

## ART AND CLAIRVOYANCE

The power of clairvoyance has replaced the faith boosted by St. Paul as "the evidence of things not seen." It is comparatively easy to obtain the inner sight. The mistake which has been made is that people have expected to see the material world with their astral eyes; and this cannot be done unless the astral body is rematerialized, that is to say, brought back to the same plane as it started from. If you want to find out what is happening elsewhere you have first to form the astral body and travel in it to that place. When you are there you must find sufficient material to build a physical body. This being done, you can see very nearly as if you had traveled there in the body. Then by reversing the process you come back to your own body with the information desired. It cannot be too clearly understood that the astral world is a place with laws of its own just as regular as those pertaining to what we call the material world. In reality one is just as material as the other. There is merely a difference in the quality of the material. We cannot say, therefore, that the color and form perceived by the clairvoyant is really identical in its nature with that perceived by the physical eye. Yet there is a certain analogy or similarity; and there is no particular reason why the astral world should not be represented plastically. Attempts to do this have been made by clairvoyants from the beginning of history. The most successful have on the whole been of purely hieroglyphic or symbolic characters. Geometrical patterns and sacred words and numbers have been used by the best seers to represent—perhaps not ex-

actly what has been seen, but the truth of what has been seen. Attempts to make a direct representation have not been successful, but the reason for this has not been the impossibility of the task. It has not been the lack of good clairvoyants; it has been the lack of good artists. We cannot say that there is any actual incompatibility between the two powers. In fact, the greatest artists have nearly always possessed a touch of mysticism. One might even go so far as to say that even art itself is of a mystic character, since even the most realistic of painters transmutes the physical facts before his eyes into a truth of beauty. A good picture is always a picture of more than the model.

In the exhibition held last month by Mr. Engers Kennedy, we have a very definite attempt to portray that which is seen by the spiritual sight, and the result may be described as extremely successful because the artist is a good artist. These pictures can be looked at with pleasure from the purely aesthetic standpoint. There is no ad captandum effort to interest people in the subject of the picture. They stand on their own merits as pictures. But it would be useless to deny that a supreme interest is super-added by the representation of the character or mood of the sitter by the simple means of using the symbolic colors and forms perceived by the spiritual eye as background. We need not go in detail into the nature of the method employed. These pictures must be seen to be appreciated at their full value. But it is certainly possible to predict a great vogue for these portraits. Everyone must naturally wish a representation in permanent form of their inner as well as their outer body.

## BARNARD'S LINCOLN UNVISITED

By a Friend of Rodin's Balzac and Epstein's Oscar Wilde.

I have been deplorably ignorant of George Gray Barnard. I had been asking myself whether any good thing would come out of America. But when I noticed the most vicious, malignant, ill-informed attacks upon him by persons ranging from the utterly obscure and ridiculous to those who ought to have known better, I thought it was time to look into the matter.

The criticisms of Mr. Barnard's Lincoln betray the most senseless and vindictive malice. Some of them are so imbecile that they condemn themselves. One does not need to know the statue to know that some at least of its critics are beneath contempt.

One remarks "why give Lincoln big feet? By actual measure they were only three inches longer than the ordinary foot." !!! Mr. Barnard (if appealed to on the point) might possibly reply that Lincoln's feet were big because he trod the earth. The truth is that American idealists want Lincoln to look like a cross between Jesus Christ and Evelyn Thaw. It is very unfortunate that Mr. Barnard should have missed this point of view; but he looks very much like William Blake, and apparently has an equally striking similarity in the matter of his thought. It is certainly almost incredible that such a statue as "the struggle of the two natures in man" should have come from America. There is in this heroic group something of what I call "the true American quality." That is the quality of the pioneer, the man who is up against nature and determined to impose his will upon it, the man of ideals painfully stern and impracticable, it may be,

but worthy of respect in a certain sense even for that fantastic quality.

Lincoln himself was just such an American. But the spirit of Lincoln is as dead as mutton in an age when the Declaration of Independence can be considered a treasonable document. Commercialism has strangled the beauty of everything, even of vice; and *pari passu* the slime of the Sunday School is smeared over all American thought. I have not seen Mr. Barnard's Lincoln, but I can well believe that it is Lincoln as he was, and is, and shall be, body and soul.

## A RIDDLE.

By Aleister Crowley.

How came it that you veiled your naked splendor  
In flesh so amber rich, so amber rare,  
Hilarion? For aethyr, fire, and air,  
No grosser elements, in sage surrender  
Woven, conspired to clothe thee, lithe and tender,  
Supple and passionate, a web of air  
Through which the essential glory flames so fair  
That—O, my soul, thou canst not comprehend her!

Was it that only so this soul might pass  
Beyond its bonds? That in the wizard's glass  
Creation, it might learn to look upon  
The face of its creator, eye to eye,  
—For he that gazeth upon God shall die—  
I see thee, and I live, Hilarion!