli into some visible medium!

(4) Though there are many symbolic representations of things manufactured by man, they are usually subsidiary elements in any symbolic ensemble. A more realistic expression is generally given them through the media of painting and carving.

(5) By far and away the most significant of these classifications for our purposes, is the one which includes the extensive system of symbols of abstract ideas developed by the Arapaho. The meaning of these symbols is occasionally not easy to grasp because, as the linguists testify, the natives experience much difficulty in translating their work into abstract English expressions.

The most prevalent of these symbols, as is also true among the Huichol Indians, is that which denotes abundance or the prayer of plenty. Strangely enough, the act of sending a prayer to God which is symbolized by the Arapaho by attaching a representation of the prayer to an arrow, corresponds identically to the practice in vogue among the Huichol. Further on, we shall try to account for this and other similar relationships. The symbols for buffalo and earth, which furnish the staples of the Arapaho economy, and the symbols of prayer betray remarkable similarity thus indicating the closest connection between the prayer and the particular response sought. Likewise, is the deer at the basis of the system of Huichol prayer symbols—and for the same reason. Other symbols denote the accomplishment of the thought, or thankfulness for the fulfillment of desire. The heart plays the same role in their system of ideas as among ourselves. The four ages of man or periods of life are graphically represented by four black squares blocked in by white patches while a line which for the greater part of its length is forked

denotes life—in youth single, but the thereafter made double by marriage. A straight stripe symbolizes the virtuous life: and there is a symbol which signifies that four generations of a hundred years have elapsed since the creation of the world.

In some of the designs described above, the idea of number is emphasized as assuming increasing importance. In due time the entire symbol is employed to represent number. Frequently, however, the "motif" of the symbol remains unaltered, supplementing the numerical message or import either by supplying additional information or by making a query more pointed. Their number system, a series of parallel lines, seems to have evolved from these designs.

One important characteristic, hitherto unmentioned, which holds true for all Arapaho ornamentation, is the presence of color. Naturally enough, color is an aid to realistic expression—the colors, when possible and appropriate, approaching the shades and hues of the object represented. Frequently, colors are used to indicate abstract ideas of difference and number, apparently independent of realistic significance. The various colors have distinct forms and meanings irrespective of the particular design for which they are employed. And so, we have the unique combination of a shape symbolism and color symbolism in the same decorative object, with purports extraneous to each other. The more commonly accepted color figures are: green for earth, red for mankind, yellow for daylight, blue for sky, white for snow, black for night.

Various accounts of the different designs have been given separately, but actually, these designs almost invariably color in combination. The relationship between the symbols in the combined design may, according to Kroeber, be of three kinds (1) the relation may be purely conventional, following practices fixed by usage; (2) there may be no perceptible relations at all. That is to say, where a medley of symbols and a motley of color possessing no connection appear, in which case the ornament records an attempt to describe a dream or vision where reality is permissibly disjointed and inchoate; (3) or the relation between the symbols may be of the closest and most detailed kind, the elements being skillfully knitted together to relate a coherent story.

Space does not permit interpretations of the most picturesque beaded designs into absorbing accounts of Arapaho life and mythology. Suffice it to say, that so ambitious are some of their attempts



that narrative symbolism which occurs also in painting sometimes describes an entire cycle of sin and religious expiation.

The similarity of complex designs together with dissimilarity of interpretation opens up a very interesting question concerning the evolution of art-forms. Some ethnologists are inclined to believe that the fact referred to is evidence of independent creation, but it may be urged against them that the identity of complex forms down to the last mechanical feature, implies, if not a common origin, at least an assimilation and borrowing of elaborate constructions by simple forms and elements, the latter probably having evolved independently. A striking instance of this kind appears in the ordinary cross, which is comparatively a very simple element. Among the Arapaho the cross invariably represents the morning star. To the mind of the Shosure, however, it is the symbol for the idea of barter. Among the Sioux, it signifies a warrior slain in battle. The Thompson Indians of British Columbia recognize in this little cross places where sacrifices have been held. No one could explain these facts on the basis of diffusion. Nevertheless, to the Huichol Indians the cross conveys the same meaning as it does to the Arapaho, i. e., the morning star. It would be taxing our credulity too much to explain this identity by any theory of independent development. Graebner and Ehrenreich, the ethnological monists supplement each other!

It would be incorrect to infer from the above account that Arapaho decorative art represents real pictography, for it has been found that the symbols are not read with any appreciable degree of accuracy. The natives generally guess the meaning of one another's designs but sometimes fail to grasp the import or else entirely misinterpret. The same holds true for Huichol symbolic art which although not so abstract and variegated as the art of the Arapaho, is certainly as ambiguous. Neither should it be taken for granted that *all* Arapaho art is symbolic. It is also ornamental to a minor extent but sufficiently so, however, to account for the repetition of certain design forms for the sake of purely ornamental symmetry. But essentially, if not rigorously, Arapaho art is symbolic.

Despite the absence of a fixed system of symbolism in decorative art, some being interested chiefly in the significance of their designs while the others concern themselves mainly with appearances, there seems to be a definite conventional system of symbolism, an unmistakably distinct and characteristic tribal manner, apparent even in extreme divergences, of viewing and interpreting decoration

Yet within these "canonized" forms, there is evident an amazing individual variability. Kroeber does not recollect having examined two designs that were exactly alike, or that were even intended to be exactly identical. He says, however, "Two classes of articles do not fall under this rule. These are, first, certain ceremonial objects, which naturally, are made alike, as far as is possible, for ceremony is the abdication of personal choice and freedom; secondly, objects which are decorated with a more or less fixed tribal decoration. These objects are tents, robes, bedding and cradles."

Besides being more conventional, the decoration of ceremonial objects is, as a whole, much more realistic than that of ordinary objects. Particularly is this true for the Huichol Indians. The woven designs on their ceremonial rugs, attempt, as far as is allowed by the material with which they are working, realistic portrayal, in marked contrast to the designs in their wearing apparel which present strictly geometrical motives. So strikingly divergent are these two styles, that one would never suspect that they had been produced by the same tribe. Boas makes a futile attempt to account for this fact by maintaining that in ceremonial objects the ideas represented are more important than the decorative effect which makes it intelligible that the resistance to conventionalism may be strong. The first part of this explanation is a gratuitous assumption, the second, besides being a "*non-sequitur*," does not square with the facts.

In summing up this aspect of our study, it would be a legitimate generalization to say that continual variety and absence of direct copying or imitation are characteristic of all American Indian art. Everywhere the particular design is regarded as a separate piece of art and is made independently and yet no particular design represents a radical departure from the trend and influence of the tribal style.

Although this paper does not emphasize it, the closeness of connection between all symbolism and the religious life of the Indians should not be lost sight of. Kroeber says that this influence cannot well be overestimated by a white man, so intimate and compelling is its effect, so widespread and omnipresent is its ramifications. He concludes his sketch by saying that "all symbolism, even when decorative and unconnected with any ceremony, tends to be to the Indian a matter of serious and religious nature."

Not so scientific is the corroborative evidence which Lumboltz presents in substantiation of this position. He concludes from an

intensive study of the symbolism of the Huichol Indians that, "all sacred things are symbols to primitive man. Religion is to them a personal matter, not an intuition, and therefore their life is religious—from the cradle to the grave wrapped in symbolism."

## II

If the first part of this paper has done anything at all, it should have impressed the reader with the fact that Arapaho art is at the same time significant and decorative, or symbolical and conventional. This primary conception is important because it has been the point of departure for so many "ethnological tangents" into the realm of fancy and myth. The attempts to determine the origin of this art, appeal to one more as exercises in exegesis, than as truly scientific inquiries for the attainable truth.

Haddon is the ardent exponent of the theory that the intimate fusion of symbolism and decoration, or of all imitative and decorative art, can be explained on the assumption that realistic origins were at the basis of all conventional motives. There are others who vigorously contend for the equally extreme view that originally purely ornamental representation was the order of the day and gradually expanded into symbolic decoration. Beyond inconclusive a priori arguments, no evidence is adduced to establish either of these antithetic conclusions. True, Hirn derives the first position from certain psychological considerations, such as the desire to convey an emotional state similar to that by which the artist himself is dominated. But these speculative vagaries merit no critical analysis so obviously are they personal projections.

However to return to the search for origins, Kroeber did what neither of the two schools referred to, deigned to do, i. e., actually to examine the material at hand. A very close inspection of an entire collection of moccasins showed that the tendencies towards realistic symbolism and decorative conventionalism clearly balanced each other as far back as can be traced. It would be a leap in the dark to say that either of these two trends was the historically prior. The absolutists' position although possessing logical correctness, in the sense of formal consistency, is hopelessly inadequate to account for art-forms as we find them. In the absence of culture contacts, it is highly probable that formerly, Arapaho designs, though un-

doubtedly cruder than those of a later date, partook of the same general type and character, both symbolical and ornamental, as those that were examined. Strong decorative and imitative tendencies mutually modify each other.

Even a detailed investigation of Arapaho parfleches and medicine bags indicates this fusion between pictographic symbolism and conventional decoration, with no clue pointing to probable origins.

In an effort to bolster up the monistic view, a novel theory of the technical origin of conventional motives has been advanced. According to this view, certain technical factors, chiefly working materials, have limited free realistic expression and given a cast to the processes of conventionalization. The repetition of certain motives in Arapaho art bead work is due to the limitation of the material involved. The peculiar design on the Maori canoe is accounted for by the nature of the wood employed. As in all cases of single isolable factors, the theory of the influence of technical factors proves unable to explain the character of the specific design. What is maintained for it is, that the general type of art is determined by the material utilized. If this means that only one type of design can possibly be represented on a given kind of material, it is manifestly absurd. Delicate filigree design and totemic symbols can both be wrought on the same wood. Any other meaning leaves the solution of our problem unaffected.

Faure, vividly tracing the formation and history of art-forms, the processes of conventionalization under the influence of definite styles, emphasizes the presence of the decorative motives. The art of the Orient, of Greece, of the Renaissance, likewise illustrate the supplementing of the conception and execution, realistic as they are, by decorative themes. Sometimes, it is true, social customs and taboos influence the conservation of a strictly conventional character of ornamentation. Among the Maori, each tribe has a certain definite type, varied in degree of excellence depending upon the skill of the individual maker. Departures from the more important type of carvings established by their ancestors, is regarded as an evil omen to the carver and generally results in death. Hamilton reports that even in modern times, deaths of noted men have taken place from this cause.

It would seem that tentatively, we may conclude that the essential characteristic of Arapaho art, its fusion (or what Kroeber terms more accurately, its undifferentiation) of the realistic and decorative

tendencies, is also one of the most characteristic features of almost all primitive art.

As a final dialectical consideration against the idea of a gradual transition from realistic motives to geometrical forms, it may be urged with Boas, that granted the independence of interpretation and style, on the basis of the above theory, they are inexplicable. Although designs are generally considered significant (with the notable exception of the Maori, for whom this is decidedly untrue), different tribes interpret the same styles and symbols by distinctively different groups of ideas. Designs spread but the ideas and interpretations attached to them varies with the separate tribe. This is a plausible conjecture, in view of the fact, that the capture of enemy material, naturally, would stimulate imitation of the designs thereon inscribed. It is also true that in some cases, ideas and myths spread to peoples whose decorative art share nothing in common, so that the identical ideas and tales are expressed in different styles and combinations.

It is evidently impossible to prove by extended enumeration, that the basis of all primitive art, or rather, its nature, is to be explained solely by the combination of representative realism and ornamental conventionalism. Yet the practical universality of its undifferentiation is weighty evidence in its favor. We need not go as far as Kroeber in saying that the fusion of the two elements *must* be universal because it is necessary in order to explain other things—a rather odd intrusion of an Hegelian oddity. Indeed, it is difficult to perceive how Kroeber can reconcile such sweeping statements of dubious philosophic insight, with his own acutely critical work.

By no means is it meant that these different tendencies, alluded to above, never become separate or capable of independent development. The representative and decorative aspects of artistic activity have blossomed independently of each other; yet, both are equally deep-rooted in the creative consciousness of the human being. The manifestation of either will afford an ineluctable stimulus for the expression of the other.

An accurate survey of the work done in investigating the early beginnings of art, shows the results vitiated by the presuppositions and prejudices arising from a preference for one of the other of the tendencies described. Nevertheless, it is unnecessary and illegitimate to share the same old "universalist" fallacy of Kroeber, who, believing that whatever the slight, temporary fluctuations in decora-

tive or realistic expression may be, says, "it is certain that if we only go back far enough we must arrive at a stage where the tendencies were even more numerous and more intimately combined than now. How far back, he does not specify.

In the face of both of these extreme views, one is tempted to reversely paraphrase an extended *bon-mot* of Professor Sheldon's and say that "*both schools in this field are wrong in what they assert and right in what they deny.*"

The evolutionists have erred most flagrantly in this branch, as in all other branches, of anthropology. Where they could not quote Spencer directly, they transcribed Darwin literally, until art, itself, is represented as a survival. Hirn is one of a number who persists in maintaining that primitive art is never free and disinterested, but is invariably useful and very frequently a necessity of life. It would require, he thinks, no supernatural causes to explain the origin of music and design, on his principle, but merely a sufficient number of a priori psychological considerations. In addition, he believes, "if the logical evolution of the art forms is conceived in the way we have described, all the "various manifestations of artistic activity can be "derived from one common principle."

Hirn's position has been pretty thoroughly discredited. We have seen in the course of our discussion that to speak of first principles and first tendencies, reveals a pseudo-scientific approach which is an impediment rather than a definite aid. The statement that no primitive art is disinterested can be branded as absolutely false! The whole of the art work of the Maori, which comes under the head of ornament, is neither a help nor a hindrance to the utility of the instruments and objects designed. When weaving their ordinary apparel, it is nothing but the play of pure imagination which influences the Huichol Indians to express, or depart from certain decorative forms. The universality of rhythmic repetition of curves and loops in all of primitive art, does not lend itself to a utilitarian interpretation.

Sometimes, this "evolutionism" is carried to such lengths that it is no longer only fanciful but becomes ludicrous. I cannot resist from quoting an original passage from Guyau. In an ambitious attempt to determine the psychological character of *all* art, he says: "On pourrait donc, en continuant la pensée de M. Spencer, aller jusqu'à dire que L'art, cette espèce de jeu raffiné, a son origine ou du moins sa première manifestation dans l'instinct de la lutte, soit contre la nature, soit contre les hommes." This evidence shows

that this terrific struggle does not exist anywhere save in Guyau's own hyperbolic imagination.

The moral of this little study, if such it may be called, is a warning against all search for origins in the field of anthropology for such search in the nature of the east generally leads as can easily be shown, to erroneous or misleading results. Those who constantly refer to the "dim dawn of human consciousness" for genetic verification of pet theories, imagine that they can dispel its penumbral shadows by crying, "Light! Light!"

All searches for origins assume among a number of other things that (1) the institution or trait in question had a definite first beginning or cause in time; (2) that, these causes and beginnings can be discovered if we search long enough or assiduously enough for them; (3) that, the phenomenon under consideration has essentially remained unaffected by other causes in the course of its existence.

Inasmuch as it can be denied that either any one of these assumptions separately, or all of them together, are true or necessary for any phase of culture study, we must have done with non-pertinent inquiry into the buried past in order to illumine present aesthetic or cultural experience and turn to more fertile fields. If things that enter into culture complexes have genuine histories then in terms of the standpoint of temporalism which so many investigators into origins adopt, analysis of the past can merely reveal *possibilities* of growth which only recourse to the actual present can definitely check.

## IN PRAISE OF HEATHENISM

BY LILY STRICKLAND ANDERSON

MUCH has been spoken and written about the difficulties of Christianizing the so-called heathen. One who has lived for any considerable time in the East, comes to have serious doubts as to the desirability of doing so, even if it were possible.

The Indian's religion is as much of a necessity to his nature and environment as his dark skin is a necessity to him for a protection against the tropic heat in which he lives and dies. It would be as cruel and incongruous to deprive the emotional, superstitious and abnormally devout Oriental of his natural religion, and impose Christianity upon him, as it would be to remove his dark skin and replace it with a white one.

Fully ninety per cent of the inhabitants of India are "children of the soil and sun," and live such simple, happy and pastoral lives, that it would be tragic, if not criminal, to substitute for their satisfying philosophy, the perplexities fostered by abstruse conceptions of convictions of sin; of repentance; conversion, and entire sanctification.

At dawn, the humble Indian farmer goes out to till the paddy-fields that give him sustenance; he hears the matutinal songs of tropic birds; he smells the subtle and intoxicating breath of upturned loam; he feels the caress of fresh winds on his cheek, cooling the sweat of his labor. His simple fare is a feast, for he has earned his daily bread. He bathes his wholesome weary body in some lilled pool, and seeks the companionship of his little family, finding in them his comfort and recompense.

Perhaps his home is only a mud and palm thatched hut, but it gives him shelter, and he built it with his own hands. The wild gourd beautifies the tawny thatch and opens its golden blossoms in the sun. Nature, ever bountiful in the East, gives him of her fruits; he has only to go out and gather plantains, mangoes, pappas, pine-



apples, coconuts, custard-apples, and dates. He need never starve.

And when he has eaten and quenched his thirst from a brass lotah, his bookah is waiting to give him dreams. Should he desire more, his drum and reed-flute await but a touch to give him the solace of thoughts expressed only in music.

On festivals and feast-days, he dons his gala attire, expressed in some gay turban or colorful necklace; and goes to the village fair. He is not critical of the entertainments offered him. He witnesses a nautch, and becomes lost in the rhythmic measures of the weird and eager music; he watches the antics of trained bears, monkeys and goats, and laughs with the frank abandonment of a child; he succumbs to the hypnotic spell of a snake-charmer and his gourd-flute, and perhaps winds up the day in the extravagant purchase of a new household god made of mud and painted in gaudy colors. He is a child of the sun, and loves all brilliant expressions of life, and the audible demonstrations of sensuous enjoyment natural to a nature of inherited primitive emotions.

The Indian peasant, who is called heathen, has superlative compensations in the very simplicity of his life. First of all, he has a good digestion. His daily menu may be the unvaried diet of curry and rice, embellished by an occasional feast of fish, goat's flesh and sweet-meats; but he does not find his food monotonous. Monotony is merely the consciousness of monotony.

The simple ryot, or farmer, in this land knows nought of sanitation, microbia, materia-medica, monthly bills, income taxes, "politics, corruption and bribery"; nought of Christian Science, Rotarianism, or the Higher Learning. What blessed mental freedom is his! Our peasant's needs are few, and his ambitions fewer. His material life is dominated by several desires that influence him to thrift. First, that he may keep free from the clutching fingers of the Userer, usually a rascally Kabuli who earns a fine living by lending small amounts of money at exorbitant interest; and secondly, that he may be able to save the necessary dowry to marry off his female children; and thirdly, that he may be able to have a decent burial with all the orthodox last "Shraddah" rites so important to his caste.

He must go to the Burning-ghat in a manner becoming to a good Hindu; he must have a proper funeral cloth; ghee for his body; mourners to accompany his bier to the place of burning; faggots to make the pyre, and all the ceremonials that are in accordance with his faith. He is fortunate indeed if he have a son whose duty

it is to liberate his soul by striking his skull with a stick as he lies on the pyre awaiting dissolution in the flames.

In life he requires little; in death less. Man as an organism needs only light, air, heat and food. Luxuries are added according to his degree of civilization, his customs or his geographical location. The more primitive a man, the fewer his needs, especially if he lives in the Tropics; and this applies to his spiritual as well as physical mechanism.

Normality implies a natural functioning of Nature's forces. My Indian peasant is a normal man. Normality frequently changes in inverse ratio to civilization's progress; that is, a man who has become complex as a creature of inherited standards, requires more that is non-essential.

The Indian is happy in his religion. Perhaps it is better to be a good Hindu, and worship a little mud god, than to be a civilized Laodicean. Positiveness, whether applied to right or wrong, is more admirable than negativeness. Strong sinners have more to offer than weak saints, for they lived more fully. And, by a strange paradox, the scholar or philosopher who accepts a First Cause or Divine Intelligence, and excludes the entire system of theology, is only returning, after all, to the condition that the sun worshippers had reached thousands of years before Christianity was dreamed of.

Our Indian farmer, who spends his life in vital contact with the soil, has perhaps acquired and absorbed into his soul, the same natural and primitive energies that are manifested in Nature. His truths are gleaned from realities, not artificialities. It was Whitman who said:

"Now I can see the secret of making the best people;

It is to grow in the open air, and eat and sleep with the earth."

Nature, in the East, is spontaneous, vigorous, aggressive and fecund; and the peasant who wrests his living from the soil, deserves at least to live his own life as he sees fit, free from outside interference. He is content with so little. Why not leave him in undisturbed possession of his happiness?

The civilized man is enmeshed in a web of infinitesimal complexities; he is enslaved by the minutiae of life, and bound on the wheel of trivial traditions; stripped of all the glories that were his when he was but a Pagan and a heathen. And more recently, he has been vexed with the useless controversies of fundamentalism and evolution.

Our Indian is proud of his religion, not ashamed of it. Have you ever gotten down on your knees at sunset and faced Mecca, and called on "Allah the Compassionate"? Have you ever known, in the public acknowledgement of your religion, such a lack of self-consciousness?

Which of us, through meditation on Nirvana, contemplating with the Third Eye of Inward Wisdom, may attain to the blissful peace that absorbs the soul of a devout Buddhist?

Which of us has followed a joyous processional of colored gods to the river, and sung with all our hearts the chants to Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva or any other God having the attributes of the One great God, the Creator?

The greatest obstacle to overcome, in converting the heathen, is his indomitable and unquestioning faith in his own gods. And we resent a quality in others that we so lack in ourselves. Whether it is the Koran, the Chronicals of Buddha, the Shastas, the Book of Zoroaster or the Ethics of Confucius; are they not all found in wisdom? Are the laws of the Eightfold Path valueless because they were not prophesied in the Old and fulfilled in the New Testament? Because a man is a heathen, it does not follow that he is a sinner. On the contrary, his very lack of sin-consciousness, keeps from real sin. What should the passionate children of the Sun know of negative and bloodless virtue, or the inhibition of natural impulses? God gave them their senses to enjoy, not to atrophy. There are no emasculate saints in the Indian calendar. A philosopher has wisely said that man makes God in his own image. If that be true, what use have the Eastern heathens for the white man's God?

Here, as elsewhere, the attempt to enforce negations has only succeeded in creating new desires. One merely becomes more adept in cunning and the means of satisfying secret thirsts. The Bengal peasant who has escaped this process of Christianization is the happiest of the lot.

The heathen enjoys his religion in his daily life; we as Christians, usually reserve Sunday for a demonstration of our faith. On "the Lord's day," we go to church, smugly place our tithe, or less, in the collection plate; resolutely turn our faces, if not our ears, towards the pulpit from whence flows a turgid and interminable stream of words. We even go so far as to join in singing hymns of bad poetry and worse music. We smile unctiously as we leave the house of God, and shake our brother by the hand, feeling full of

good works. We do our duty, and keep the Sabbath, for verily, we are God-fearing people.

The religious man, or Christian, makes a virtue of his own impotence, and in his heart envies the cheerful sinner who breaks the commandments openly and unashamed. Even a philosopher can defy conventions and moralize about them afterwards, but a Christian is afraid to be happy. He is too cowardly to scoff openly at negations. He is not clever enough to sin and not be found out. Outcasts are those who have failed to sin intelligently. The Christian does not sin, because he fears the consequence of sin, not because he would not enjoy sinning. And so he is frequently a hypocritical and insincere charlatan who has not even the virtue of honest convictions.

The heathen is not hypocritical in his religion; he is, above all things, sincere and earnest.

The Christian religion lacks unity and harmony, and is split by dissension and discord. What wonder, then, that all this mean confusion and conflict should bewilder the simple heathen! Are we, as Christians, and members of this imperfect organization, a fit people to take on ourselves the conversions of the heathen?

Our Indian heathen intercedes directly with his own God; he does not need an intermediary. The self-appointed mouthpieces of divinity, in the form of unctious preachers, take up collections for "foreign missions," and blandly patronize the children of the sun across the seas. They condescend from their heights of spurious culture to seriously consider the question of converting the heathen. The heathen does not want to be converted; he only asks to sit in the sun, and be free. The reformer is always first the meddler.

Morals may be taught by rote. They may even be obeyed to the letter; but the spirit in which true morality lives must be instinctive, and cannot be inculcated by pedagogues. If a man is as he thinks in his heart, what use was Moses as a legislator? Did the "stone mason of Sinai" change the natures of the children of Israel when he brought down the tablets of the Decalogue from the mountain? Moses was faced with the same situation that the modern reformer meets today. His charges were enjoying themselves too well; so he conceived the idea of frightening his naughty children into being good, and hurled down his wrath in mighty negations; in threats of pain and punishments.

Our evangelist of today tells his congregation that they must be "convicted of sin and repent." Our heathen, having no knowledge

of sin, has no sins to repent of. He is not the victim of over-wrought nerves, emotions and hysteria.

The lordly and highly civilized white man, with an almost divine insolence, sends out his missionaries into the wild places of the earth who seek to change a primitive people without understanding them. They put "mother hubbards" on beautiful brown bodies; they teach meaningless hymns and take away the joys of pagan melody; they make the heathen conscious of sin and nakedness and evil, and tell them of the serpent of wicked wisdom. In other words, they run them out of Eden with the flaming sword of negations.

Those few Indians in whom the seeds of Christianity have been sown, have proved indeed rocky soil. The majority of converts are drawn from the very lowest classes; the low caste and out caste of the country, the sweepers, doms and pariahs. Once an Indian confesses Christianity, he is immediately outcasted by his orthodox Hindu brothers, and made the butt of contumely and ridicule. Unable to continue in their old occupations, the converts usually seek service in the households of Christian families; and thus most of the Christian's servants here are drawn from the riff-raff of India, excellent material for thieves, liars and rascals. We ourselves as Christians, are on a par with these outcasts to the orthodox Hindu; we are unclean eaters of cow's and swine's flesh.

It may not be inappropriate just here, to mention some of the drawbacks of keeping Christian Indians in one's service in India. We have learned that it is far better to eschew the Christianized native and stick to the heathen in our domestic establishments. Before we had been enlightened by personal experience, and learned that the Christian Indian "was not," we were the victims of wholesale robberies, deceits and lies. Our properties were stolen; our pantry and "cellarette" depleted of food and liquids by Christian servants; and on the whole, we found them a whining, contemptible and avaricious lot. Now, whenever we need a new servant, should the applicant begin with the formula, "I very good Christian, Sahib, I go to church and pray"—he gets no further in his declaration of virtue, but is told in no uncertain tones, to "Jehamma mi jaldi jao," which is the Hindustani equivalent for "Get to H—— out of here!" Now we are happily surrounded by a small army of faithful and efficient servants; Sikhs, Mohammedans, and Hindus. Heathens all!

The bare and drab garments of Protestantism offer very little in exchange for the colorful cloak of heathenism. Catholicism has been more successful in the missionary field here in India, principally

because the step from Heathenism to Catholicism is not so great as the step from Heathenism to Protestantism. Catholic churches have a much stronger appeal to the heathen than the bare and barn-like edifices of the Protestant. Waving aside the question of the Trinity, Catholic churches offer almost as great a variety of graven images as the Hindu Temples. Both church and Temple have the smell of incense and flowers; both candles, bells, music and colors calculated to please the heathen eye. The canny Fathers have sometimes even gone so far as to present in icognography, the Holy Family as dark-skinned Easterners dressed in the garments of the East. But is this idea far-fetched after all? There is not much difference in the complexions of Nazarenes and Indians.

The Protestant missionary's plan of religion is not a happy one. It savors too much of the methods of the Inquisition, a Christian and outstanding monument to Intolerance. A creed or dogma cut to a narrow cloth and offered with the alternative of accepting it or being eternally damned, is infinitely more cruel and barbarous than anything Heathens could conceive of. For, to an intelligent being, it is incredible to imagine that to every handful of people saved, there are millions damned. This is the main plank in the platform of orthodox Christianity that should be removed before one attempts to convert the heathen.

I have discussed this subject personally with many educated Indians, and they unanimously say, "Why should the West send us missionaries? We do not want them. Our religion is thousands of years older than theirs; we were civilized when they were savages."

"Winning souls to Christ," is a phrase often heard on the lips of sanctified egotists who take all the credit of conversions to themselves. They prate about hell's fire and the everlasting torments of the damned, objectifying in Dorean imagery an ultimatum that only affects the weak-minded and timid. Fear, induced by hysteria, is the door through which they would have men seek salvation. If their pictures of hell are graphic and horrible, their interpretations of heaven are, to some of us, equally revolting. Yet, to the evangelist, the sine qua non of salvation is faith in the reality of both of these impossible descriptions, as well as a literal acceptance of the allegories of the Bible. The average revivalist is seldom intelligent enough to have studied, for purposes of comparison if nothing more, some, or all of the twenty Bibles of the world that exist beside his own. He has not considered the value of Mohammed,

Buddha, Zoroaster, Brahma, or even Confucius and Loä Tze, as great teachers inspired to benefit humanity. He, as a Christian, belongs to the army of the world's greatest snobs.

Our simple Heathen knows little of proselytism and cares less. If he had a slogan, it would probably be "live, and let live." The Indian peasant is, as we have said, happy and contented in his religion. He has infinite variety and amusements in it, offered by at least thirty-six definite religious festivals annually which serve to brighten the otherwise drab routine of his daily life. One might say that the Indian lives in anticipation of holidays to come, and that his conversation is largely flavored with retrospective comments on past festivals and anticipatory plans for future festivals. On these colorful occasions, he throws himself whole-heartedly into participation in ceremonials, processions, feasts, and the various phases of his religious festivals. His life is filled with the brilliant pageantry of religious observances, and his spiritual needs are satisfied. He is brought up on the songs and stories of the mythology of his people; and, if he is educated, he will readily admit that the Pantheon, with its infinite variety of Gods, Goddesses, and demi-gods; and the extravagant embroidery of its mythological concepts, are merely allegorical or legendary expressions, in varied forms, of the One God-head, or Brahma; and are all intended to personify some definite quality or attribute of divinity. This romantic and poetic system of colorful Deities dwelling in the Himalayan fastness of Mt. Meru, meets the needs of imaginative minds, and satisfies something within their natures.

The Christian of today has come to be more and more discontented with his religion. It does not satisfy. While he has grown, the church has remained static. If a man is burning with convictions larger than the dogmas of his church, and makes so bold as to honestly declare his attitude, he is branded as an heretic and put out of the church. It is largely a cowardly and sheep-like attitude of mind that keeps the church pews filled on the Sundays of today. Most men had rather jog along in the comfortable ruts of inherited traditions than to come out in the open and draw the limelight of criticism upon themselves by being honest and sincere.

The bare and cold churches of Protestantism offer nothing in the way of sensuous appeal. The almost oriental ritualism of the Catholic church, its forms and panoply satisfies men's deeply-rooted love of emotional appeal. On the whole Protestantism is a soul-less thing in comparison.

The Pantheon of the Hindu is filled with real and human personalities, brought near to the heart by their very weaknesses and sublimated vices. Krishna, the ideal God of the Hindu, tells of his dalliance with the sixteen thousand Gopia, or celestial milkmaids on the fields of Brindaban. Most of the sacred books of the East are filled with the amatory episodes of the Gods and Goddesses. Do not these human qualities endear them to their followers? What use have they for a Mosaic Jehovah, a Being infinitely cruel, vengeful and jealous? They might fear, but never love such a God.

The religion of the Indian heathen is a mediate thing. "God is in his house," in the concrete form of many household deities. The system of Polytheism offers the consolation of a separate God for every need; and yet, to the cultured Hindu, all these Gods are but the symbolical representations of the One, Brahma, the Creator.

The Indian has made "holy" an infinite number of natural objects. Certain animals are supposed to represent the symbols of divinity, as for instance, the cow, the bull, the monkey, cobra and peacock. Rivers are sacred, especially the Ganges and her tributary streams. To bathe in these waters is to be cleansed spiritually as well as physically. Ablution, in India, has acquired a religious significance, and is practised every day by all orthodox Hindus, as an essential rite. "Mother Ganga," or the Ganges, is supposed to contain within herself the divine attributes of purification; even the dead are dipped into her water before they are placed on the funeral pyre. Perhaps the Protestant Christian methods of baptism arose from this immemorial practice in India.

Shiva, in his office as generator, is symbolized all over the broad face of India in the stone lignam. Certain trees have divine attributes, such as the banyan, the bael, the neem and the pipal, "fiscus religioso," or Bo-tree. Even plants have a religious significance. The soma plant is frequently mentioned in the Rig Veda and many later works; the tulsi, basil, darbha, lotus, datura, red rose, cactus, euphorbis, jasmine, bel, and many other plants and flowers are associated with the various members of the Hindu Pantheon.

Sandal-wood, coconut and mustard oil; betel, saffron and rice are used in connection with the rites of worship and sacrifice. In other words, the vegetable kingdom is intimately associated with the functions of religious worship.

In the earlier forms of the Hindu religion, trees, caves, rivers and mountains were supposed to be the dwelling places of good and evil spirits, and came to have a religious significance in their theol-



ogy. The origin of their recognition as important factors in religion, goes back to the early days of Animism and Fetishism, and persists today in India, in all religions. God speaks through the voice of nature, and her products, aside from giving life, are used in the religious ceremonials, without which no Indian's life is complete.

The Christian has no such compensations in Nature as allied with Gods or Trinities. His system is vague, and intangible. Where is God? What is He? Can we bring Him down and make Him real? What does a Christian mean when he speaks of a "personal knowledge of Jesus Christ"?

The Indian's religion is satisfying because he adopts so much of his everyday life into his heart and his theology. His mind is filled with the enigmatic and indescribable symbols of his objectified desires and fears; and he uses the things he sees in Nature as his talismans. By this means his life is enriched and made poetical and romantic, even if he does not realize these qualities himself.

The Indian, except on festivals and holidays, has no conception of congregational worship. His religion is personal and individual. There are no pews in Hindu Temples. No preachers in pulpits. The native erects buildings of worship wherever possible; their size is unimportant. Many a time have I seen miniature shrines housing a complement of tiny colored gods; shrines built into the roots of banyan trees, bare, save for a light that is kept burning, and stones emblematical of Shiva garlanded with flower chains offered by the passer-by.

The Temples of India bear very little resemblance to the churches of Christendom. The forms of Hindu worship do not include sitting in pews, listening to sermons, or other tabulated expressions of orthodoxy. The Indian visits his Temple to make an offering to the priests, meditate awhile, walk around the building, make obeisance to the presiding deity or to place flowers on a favorite shrine. The larger Temples have the added attractions of Temple musicians and Nautch-girls whose offices are hereditary, and whose duty it is to perform several times a day in the Temple ceremonies or on public Festivals. In Temples dedicated to Kali, the coterie includes sacrificers whose work consists of decapitating the goats that are brought as an offering to the Black Mother. These men are proud of their profession, and see nothing incongruous or belittling in their calling.

The great Temples of India, such as the Jaganath at Puri; the Melkota at Mysore; the Tirupati in Madras; the Velayudi at Palni

or the Rameswaram at Cape Comorin all have many Temple attendants, musicians, bards, and dancing girls who perform at the calendar festivals. Instead of sermons, there are songs taken from the many stories of the Gods and Goddesses; and as the Gods were the first patrons of music, they are also accredited with the inventions of the first musical instruments and the Ragas. Most of the material for songs in India is drawn from the sacred books, such as the Ramayana, the Vedic Hymns, Upanishads, Bhagavad Gita, the Mahabharata or the Songs of Jahaveda.

Consider the bare and cold appearance of many churches with row on row of empty pews; the silence of week days; the loneliness and even forbidding aspect of remoteness except on service days. India knows no Sunday; every day is the same; the Temples are always open and alive and the worshippers are always present.

Looking backward at the gradual evolution of religion in India, we see that the Sun-worshippers came first, then the Animists, then Polytheism; and the great army of Gods created in the imagination to meet the needs of primitive humanity. Monotheism, as a later development has not held sway in this ancient country, for by the very multiplicity of his Gods, the Indian escapes monotony and boredom in his religion. If it is good luck he desires, he sets up Ganesh among his household gods; and decorates this jolly and elephant-headed deity with flower chains; if he desires love, he makes Puja to Kama or Krishna, or adds them to his family Pantheon and makes offerings to shrines. If he desires revenge on an enemy, he intercedes with Kali, or sacrifices a black male goat on her sanguinary altars in the village Temple. Christians have talked a great deal about "the blood of the Lamb," and drink the "blood and eat the body" on communion day; but I suspect that they would be shocked if one called them the prototypes of their heathen brothers, upon whom they look down with contemptuous pity. Where then, is the line between the civilized and uncivilized, or does it even exist?

A happy life must consist in expression, not repression; the Christian represses; the heathen expresses. The "thou-shalt-noters" of the world are sometimes the so-called Devil's best recruits. It is a poor psychologist who believes that prohibition ever prohibits. The apple trees of negation have always served only to stimulate appetite and excite curiosity. The Indian heathen does not worry about negations. His greatest moral caretaker is his own superstitious nature. His taboos are his only "thou-shalt-nots." He is superstitious, I grant you, but so are we; he has his little

private taboos; and so do we; he is sometimes cruel, but his cruelty is the result of ignorance not malice; we are both wise and cruel.

If the heathen deserts his old Gods, will not all the Gods desert him? Is not the God of the white man forever alien to the Children of the Sun? If an Indian of the simple Peasant class, whom I have taken for an example, is converted; what does he get in return for his joyous paganism? Where once he called on Vishnu or Shiva, he now turns a bewildered face up to the empty skies, shorn of the garments of his dreams. The more Puritanical his teacher, the more he is divested of beauty. All things that were natural and free to him, are wrong; all that he thought good, is bad; his brown nakedness is held up to mock him, and he is made to don the hideous garments of modernity; his imaginative and satisfying theology is ridiculed; he is a sinner, a savage, and a creature of scornful pity. He receives a vague, elusive, cold and unfamiliar maze of words in exchange for all the intimate and beloved manifestations of his old-time belief. The new religion does not make him happy, because it is an imperfect system, imperfectly practised and taught.

I have no quarrel with true Christianity, but unfortunately it is seldom tried. So I cannot see the point in fostering a bogus Christianity upon a people whose religion is natural, and to them entirely adequate. Perhaps in our moments of rebellion and instinctive avatism, we are manifesting the most encouraging signs of true evolution; and so long as we can hear the call of Paganism in our hearts, we are not altogether civilized, and there is hope for us!

## THE ETHICAL LOGISTIC APPLIED TO AESTHETIC EXPRESSION AND CRITICISM

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

IT is the common attitude of philosophers of art to say that it has no intrinsic ethical obligation at the moment of conception; that it is the expression simply of a certain idea, recollection, reverie, dream or inspiration; that the ethical consideration only enters the situation *after* the work has been completed and the public begins to discuss its merits or otherwise take an active interest in its meaning, symbolism, usefulness or artistic significance. This, I believe, is the usual error of a false psychologism, to overlook the fact that *any* artistic idea or inspired conception, when it is genuine and not a mere caricature, has a moral origin, and in that measure at least is the beginning of a spiritual creative process which is ethical and conscientious to the last stroke of the brush, chisel, graver or pen. Of course we know that the long-haired cubists and futurists are usually quite unmindful of the moral or ethical bearing of their work, but how many of them enjoy such tokens of love and immortality as we give to those scrupulous geniuses who have given us the classical traditions, the Renaissance style, or the valid modern syncretisms? These artists are immortal because they *were* conscientious and exercised a scrupulous sense of ethical values throughout the course of their work; they did not try to wheedle fame and fortune out of any sham romanticism, ugly art, or symbolized profanity. No moral-minded artist ever feels that he is inspired at all if he has no more than these to give his genius creative power.

The eristic, however, is proverbially adamant. He will argue that the logical end of any certain psychic activity (which includes art creation) need not necessarily be a worthy end in the ethical sense, nor even an end of *any* positive melioristic value. He might as well go on and say that an artist's work need not necessarily be artistic, nor have any other purpose than to gratify the artist's desire

to give his idea external representation regardless of whether it is vulgar and ugly or beautiful and exemplary. Such a notion is as irrational and imbecile as it is antisocial and rhyomistic; we are too lenient if we only say it is ridiculous and unconscionable. If the said psychic activity started out with some malicious aim and selfish assumption of rights or relative deserts, and was pursued only in view and counsel of these until it did at last realize its forward purpose, its end (being concerned in nothing beyond the bare consummation of this purpose) could be considered logical enough in itself and by itself, but would by no manner, means or subterfuge of sophist apology be truly justified or proven morally and socially defensible. Readily enough could it be logically whole and valid to *that* extent, but that should not satisfy a true philosophy of the action because, on further examination, we would find that its pursuit was quite unethical, morally monstrous and socially criminal. And I believe that such latter findings would soon serve to show us whether the activity was even worthy and permissible, much less artistically creative or melioristic.

Artists are still human beings, even though lost in reverie or dreamy inspiration, and it is human to have some sense of responsibility about whatever we think or plan to do. Even the criminal takes care that no one has opportunity to prove his responsibility for the crime; he himself feels that he is responsible but he does not want anyone else to feel that way, for his days are numbered as soon as they do. Whether artist, laborer, saint or sage, the conscientious individual has ever before him the problem of how to hold himself duty-bound and responsible; ever conscious of and contributory to that regulative social demand that whatever he thinks or does shall be good, constructive and useful instead of malicious, destructive or harmful to society. This is his sense of ethical responsibility, and if he has it to start with it will always be a factor in his every thought or inspiration and will not cease to operate just because he happens to be an artist or aims to preserve the logical end of his activities. He knows that the empirical adequacy of his ideals and aims must be conjoined with a higher moral and social adequacy so that the development of his mental powers and the synthesizing of his aesthetic conations will be validated in view of ethical standards and sublimated in view of a richer nobler spirituelle. If he does this often enough it will soon become his habitual metier and there will be no actual antinomy between his purpose and his conscience, between his performance and his ordinary respect for others. And if

he is normally intelligent, even though not intelligent and erudite on the philosophical scale, he will be able to see that if all his neighbors and fellow men in the world shared the same progressive rectitude of aim and solicitude of conscience there would soon be little moral failure left to differentiate our human destiny from that grander cosmic teleology which is the meliorism of the world.

Autotelic art guarantees from the start that there shall be no compromise or spoliation; but not the autotelic artist or patron of art, for with them the whole apocalypse and genesis of aesthetic beauty are taken as existing only for their personal ends or pleasure. Bentham must have really been reading Nature through a reflector instead of a refractor when he made excuses for hedonism as against ascetic virtue and gave other questionable sanctions to this caricature of human spiritual power. He should have remembered that famous Pythagorean maxim: "Look not in a mirror by a torch." His work in jurisprudence (public ethics) and morality (private ethics) could have proven the summum bonum to consist in the highest welfare and happiness of the greatest number, without so heavily cartooning human nature with algedonic deformities. If the true nature and end of art is autotelic, then the artist who aims to be worthy of his genius, as well as the patron who anxiously preserves his intelligence and aesthetic sympathies, should be willing to consecrate their spirits to art for its own sake and not their own. As soon as they turn back and begin to *use* art to gratify their own desire or pleasure, I feel sorry for the future of that particular age of art.

A philosophical logistic of morality and art may be pursued in two general directions: the analytical-reductive and the synthetic-constructive; and each of these in turn may be pursued under the heads of pre-logical analysis and post-logical synthesis. Thus their common functions in the cultural series can be intelligently appreciated and shown to be both complementary in aim and supplementary in practical sanction and support. In the simple apodictic function of the first reductive pursuit we have paradigmatic analyses by example and associative allegory grounded in empirical symbolism, while in the complex function of the constructive pursuit we have analogical syntheses by means of convergent unity, homogeneous experience, equality of ratios, inductive cognates and proportional syllogisms. And subdividing these functions into their anterior and posterior logical phases, we have for the first a reductive paralogical analysis into divergent plurality, heterogeneous experience, dispar-

ity of perceptive or associative ratios, and various singular problematic thrills; while for the second synthetic construction we have factitious anagoge, hermeneutic interpretation, Cabalism, theopathic experience and mystic sublimation, the complex functions of which may arise from both fair and unfair assumptions, being partly valid and partly invalid in their deductive cognates, and turning on both anagogic and apogogic (or dyslogistic) proportions. But all the while we are pursuing this technical explication we should not lose sight of those simpler relations which the actual practice of morality and pursuit of art are bound to force upon our process of assumption and debate. It is these less noticeable relations, I believe, which are really essential features, perhaps also vital factors even, in whatever philosophical procedure we may devise, for we will continue having those very positive public entities called morality and art regardless of how analyze or interpret them.

In the drawing of any such parallel between morality and art it is indicated that though both aspire to the same ideal of cultural meliorism, yet in the pursuit of this ideal aspiration one seeks after the external, and the other after the internal economy and effect of such pursuit. On the individualist scale this is to say that there is an objective and a subjective pursuit of the cultural affections which pass under the general terms ethic and aesthetic, and that each of these has a public and a private phase of pursuit. On the more social, cosmopolitan scale it means that the subjective affections and delights are given inferior importance relative to those items of otherness-than-ourselves which signify the public welfare and through this the enlightenment and ennoblement of all humanity. The position I wish to stress is that both manners of approach and procedure are melioristic through progressive culture, and do not rest content with a mere self-satisfaction or superficial hedonism. The latter do not even represent an intelligent individualism, so how could the same tactics pass on to represent an enlightened moralism in cosmopolitan culture? The latter is the field of real ethics, while the former is the field of pseudo-ethics as Aristotle demonstrated long ago.

The realism of morality and art is what permits them to be described and translated in normative as well as formative terms. If Spencer had been a realist he would not have seen any occasion for saying they were subjects for descriptive but not normative science to interpret. It is under aspect of this very realism that man's sense of duty joins forces with his consciousness of beauty in the

external world (normal and formal justice, or subjective and objective symmetry) and strive together against his less noble disposition in favor of self-pampering desires and satisfactorist sanctions. Thus the science of reality is both normative and descriptive because it examines and seeks to understand both the internal and external aspects of spiritual activity which result in morality and art. These two phases of scientific application we call ethics and aesthetics, and ever since Plato adumbrated their relations and common goal as the beautiful and good (*kalokagathia*) we have felt sure that the same essential enercatic scruples applied to all genuine love of beauty and virtue whether they marked man's action or man's creative expression. Hence there is a taxis or symmetry between these two provinces of the human spirituelle, as when they overlap in a moral aesthetic of *good art* or in the aesthetic morality of "beautiful and heroic deeds of valor"; and when we try to hold them apart as being distinct and disjunctive activities, neither one can be seen as fair and good to man's genuine cultural advantage.

While Aristotle's empiricism regarding kalology or theory of beauty (as in his *poetics*) did not permit him to recognize a pure aesthetic or philosophy of the beautiful, sublime, unique or picturesque, because these were aesthetic emotions rather than separate entities, yet he did allow that poetry, which is perhaps the first of man's active aesthetic predilections, is for his intellect the straightest road to pure thought, and took the Pythagorean value of music, which is the first of man's passive aesthetic predilections, as being for his soul the magic realm wherein are found both the profound and the sublime in ideal harmonies. Meanwhile he claimed that the plastic arts (sculpture, painting and architecture) are still bedraggled in materialism, still limited to the pseudo-art of an anthropomorphic symbology, and under threat of gradual suffocation are breathing heavily under the yoke of a finite aspiration. Fortunately they have survived thus far and have even progressed in some few instances regardless of the finitude of their symbolism and aspiration, for the slightest aspiration, even when finite or automorphic of its author, is yet an eventual item in the full program of aesthetic interpretation. Nothing that is in the least aspirant toward better things can justly be left out of the chronicle of man's cultural meliorism because, as Hegel said, out of a transcendental aesthetic pure reason brings only an eternal aspiration, and in the infinite variety of such eternal functioning we should expect no stoppage, no surcease of progressive effort or ambition. The *kanon* of Polyclitus, Ros-



setti's *shell* or Hogarth's *line of beauty* were only meant to inspire our own creative power to carry on the torch, not rest our lazy arms upon the palette and smear the colors where they don't belong.

This is intended to show us how a free and various prologue to an actual aesthetic morality introduces us to the ethical argument of social responsibility and personal scruples of conscience as being prime necessities to the genuine pursuit of either morality or art. We are lead in fact to consider these ethical values under two of their most prominent aesthetic aspects, viz: first, the utilitarian, that is, how well adapted to man's use, instruction, delight or legislation, showing that mere pleasure-seeking and satisfaction make up one only of the lesser aims in morality and art; second, the teleological, that is, how *highly* appreciative of the purpose of life, man's destiny in the cosmic order, man's contribution to the melioristic conjunction of body and soul as a *better* form of existence than bare insentient materialism. Under either aspect it will be readily seen that an honest and constructive eschatology is the best field from which to derive criteria for judging what are fair and unfair, valid and invalid, durable and ephemeral values in either morality or art; we cannot even get at the true utilitarian valunism without carrying our inquiry to the point where *ends* decide the adequacy of *means*. At this point there is no real distinction between what is individual or particular and what is social or cosmic because the same theory of ends will cover both fields of value; the same aspiration and sense of responsibility will control both spheres of interest and activity, whether the dominant function is ethical or artistic. And after a few years' discipline it will not be difficult to see that the felicity-interpretation is inadequate to cover both ends and means when we consider man's cultural function in its dual role of ethic and aesthetic, but that the melioristic code has sufficient scope to include both teleology and utility in its theory of human culture and spiritual refinement.

But an inquiry of this dimension proceeds on the ground that the discretion which sees the common cultural function of morality and art is itself a unit in the constituency of human nature and the melioristic purpose of life; it is the ground in philosophy which says that the universe is homogeneous in its function and its ends, no matter how multifarious its forms nor how heterogeneous its structure, because first causes are rational and persistent while the so-called final causes are only empirically dative and hence ephemeral. Thus we say that a man is an artist or a moral agent when

he meets this homogeneous requirement that both the function and the end of his activity shall bear values of meliorism, constructiveness, idealism and sincerity of spiritual affection rather than those of pejorism, destructiveness, spoliation or vulgar commercial applications. His proper *end* in pursuit of the moral aesthetic is neither utilitarian self-interest nor romantic sentimentalism, but a clear discretion and courageous will to be reasonable and make all his works and deeds symmetrical with all else that is orderly and good, beautiful and exemplary in the world. By so conducting himself he will get back to the fountain head of true spiritual life and show that Locke's objections to the "innate practical principles" were directed only against those which bore an empirical stamp and did not dispute those lofty ideas which are the bulwark of our culture and our spiritual progress in the world.

From all this it seems that the proposition that the foundation of a philosophical ethic should be one which underlies both the empirical and romantic (utilitarian and hedonistic) is not wholly indefensible nor wanting in credentials at the bar of common spiritual law. The rules of three and pageantry that have attended the historical course of morality and art prove how readily they may be based upon either ascetic or romantic motives, but the end to which this various motivation led proves which sort of procedure guaranteed the richest result, the noblest and most durable achievement. The romantic procedure truly enough produced the most pleasant and delightful results, but they were far more shallow and ephemeral than those of the ascetic and rigoristic persuasion because they failed to come by the actual knowledge of disinterested morality and art by *living* them day after day as did the ascetic, monk or hermit. In this there was a deeper spiritual communion and refinement than was ever reached by the hedonist's sensory empiricism and false felicity. Hence, with the truer aesthetic basis of a philosophical ethic squared to the ground of spiritual facts and cultural acts, we are in better position to concern ourselves with the determination of those less-utilitarian but more-teleological and melioristic values which are essential to such qualifications as merit, generosity, beauty, justice, simplicity, honor, inspiration, private counsel or social advantage. The proposition is that we begin to see that the will-to-betterment which these values signify comes of a purer spiritual stock than do the merely animaloid pursuits of pleasure, utility or satisfaction; it is verily the *soul* of morality and art, for without it they soon lapse back into mere selfishness and hedonism.

There is, however, a second consideration of the points of jointure and disjunction between ethics and aesthetics which may as above intimated start from what we discern and relish as moral conduct and beautiful things. Taking moral conduct to be beautiful human activity, it permits of various pursuits equally in rectitude regarding their intimacy with conscientious duty; that is, for instance, that though the various races and nations have different moral codes, yet their intimacy with or duty toward such standards as they have is what concerns the rectitude of those pursuits even as they vary one from the other. This rectitude in each particular case may be determined from how it co-ordinates in effecting an efficient preservation of the social organism in its striving toward betterment and a realizing of its determining power amidst the ethical and artistic pluralism. On a scientific basis the co-ordination of the world's various moral criteria with the equally various codes of art appreciation (a necessity left undetermined by both Bentham and Pater's hedonism, and not sufficiently sublimated in Mill's utility-valuing) must involve a constant and homogeneous adjustment of each particular standard, so as to maintain what Professor Green used to call "the will to know what is true, to make what is beautiful, to endure pain and fear, and to resist the allurements of pleasure, all in the interest of some progressive and melioristic form of human society."

Thus may we see wherefrom a conception of what is beautiful in morality and what is moral in beauty can be derived, not by any specious abolition of the superficial distinction supposed to exist between the moral and the aesthetic activity, but by mutual translation, that form of cultural identity wherein each is interpreted in terms of the other. Some of these common terms being sense of duty, responsibility, innocence, beauty, generosity, justice, nobility, sanity, serenity and sympathetic feeling; and the honest activity in line with their pattern will produce no ugly art nor selfish individualism because they are positive terms in a progressive melioristic series and counsel no false ideal nor orectic urgency. And again, it was not a valid distinction which Kant made between what is benevolently imperative and what is privately urgent, because we can see that it is not a contradiction for us to regard ourselves as in duty bound to promote the welfare or cultural improvement of others in order that our own lives may be more peaceful and secure. Public and private morality have the same, not different, rules and regulations which guarantee safety and social order; as Kant him-

self later said, "the ends of any subject which is an end in himself ought as far as possible to be my ends also, if the conception of him as an end in himself is to have its full effect with me." Hence, in either an approbative ethic or a moral aesthetic we do well to concern ourselves in knowing wherein another requires our aid or inspiration, and to discern the direction in which an helpful service will be the most effective and conducive to carry on the vital evolutionary process of humanity in general.

Elihu Root has recently said that "the things one has an opportunity to *do* are substance, while the things one tries to *get* are shadows"; whence under the proposition of an equable benevolence there is a poise or judicial balance of motive that puts it before us under an aesthetic aspect and rules that so far as morality and art are concerned man's pronominal goods shall have subjective and objective but no possessive case. If there is any empirical point around which ethics and aesthetics may revolve in a mutually braced and cross-referenced union, it must surely be this of moral beauty or the rationally balanced ethical motive which eventuates in generous doing or creating, never in selfish getting and owning. It may at least be viewed as a permissible philosophical union for the purpose of showing how these two fields of cultural activity may be made to co-ordinate in furthering man's spiritual evolution, encouraging his shy fidelity and inspiring his as-yet-too-worldly aspiration to make vital transcription of the eternal verities. It might show also the necessity for some sort of valid conception of the laws of beauty and duty as criteria for art appreciation as well as for ethical approbation, for it is for the most part the same sort of conduct which makes men *good* artists and *useful* citizens, only their talents are differently applied. At least the proof of such validity would come out in the results of a thorough aesthetic education where the genius and taste for beauty, as well as the ability and conscientious will-to-justice, would create just those works or achievements which are the crowning glory of human artifice and virtue.

An intuitive ethic, in holding that the human conscience is able to assign immediate moral values to any presented action, may very well be accused of presupposing that such presented action *has* a moral value which it may recognize. But this manner of attack is itself unjust, in that it itself presupposes a "right and wrong" dilemma in the presupposition which it seeks to attack, and therein requires, even for itself, the defense of an intuitive ethic. Now if there *really* are any immediate a priori judgments which we re-

tain, while forgetting the logical processes which led to them, they are not *actually* a posteriori (though they may very well be so, theoretically) because their recollection in time of need is not the result of an experienceable logical process, but rather may be and often is quite as immediate and non-empirically reasoned as is any other intuition a priori. And with such an intuition *not* of an absolutist, undevelopable nature, its derivation should not be the ground of our intolerance toward its influence on either ethical, aesthetic or even epistemological conceptions. Hence, whatever in an ethical connection approximates to an excellency of deportment in any human activity, is in that degree aesthetic in the sense of being noble, generous, unworldly, benevolent and beautiful, and is therefore subject to the same inquisitive analysis and critical appreciation which we apply in the methodical interpretation of the sublime, the good, and magnanimous, the beautiful, and all else whereof we seek a knowledge and a cherishing.

The aesthetical teaching of Plotinus was that the beauty we see in the external world results from the infusion into and superiority of spirit over matter, while in ourselves the sense of beauty comes of the mastering of soul over physical desires; and that either situation is knowable to us because such spiritual prerogatives demonstrate the operation of reason in nature. The ecstasy we experience upon examining an object results from our confidence and appreciation that it has an inherent beauty, that it is beautiful in itself regardless of any ideas we may have as to its use, fate, pedigree or progeny. Schelling and Tieck, Schopenhauer and Carlyle, those sweet and sour romanticists respectively, revived this phase of Neoplatonism when they practically agreed, though in positive and in negative terms respectively, that art has primary need of moral nobility if it is to be real and durable art. In Tieck's opinion, "it is a noble aim to produce a work of art that transcends the utilities of life, a work of beauty which shines forth with its own splendor and complete in itself. The instinct to produce such a work more directly points to a higher world than any other instinct of our nature." And Schopenhauer agreed with him in even stronger, though negative terms, saying: "A work of genius is not a thing of utility. To be useless is its very patent of nobility. It exists for itself alone."

Under the ensign of morality and art every phase of our cultural enterprise should take care to be honest, legal and devout: for without these credentials on our voyage we will have miserably failed in the venture of life even though we bring back both Holy Grail and

Golden Fleece. It is not enough either to work out technical and logically perfect schematisms of what a moral aesthetic ought to be if during the procedure we neglected the actual practice of our own aesthetic morality. We must bring both intellectual discernment and emotional sobriety, both moral discrimination and spiritual aspiration, to the scene of our work else whatever we think or do, plan or create, will be in some way angular and hysterical, ugly and repulsive. Of course, both positive and negative aspects of the adjectival predication would be read in everything substantial we tried to do, but whenever we limited our creative function to realizing those works and achievements only which were just and *good*, melioristically useful and inspiring, we would begin to take part in the grand spectacle of Progress, that eternal procession whose main event (for us) is the cultural redemption and spiritual transfiguration of man.

## THE BIBLE'S ASTRONOMY

PETER J. POPOFF

THE prophet Isaiah in chapter ix, 22, said: "It is he (God) that sitteth upon the *circle of the earth* and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in."

"The circle of the earth" is equivalent to the globe of the earth—a clear astronomical conception.

In the book of Job, chapter xxvi, 7, we read: "He (God) stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and *hangeeth the earth upon nothing.*"

The circle of the earth hanging upon nothing—this is an astronomical truth of great importance, which thrilled the astronomers of the middle ages, Copernicus (1743-1543), Kepler (1571-1630) and Newton (1642-1727), and which apparently was known at least to some Hebrew prophets eight centuries before our era.

The prophet Amos in chapter v, 8, said:

"Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night. The Lord is his name."

"The seven stars" are the Pleiades.

In the book of Job, we read: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" (38, 31-32.)

And again: "Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south?" (Job ix, 9.)

"Mazzaroth" is Zodiac.

In the French, German and Russian Bibles, instead of Arcturus, there appears "the Great Bear."

Whence came into the Bible the names of the Pleiades, Orion, Arcturus and Zodiac?

A little research is necessary. In the Iliad we read, when Achilles, fully armed, hastened to Troy:

"Him, as he blazing shot across the field,

The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.

Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,  
 Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,  
 Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),  
 And over the feebler stars exerts his rays;  
 Terrific glory; for his burning breath  
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death."  
 (Book XII, p. 437).

"Orion's dog" is Sirius.

In another place there is described the shield Vulcan was making for Achilles:

"There shone the image of the master-mind:  
 There earth, there heaven, there ocean he designed:  
 The unwearied sun, the moon completely round:  
 The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd:  
 The Pleiades, Hyads, with the northern team;  
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam;  
 To which around the axle of the sky,  
 The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye,  
 Still shines exalted on the ethereal plain.  
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main."  
 (Book XVIII, p. 389.)

Thus the Bible mentions Orion, the Pleiades, Arcturus, and Zodiac. And the Iliad, Orion, the Pleiades, the Hyades, the Bear and Sirius. These names of the constellations and the myths connected with them are Greek. But the Babylonian cuneiform inscriptions prove that their origin belongs to the Babylonians who studied the stars long before the Greeks. Seleucus of Babylon discovered, about 250 B. C., that the Sun is in the center of the planets which, together with the earth, are revolving around it.

Through the Phoenician navigators both the Greeks and the Hebrews adopted the Babylonian constellations. Thus we find that Amos and Job speak of the same constellations as does Homer in his Iliad.

Astronomical conceptions of Babylon as well as the laws of Babylon (those of Hammurabi) were introduced into the Bible.

The ancient signs of Zodiac and of constellations found in Babylon, Egypt (Denderah) and India, were adopted (with some changes) by the modern world.

Thus the enigma of the Bible's astronomy becomes clear and comprehensible.



## AMERICAN ART IN THE MAKING

(Concluded)

BY RICHARD CONRAD SCHIEDT

### THE ERA OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

When, therefore, the younger school returned from Munich and Paris and founded the Society of American Artists in 1878, they arrayed themselves against the Academy and fought for the recognition of the new individual technique. John La Farge joined them and was made president of the new Society, holding this position from 1897 to 1906. Up to the time of his death in 1910 he was considered the Nestor of American painters. The chief characteristic of the distinctively American School, however, is, or was at least, the pure, healthy vision and unbroken strength with which they look into life. In this they totally differ from and to that extent surpass their European masters. No mystic romanticism henceforth, no difficult problems, no Nietzschean struggle for the overman. There seems to be no fixed purpose or subtle message in their work, all they proclaim is the full, free enjoyment of life. Their imagination seems more receptive than productive. The world with all its splendor, its delicacy and its wealth is—or shall I say was?—reflected in them. This world is the American child in the full self-glorification of an untrammelled development; the American woman in all her naive nobility and growing dominance; the American landscape with all its intensity of light and radiant sunshine.

John LaFarge's greatest painting is probably his large decorative work representing the "Ascension," now in the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, New York City. It has all the qualities of the old masters, rich in composition and beautiful in drawing, and at the same time, all the qualities of the American School of painting, being lighter, more atmospheric, more pearly in color than the altar pieces of the old world. He seemed endowed

by nature with a strong predilection for color; the pearly tints he found in the sea haze, when making his early studies from nature at Newport, seem to have permeated all his future paintings, so that the rich, blue robes of his figures and the hyacinth wings of his angels are modelled with prismatic colors and are bathed in a slight amber and opal mist. LaFarge also is prominent as a designer. The flow and harmony of the mere line in the great "Battle Window" in Memorial Hall at Harvard are so rhythmic that they have all the charm of a Raphael. Perhaps here, for the first time, the influence of Japanese art may be noticed, in the strength of outline, but his outlines are not the major part, they are skillfully welded into the plastic form.

More brilliant as technicians, perhaps the most brilliant technicians of the New American School, were John S. Sargent, who recently died in London, and William M. Chase, who died in 1916. The former's art is, however, like his citizenship, international. He is American only by virtue of his parentage. He was born in Florence and educated in Germany and Italy and later studied in Paris under Carolus-Duran, so that in one sense we find only slight earmarks of American traition in his brush; but his art is the most universal of any present-day painter, and perhaps, on that account, like that of Whistler and that of St. Gaudens, most American of all. Characterization is the chief note of Sargent's style, going to the limit both in carnal form and nervous intensity. Look at his "Wertheimer" portrait and you have the limit of the man who drives a bargain; look at "Coventry-Patmore's portrait and you have the typical scholar; look at the "Misses Hunter" and "Misses Vickers" and you have the ultimate in the unique character of the American feminine; look at his "Ribblesdale" and you have masculine aristocracy at its height; look at "Carmencita" and you find that poise can hardly go further. Moreover, the vividness of his portrayals is enhanced by the environment, a hall, a screen, a chair, a rug, a parrot. There is, besides, a finish in Sargent's work quite new in American art, brought out and woven together by a thousand half-tones and flecks of gray, by certain high lights upon finger nails, knuckles, nose and jaw. All this is climaxed in the Sargent Hall of the Boston Public Library, which leads us at once into a discussion of the phenomenal success of modern American painters in mural art.

Sargent, Blashfield, Abbey, Simmons, Alexander, Vedder, and Raphael Beck are among the masters in this new sphere, so dis-

astrously introduced by Hunt at Albany, Sargent is facile princeps in putting all the passions of a human soul into his paint, as exemplified by his "Triumph of Religion," "Struggle of Judaism" and "Dogma of Redemption." Edwin Blashfield, pre-eminently a creator of beautiful types, has used in his Boston and Congressional Library works of characteristic features of Mary Anderson, Ellen Terry and other beautiful women of our day, succeeding in evolving types of symbolic womanhood, uniquely American, when contrasted with the ideal heads of seventy years ago, the heads of Dianas and Venuses then surmounting our public monuments. Edwin A. Abbey, a successful illustrator turned painter, is perfect master of composition, as demonstrated by his Holy Grail series in Boston, and still much more by his mural paintings in the Harrisburg Capitol. For, the rhythm lacking in the Grail series is perfect in the Pennsylvania series. There is no single dominating color tone in the former, no dominant light to focus the attention instead of distracting it—the dramatic grouping is overwhelming at times, confounding the beholder, because he fails to see the individual figures brought out by their own natural contrasts of light. On the other hand, in his "Spirit of Religious Liberty," placed far up on the western wall and seen best as one enters the main portal on the east side of the Harrisburg Capitol, the narrow strip of deep blue sea across the bottom of the picture gives tone and light to the whole scene; one feels the smooth but irresistible pressure of an illimitable body of water with the foam splashing beneath the bulk of the nearest vessel, the ocean moving alive with its color, its sound and its sharp salt smell. The intensely decorative ships that tower above it have their dark hulls lit up by their own red colored, broad sails, casting a rosy glow upon the white drapery of the three celestial guides—and back of it all is a cloudless sky, vague, opalescent, spacious. Here is perfect rhythm, perfect chiaroscuro. The northern and southern lunettes tell us eloquently and more realistically what Pennsylvania is doing today with the liberty sought in those red-sailed ships and with the treasures wrung from the earth. The color effects are perfect. In the "Spirit of Vulcan" the dark shades of the forbidding giant machinery are relieved by the warm fleshy tints of the grimy, sweating smiths, the glow of the flaming steel, the pearly tones of the shifting steam and the touch of the lovely blue in the tunic of Vulcan, who rests on cloud billows above as the guide and mentor of the men below. In the "Spirit of Light," Abbey has given us a perfect apotheosis of chiaroscuro-light bearer,

derricks and the deep blue sky with rifts of gold, present a perfect rhythm of drawing, chiaroscuro and color.

At the height of his career Abbey died in 1911, greatly honored at home and abroad, while Blatchfield is still active, although seventy-seven years of age, as president of the National Academy of Design.

John W. Alexander, who passed away in 1915, reaches the high-water mark of Americanism in his mural decorations adorning the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh. Of him is particularly true what Albert Jansen said of Kaulbach, that he idealizes substance, while the great classicists substanciated ideas. His subjects in the Congressional Library are, indeed, still Old World affairs, but his latest creations are pre-eminently an apotheosis of Pittsburgh, representing his conceptions of the rights and possibilities of labor, the mightiest force of present-day democracy. Here is no balanced composition, no attempt at rhythm. They adorn the stately entrance hall of the enlarged building. The framing of the pictures is of the grayish, yellow, buff marble of the interior construction. Along the lower part of the wall, ten feet above the floor, runs a series of oblong panels, typifying the labor of the great city, while higher up, beginning at a line some four feet above the level of the gallery floor, is another series of panels, broad and tall, presenting an allegory of Pittsburgh's triumph, and in another set a commemoration of the means of approach to the city by river and rail. Above all this is a third tier of lunettes filled with designs typifying the arts and sciences, of which the building itself is the home. Alexander, himself a native of Pittsburgh, has realized an abundance of impressions, locally characteristic and powerfully suggestive, in which he emphasizes the controlling element of intelligence in the conflict of humanity with matter. He has not fantastically ennobled the brows of the brawny, powerful men, but has given them heads, expressive of more than average intelligence. The brown tints of the flesh and bluish shades of the clothes break clearly against the gray line of atmosphere, mellowed by rose and yellow and murky brown gloes from unseen fires. From out of the smoke wreathes looms here and there some hint of mechanical contrivance—girder, crane wheels or hanging tackle, sometimes these men are working on the workshop floor, other times suspended in mid-air, the strenuousness and hazard of their lives and the exhibition of coolness and mental poise are everywhere apparent. The whole stupendous work is crowned by the reward of labor, symbolized by beautiful maiden forms, "who

come trooping in from near and far with gifts of cunning craftsmanship from the looms, the workshops and the studios of the world, like swallows homing at twilight, they skim the air and poise and wheel."

The teacher par excellence is now, just as West and Hunt had been in former epochs, William M. Chase from Indiana, himself a pupil of A. Wagner and Piloty, master of color technique in Munich, which under the protection of King Ludwig I., the great art center of Germany, attracting students from all over the world. But Chase soon overcame the heavy bituminous shadows of the Munich influence and developed a peculiarly strong sense of construction, as seen in his "Lady with the White Shawl," now in the Philadelphia Academy, the model of which was Mrs. Clark, the original of the famous "Gibson Girl." Mr. Chase writes his own description when he says in the *Delineator* of December, 1908: "To make a vivid personality glow, speak, live upon the canvas—that is an artist's triumph." What is true of the "Lady with the White Shawl" is equally true of his "Lady in Black," now in the Metropolitan Museum. These figures stand out well behind the frame and give his canvas a certain dignity, enhanced by the atmosphere of a soulful mysticism, so characteristic of the Piloty School. When Chase died in 1917 America lost one of her profound seers in the realm of art.

But the key to the modern American landscape is found in Weir's work. He was the son of Robert W. Weir and brother of John F. still director of the Yale School of Fine Arts and author of "Forging the Shaft." J. Alden Weir was largely an experimentalist. Like Whistler he was influenced by the Japanese and many of his compositions are purposely painted flat with spots of color balanced in their chromatic quality, e. g., the red of a child's chair and the ball in one of his early portrait groups. However, some of his later canvases exhibit quite opposite tendencies, their charm depends upon the consummate knowledge of managing subtle planes and the skill to blend them into a close harmony of tones, as is shown so superbly in Whistler's portrait of Miss Alexander, which has been called the most marvellous essay in pigment the world has ever seen. Such work requires a thorough knowledge of the anatomical planes in animal bodies. Weir's landscapes as, e. g., "Plowing for Buckwheat" suggest vastness, the possibility of an infinite expansion, the tiniest corner of the horizon so painted as though it were an infinitesimal segment of a vast circle beyond. This particular landscape is thoroughly American, far from the topographical aspect characteristic

of the works of Cole, Bierstadt and Church. There is nothing merely rural or pastoral or bucolic or merely picturesque about it. It is infinitude on canvas, as American as the mighty country itself.

At the 1907 winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design the palm was awarded to Winslow Homer (1836-1910) for his canvas "The Gulf Stream." It represents a negro lying on the deck of a wrecked boat with sharks eagerly awaiting the end of the tragedy, a water spout near at hand to pile on agony and a ship in full sail on the horizon: its disappearance adding to the despair and putting the climax to the horror. There is a rugged strength about it and, as in all his negro studies, a deep human interest, but whether Homer is at his best in this sensational episode is a question. His picture of the "Fog" is, to my mind, much stronger in design and execution. It was exhibited among the works of the "Ten Painters" in the Philadelphia Academy about seventeen years ago. That exhibition marked a marvellous progress in the work of these men as compared with their former productions. Metcalf had painted the "Fury of the Bacchantes" in 1875 in the academic style of the Gerome studio. Some one has said of it, that there is about as much quality in that picture as in an unwashed potato. But his "May Night" in that exhibition as well as Hossmer's "Old Church at Lynn" or his "Summertime" surely contain more quality than Gerome's studio would see in a half a century. The molasses brown shadows of the old landscape have disappeared forever.

There are hosts of American painters today who come up to the "Ten," if not surpassing them in the art of light coloring, of uniting sky line and terra firma, of bringing out unique moonlight effects and the vibrations of the Pointellists. Prior to 1865 moonlight in an atmosphere effect was not painted at all. There were plenty of dark skies with the moon peeping through wooly clouds and moonbeams dancing below on tin ripples of river or lead waves of sea. But the hills in the distance, the trees or rocks on the banks, were mere silhouettes of black, formless and colorless. It was left for the men of a later day, men like Ben Foster, Paul Desor, William Coffin, Winslow Homer, Willard Metcalf, Paul Dougherty, C. A. Davis, Van Perrine and a host of others, to demonstrate that a tree or a field have as full a quota of color in the moonlight as in the daylight, and their gamut of half defined colors is such as was unknown to the more primary color schemes of the Hudson River School. Ryder's technique may be childish, but his mixture of paints and varnish so unique in his "Temple of the Spirit" appeals to our

imagination. Walker, Benson, Tarbell, Lothrop and Reid, each one different from the others, struck a keynote in their landscape creations which will go so far as to add, like eastern music, quarter tones to our color scales.

By many, Abbot H. Thayer of Boston, the discoverer of the law of protective coloration in the animal kingdom, a pupil of Gerome in Paris, and his fellow townsman, Thomas W. Dewing, trained in the studio of Lefebvre in Paris, are called the greatest among the "Ten," if not among all modern Americans. The former, who recently died, is considered the American Botticelli for the sheer beauty of his pictures; he is undoubtedly the painter of the ideal, calm, reposeful, soulful and appealing, of the most thoughtful pictures in American painting. His most noted emblematic work is the "Winged Figure" a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, which, in sentiment and sympathetic touch is entirely native and without its like in Europe. Dewing represents the aesthetic principle par excellence in art, the Giorgionesque symbolizing the idealistic mode of odd combinations, stately women in dreamy landscapes in a style quite his own and in colors of wondrous charm, as especially evidenced by his prize picture "The Days."

The gradual progress in the growth of American art is best illustrated by the positions accorded to American works in the various international exhibitions. In 1867 at the first great exposition at Paris, American paintings were hung side by side with the best Europeans. The contrast, in general, was shocking, but Hunt's portraits, by virtue of their refinement of characterization and delicacy of handling, excelled all conventional European portraitures; even Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains" received high praise and a high price. The Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, demonstrated that there were a few American artists, but no American art. In 1893 Chicago proved that here was at least a native American school. At the Pan-American in 1901 and at St. Louis in 1904 the young men showed the best traditions, but no direct progress. Today all is changed. Collectors begin to buy American pictures. Prior to 1850 they bought the old masters, in 1860 the works of the Dues-seldorf School; a little later the works of the French of Bougureau and later of the Barbizon School, and perhaps, about 1870, the works of the Hudson River School. Today, after years of education in European art galleries, aided by the Cook agency and otherwise, the American millionaire is ready and willing to patronize home productions, and Paris condescends to hang the Afro-Ameri-

can Henry O. Tanner's "Raising of Lazarus" in the Luxemburg.

Whistler, of course, has always been a favorite with Americans, but his American birthright has been questioned. It has been asserted that Whistler can not be counted among American artists, because his birth in Massachusetts being only accidental, he owes everything to Europe. This, however, is not strictly true. From a certain point of view he is rather cosmopolitan, but his cosmopolitanism is distinctly American. He worked in Paris in Gleyre's studio, but was in reality a pupil of Courbet, who has given the world some of the best artists. He came to London just at the time when the members of the Hogarth Club did their utmost to forget Turner's—the greatest among English artists—most precious legacy, his genius for the purely pictorial, when they revelled in the coarse outlines of preraphaelism. Whistler ridiculed the trifling art of Rosetti with its emphasis on poetic form, its mystic altar lines, its pomp of gold vestment and devoted himself to pictorial representations of the special beauty of England, the quiet charms of the Thames, the melancholy of the London atmosphere, the peculiar elegance of the London women and children. He soon encountered the bitter criticism of Ruskin, who declared his "Nocturn in Black and Gold" to be equivalent to flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public, and called Whistler a coxcomb. The libel suit and the subsequent publication of Whistler's "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" are still fresh in the memory of the present generation. Perhaps the book spread his name more than his art. A new tone had come into English life. And yet he never was and never became an Englishman—his calm is different from the English phlegm, it is several degrees cooler; his malice is more malicious; his earnest endeavor more practical, an dentirely free from that English sentimentality which appears in English art and life in its most improbable form. Whistler was, and remained a thorough American. A certain matter of fact sobriety, which gave him a maximum power for productiveness, a certain loud-mouthed energy, which never indulges in self-abasement, but always declares itself to be and to have all that is best in the world, until it actually has become such, all this he brought from America. By birth an aristocrat of the purest type, the descendent of rich slave owners, he never stooped to anyone.

The American Whistler gave England a European art. It was that which the native Englishman could not forgive him. He united within himself the most artistic qualities of the age; to French art he owed the tact in color, to Velasquez the sweeping curves, to Rey-



nolds the tone, to the Japanese the surprising outline, but after all was only himself, the most typical impressionist, the most perfect artist, never losing himself in abstractions, always dealing in the concrete. In the most commonplace milieu he discovered the finest undulations, the most delicate gradations of tone. A keen eye and a sure hand kept his self-consciousness in undisturbed equilibrium. Whatever stimulated his eye inspired his brush, whether it was a child or an elegant lady, an old bridge or a rumshop, in all his paintings he aimed at generalization of form and colors. The very names of "Nocturnes," "Harmony," "Symphony" betray his purpose. He knew how to attract public attention by the cleverness both of his pen and his brush. For the silver medal he received at Munich he thanked in these words: "For your second-class medal my second-class thanks," and he saw to it that it was published all over the continent. This eccentricity has been applauded as much as his artistic creations. Both brought something entirely new into English art. He overthrew the absolutism of tradition and placed individuality on the throne. Only temperament was to be sovereign. Rules he abominated and yet his portrait of Carlyle as well as that of his own mother are masterpieces of classic art, manifesting, however, an utter absence of mere portraiture. The artist fills them with his own temperament. The Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh possesses his portrait of Sarasate, the violinist, which, if recalling in tone Whistler's admiration for Velasquez, is most effective in its broad passages of simple tone, while in characterization it seems a poetic revelation of a musical temperament. An olive but slightly weird face with insistent eyes looking over a white shirt front, standing with violin held against the body and bow in right hand, continuing the line of the upper right portion. A fragile, delicate figure in black, placed well back in the gloom of the interior. This is all, but it is compelling, like all temperamental painting.

In the same independent way the artistic talent of the nation, as a whole, has developed of late, largely towards illustration and design. Henry McCarter, an acknowledged master, came forth from the old school and notified the magazines that he had a new and more striking but quite as genuine a way of doing the age-old thing. He was a pioneer in the field, one of the first to seize the decorative elements in man and nature and adapt them to illustration. But the one who has done most to revolutionize American illustration is Howard Pyle (1853-1911). He has worked out in the thirty years of his art life a theory of expression that almost of necessity affected

the trend of American art. His belief in America, his willingness to entrust the development of his own talent to it have been proven sincere. Not only has he never studied abroad, but he has even never been abroad. And in the purest American environment he has changed for the better the illustrating work of scores of young men and women in the United States. Certainly one-half of the notably successful illustrators have studied with Howard Pyle. He helped his pupils to find themselves, insisting that one's own conception of life must be the inspiration of all work. It is this passion for honest work, discouraging mere sham and affectation, that inspires Howard Pyle's teaching. No wonder that modern illustration, including such strictly commercial work as advertisement, pure drawing, useful and capable of finest treatment, appealed to him. And yet such of his creations as "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," "The Wonder Clock," "The Rose of Paradise," "A Modern Aladdin," "Twilight Land," "Rejected of Men," "The Story of King Arthur and His Knights," etc., stamp him as a craftsman of the spirit.

In his school at Wilmington he charged no tuition, the pupils being limited to those invited by the master, to those in whom he recognized talent. It is a curious fact, however, that though some of Mr. Pyle's best known pupils were women, such as Violet Oakley, Jessie Wilcox Smith, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Charlotte Harding and Sarah Stillwell, he had no very strong faith in the permanent artistic ambitions of the feminine sex. Mr. Pyle's work is intellectual, literary, although highly emotional. He preaches that the basis for a good picture is clear intellectual conception of the thing to be expressed. He urged his pupils to write stories and illustrate them: to make art the objectivation of thought and feeling. He fought exaggeration in direct opposition to the technicians who play tricks with this art and he conquered all along the line.

I can not close this brief and altogether incomplete sketch from which references to the latter day conflicts between realism, impressionism, expressionism and cubism are entirely omitted, without giving a brief resume of our present-day sculpture, although Professor Santayana, formerly of Harvard University, declares that sculpture has become an unnecessary art, since it no longer expresses the formative forces of modern civilization. He may be right in this, but he is certainly wrong when he says that modern nations have absolutely no native genius for plastic representations. The names of Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles Grafly, Daniel C. French,

George Gray Barnard, Gutzon, Borglum, Henry M. Shrady, Lorado Taft, H. A. MacNeil, Macmonnies, Albert Jaegers, Karl Theodor Bitter, Schweitzer, Weinert, Simmons, Weinmann and many others in the United States testify to the contrary. It has been said that St. Gaudens found American sculpture a weed, he left it a flower. He learned from France through methods of technique, from Italy he imbibed the spirit of the Renaissance; yet without any display of obstructive originality and with rare taste and indomitable industry and most conscientious workmanship, he created a series of masterpieces that raised American sculpture to a foremost plane in the world's art; he set such a high standard for the younger generation of artists to follow that there is great promise that American sculpture will long keep its high position to which he raised it. I have touched upon the lamentable condition of American sculpture prior to St. Gaudens. Power's Greek Slave, Story's Cleopatra, Palmer's White Captive and the whole collection of effigies in New York and elsewhere, including all the war monuments with their wooden figures of stone, are witnesses of the lifeless, characterless and tame style of the neoclassic school which held sway in the early years of the nineteenth century. Gaudens changed all this. The memorial exhibition of his works, held in 1908, one year after his death in New York made a profound impression. His Shaw Monument in Boston, his Sherman statue in New York, the Puritan in Philadelphia, the Figure in the Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington or the Lincoln statue in Chicago belong to the world's great masterpieces. They exhibit a unique combination of primitive strength and most delicate personal culture, simplicity married with grandeur; here are expressions of the divine genius whose revelations not only demand but inspire unconditional surrender. No trifling, no pomposity, no manufactured beauty, no seeking after originality, nothing but a sure, bold, yet chaste expression of the great forms of existence, the eternally human. And aside of St. Gaudens I would place Daniel French, who in his creations of feminine types even excels St. Gaudens. Any one who has seen his four allegorical groups in front of the New York Custom House, representing America, Europe, Asia and Africa, must confess that they belong to the best that has been accomplished along this line. No less conspicuous is the Pastorius Monument in Germantown, memorializing largely the first German immigration to America, and the brilliant creation of Albert Jaegers, a son of the Wuppertal and a protege of St. Gaudens, who is also the sculptor of the Steuben Monument in Washington and

of its replica in Potsdam. He recently died of a broken heart, due to the German phobic war mania.

All Pennsylvanians are proud of the series of groups which adorn the Capitol at Harrisburg, representing the "Apotheosis of Labor," the "Quakers," the "Pennsylvania Germans," the "Scotch-Irish" and the "English," from the skilled hands of George Gray Barnard, who had created quite a sensation in Boston, when he exhibited his then most famous work "The Hewer," set up temporarily in Copley Square, but now in the possession of John D. Rockefeller. Barnard is undoubtedly the most prolific worker among present day sculptors in America, his thirty-one heroic figures in the Capitol of Harrisburg giving ample evidence that quantity is here fully matched by quality. In breadth of conception and vastness of enterprise Gutzon Borglum, painter and sculptor, stands supreme among present-day American artists. He studied his art in San Francisco, but in 1890 he went to Paris to continue his work in the Julian Academy and Ecole des Beaux Arts, exhibiting as painter and sculptor in the Paris Salon, of which he became an associate. After sojourning in Spain, London and Paris for a number of years he returned to America and located in New York. Among his most notable creations the most conspicuous are his colossal monument of forty-two figures in bronze, memorializing the Wars of America, in the Military Park of Newark, New Jersey, and the unfortunately unfinished Confederate Memorial, a carving of 1200 figures, 120 feet high, on the face of the granite Stone Mountain, Georgia, and of the Memorial Hall cut into and within the Mountain, 320 feet long—the ne plus ultra of Americanism in art.

Already for the last two decades the nations of Europe have been knocking at America's door with their finest art treasures, to ask her opinions and to gain her applause, and there should be no hesitation in opening wide her doors with high appreciation for the genius of other races. For each race has its own peculiar genius which defies comparison. The great German art exhibit presented in New York shortly before the world war stands unrivalled in intellectual grasp, power of imagination and passionate struggle, Lenbach, Boecklin, Klinger, Liebermann, von Uhde, Thoma, von Stuck, Hildebrand and a host of others are types by themselves; they teach us that art is as manifold in its revelations as life and no nation has reached the goal of its development, unless it has expressed itself in terms of beauty, has found a synthesis of its personality,

its soul, its hopes, its faith, its aspirations. The German exhibit has been followed by similar efforts of other European nations. But the best of modern German painting pre-eminent in its combination of strength with poetic spirit should especially prove of intrinsic value to our young American art. For that which is still wanting in our American plastic art with all its splendid technical pre-eminence is depth and vigor of feeling. Mere splendor and elegance are after all not the true expressions of the essence of the American character. Thousands of Americans flock annually to Europe, hungry for the art of old masters; they return with heightened appetites, with keener eyes and nobler aspirations. As a result the American art galleries multiply, the American homes are filled with private collections, and greater educational facilities for the cultivation of the beautiful are offered, the American cities are more and more aroused out of their long slumber and are beginning to vie with one another in the beautification of their thoroughfares and their homes and the establishment of recreation centers. The fine arts begin to react even more conspicuously on the material prosperity of the nation than the mechanical arts. They are, indeed, still the specific realm of genius, which neither schools nor scholarships can produce; but they can at least enlighten, lift up and ennoble the common man and raise the nation to a higher level of thinking and living. J. Pierpont Morgan's enduring reputation will ever rest on his aesthetic taste and ability which inspired him to bring together the largest private art collection in the world. It is and ever will remain the best and most permanent investment he made. And what is true of him is likewise true of other American millionaires.

It is the duty of such men to recognize the efforts of the home land manifested in an increasing passion for decoration, in a keener native instinct for color and form, in a more intense spiritual apprehension of life in a constantly growing higher appreciation of things ideal over against things material, in the increasing conviction that we are not called upon to repeat what Raphael or Michael Angelo have done, but to create anew according to more advanced notions of heroism, celestial and mundane, distinguishing between the glory of the terrestrial and the glory of the celestial each after its kind, both legitimate in the new America, both immortal and incorruptible and raised to the standard of the just made perfect. The new American school, born of its own material and spiritual life, its own faith in and sacrifice for humanity, its own profound social, political

and religious convictions, announces to the world its own glorious message, not merely of a child to be worshipped, but of fullgrown manhood, which has dared to challenge Mephistopheles to combat and has conquered. After a long night of struggle for self-expression, the first rays of the glorious dawn of a new day of perfection have shot athward the horizon, here and there beams of singular beauty all their own are penetrating the gray mist of the receding night announcing a sunburst of unparalleled splendor.

## THE LOST SOULS OF LOBOC

BY GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS

**S**PANISH Catholic monks began to teach their religion in the Philippines in 1565, not long after their discovery by Magellan. American Protestant missionaries followed our army in 1898, when Spanish sovereignty ended in the archipelago. These facts are necessary to explain an incident of 1908, Papa Isio's downfall in the Island of Negros and the unhappy fate of his followers, the Lost Souls of Lobo.

Papa Isio, a self-appointed pope, was the last spiritual and temporal head of the island Babalyanes, worshippers of an ancient Malayan god. Isio, a native of peculiar cunning, had taken his title from the Catholic church where he had been altar-boy. At the beginning of the American occupation a condition similar to that in Negros existed in every island of importance of the archipelago.

In 1908 Papa Isio completely dominated the populous island of Negros. He had overthrown its ill-fated republic and would have made himself an absolute monarch had it not been for the timely arrival of the Americans to garrison the principal island cities, a great blow to Isio's power and prestige. He withdrew with his followers to the mountains from which he made periodic raids to burn and kill in the lowlands.

Papa Isio's last raid occurred in 1908, ten years after the American occupation. How well I know the details! At that time I happened to have been a captain in command of our Negros forces. Papa Isio burned two coast towns and massacred one of my garrisons; this, a considerable blow to my prestige as an officer. Quickly I inaugurated a vigorous campaign of six months which ended with the capture of Isio and the surrender of his followers. Through desertion and death the Babalyanes had dwindled to less than five hundred souls, knowing no other authority than mine. Those simple souls looked to me for spiritual as well as temporal guidance, for in me they saw the reincarnation of their ancient deity.

There was at my disposal ample public funds to feed and shelter my charges. I built a model village, each home with a garden, rice field and trees.

Although I am of a liberal faith, I found it distasteful to serve as god, pope and teacher of that pagan settlement. I set out to shift my responsibility to the missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, which ever I could induce to relieve me. As a preliminary I built a church, using public funds. What if it was illegal? Was I not serving a noble cause?

The Protestant missionaries had, from the beginning, encountered many obstacles. The Catholics had already gathered into their fold a majority of the worthwhile souls, in the archipelago, they really did not need my Babalyanes. Protestant missionaries as a class were hostile to their fellow countrymen, especially the military. They seldom overlooked an opportunity to explain to the Filipinos how bad officers and others were—they may have changed by now. The Catholic priests pursued an opposite practice, they never failed to praise the army and navy. Although inclined to favor the priests, I decided to place the spiritual guidance of the people of Lobo into the hands of the Protestants who despised me.

Confident that I was doing a Christian act, I rang the preacher's doorbell at Bacolod. I saw his wife peep from behind the blinds. After a wait of five minutes, the preacher came to the door where I explained my mission of mercy, that I had five hundred souls prepared to accept Protestantism. I showed him a picture of the handsome bamboo church I had built.

Finally, he began, his vinagery countenance never changing:

"If you are so interested in saving the souls of a lot of pagan cut-throats, bring 'em in here. I wouldn't risk my life going out there in the mountains to them. Good-day, sir."

I was stunned. He had closed the door. I had turned the other cheek once too often.

A week later I had mustered up courage to approach the Spanish priest of a parish near Lobo. He was a good fellow and a loyal friend.

I had no sooner been comfortably seated I began:

"Padre Juan, how would you like a nice, new church," I hesitated, fearing the worst, "with five hundred Babalyanes ready to be baptized?"

He looked at me quizzically, then smiled.

"Have a drink on that, mi Capitan."



Gingerly, I poured myself a glass of sacramental wine, a servant had put before me. Padre Juan took a gin.

"You mean Lobo?"

I nodded.

"Fine. Bring them here to live near your garrison and my church."

"But, Padre Juan, I built a nice church in Lobo. It is only five miles from here."

"Amigo Capitan, I go to Lobo? Not for your sweet life. I wouldn't trust those cutthroats. You will dine with me today? I would have you enjoy with me some rare delicacies received from Spain only this morning."

This second disappointment distressed me. I was about to leave Negros for a vacation in the States, the real reason of my desire to hand my wards over to one of the churches. Finally, I had to go.

Three years later I returned to Negros. My first thought was of Lobo. I found that in my absence smallpox, cholera and malaria had wiped out its population, not a pagan soul remained, not one had turned Christian.

## GANDHI AND THE UNTOUCHABLES

BY VIOLA IRENE COOPER

GANDHI, standing forth as almost the first Indian to attack the question, has approached the problem of untouchability, that situation in India's social structure which is so puzzling to westerners and which is so appalling to the western sense of democracy, with anything like a practical solution. His solution is a long way from attainment, it is a long way even from being put into effect at all. But he has launched the movement. In *Young India* of February 5, 1925, he discusses the question in detail, replying in his article to the objections of his opponents to the movement he has set on foot for the abolition of the custom and seeking to point out the means by which this abolition may be attained.

In India, members of the untouchable caste are not permitted in the public schools. They are outcasts literally in every sense of the word. Gandhi's suggestion to the question of education is: open to the untouchables all public schools, temples and roads that are open to non-Brahmins and are not exclusively devoted to any particular caste. To this he adds the suggestion that Hindus should open schools for the children of the untouchables, dig wells for them when necessary and render them the personal service that is so badly needed, e. g., to carry on hygienic reform and provide medical aid.

One question that has been asked Gandhi is: "Do you advocate an intermingling of the castes?" Gandhi's reply is, "I would abolish all castes!" It is this universality, regardless of his political views, which has made Gandhi a world figure and which will make him one of the greatest workers in India's destiny that India has produced.

The student of eastern philosophy must of necessity realize that a belief in reincarnation and karma, the law of cause and effect or the *as ye sow, so shall ye reap* of Christian doctrine, is part and

parcel of the Indian's mental make-up. Gandhi was asked, "Do you not believe that India is *karma-bhumi*, and that everybody born here is endowed with wealth and intelligence, social status and religious aspirations according to his good or ill deeds in his previous birth?" Gandhi replied that India is essentially "*karma-bhumi*" (land of duty), in contradistinction to "*bhoga-bhumi*" (land of enjoyment), thus putting the burden of social duty upon the people in the present and not upon the past.

Other questions and answers in his survey of the situation would be stated best, perhaps, by a simple presentation in the form of question and answer. These are as follows:

Q.: Are not education and reform among the untouchables primary conditions to be fulfilled ere one can begin to talk of the removal of untouchability?

A. (Gandhi): There can be no reform or education among the untouchables without the removal of untouchability.

Q.: Is it not natural, and just as it should be, that non-drunkards should avoid drunkards, and that vegetarians should avoid non-vegetarians?

A.: Not necessarily; a teetotaler would regard it as his duty to associate with his drunkard brother for the purpose of weaning him from the evil habit. So may a vegetarian seek out a non-vegetarian.

Q.: Is it not true that a pure man easily becomes an impure man when he is made to mingle with men who drink, and kill, and eat animals?

A.: A man who, being unconscious of the wrong, drinks wine and eats flesh, is not necessarily an impure man. But I can understand the possibility of evil resulting from one being made to mingle with a corrupt person. In our case, however, there is no case of "making anyone associate with untouchables."

Q.: Is it not owing to the above fact that certain classes of orthodox Brahmins do not mingle with the other castes (including the untouchables), but constitute themselves into a separate class, and live together for their spiritual uplift?

A.: It must be a poor spirituality that requires to be locked in a safe. Moreover, days are gone when men guarded their virtue by permanent isolation.

Q.: Do you advocate, then, that all should become equal, without any distinction of cast, race, creed or avocation?

A.: Such should be the case in the eye of the law in the matter of elementary human rights, even as, irrespective of caste, race,

creed, or color, we have certain things in common, e. g., hunger, thirst, etc.

To the final question regarding philosophy, perhaps incomprehensible to the average western mind as expressed in Indian terms yet not without its interest, he replies with lucidity and foresight. The question is as follows:

"Would that supreme philosophical truth be of any use in the field of practical politics to the average 'grihastha' (householder) seeing that only great souls who have come to the end of their cycle of karma (the necessity of returning to earth life) and realize and practice that supreme philosophical truth, and not the ordinary householder who has only to follow that which the Rishis have ordained, and in that following gain discipline which will eventually lead to release from birth and death?"

The answer of Gandhi to this is akin to his other answers, namely, democratic in spirit. "Not much 'supreme philosophical truth,'" he says, "is involved in the recognition of the simple truth that no human being is to be regarded as untouchable by reason of his birth. The truth is so simple that it is recognized all over the world except by orthodox Hindus. I have questioned the statement that the Rishis taught the doctrine of untouchability as we practice it."

The task before Gandhi is a great one. It is doubtful whether he can do very much. But the attempt is being made and it is possible that through it there will come about in India a democracy of the present which will be in accord with her ideals of the past.

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