LIKE bees we gather knowledge. And we pack our load into odd honeycombs. At the expiration of the year we examine our "treasures." But who has managed to slip in so much that is unnecessary? How have we managed to impede our path so much?

Heavy are the things of yesterday! But from the midst of that which is accidental and subject to destruction, like the ashes of last night's fire, there loom always the landmarks of that which is precious to our Spirit. And the Spirit knows them. It is they that lead mankind through all races, through all the circles of achievement. Steps to the temple!

Verily, verily, Beauty is Brahman. Art is Brahman. Science is Brahman. Every Glory, every Magnificence, every Greatness, is Brahman.

Thus exclaimed the Hindu saint, coming back from the greatest samadhi. A new path of beauty and wisdom shall come. The best hearts know already. Beauty and Wisdom are not a luxury, not a privilege, but a joy destined for the whole world, at all grades of achievement.

The best men already understand that they must not only talk continually about the paths of beauty and wisdom, but they must actively instill them into their own and into the social daily life, all difficulties notwithstanding. They know that an Occidental garment is not yet the sign of a cultured person. They know that in our days—days of deathly conflict between mechanical civilisation and the coming culture of the Spirit—are particularly difficult the paths of beauty and knowledge, are particularly oppressive the onslaughts of black vulgarity. They do not deny the difficulty of the struggle, but beyond it already grow the wings of the liberated Spirit.

You know Nature's best beauties have been created in places where shocks and quakes have occurred. You know the ecstasy when facing rocks, abysses, the picturesque roads of the old lava. You are amazed at the crystals of struggle and at the wrinkles of thought displayed by the coloured strata of the rocks. The convulsions of Cosmos yield an infinite beauty.

Think, how many signs have been manifested. The War has inundated the world with blood. Droughts, floods have disturbed human welfare. Lakes have dried up. The peak of Mont Blanc has crumbled, famine has revealed its face. How many conventions of a senile race have already been disrupted?

Amidst the ruins of human conventions already arises a new life. Even the most stupid begin to recognise that a good deal of that which is now visible to them is not accidental. A new world is coming—coming before astonished and utterly surprised eyes.

In the new world, in its new temples, a new life will be established, in which art and knowledge will support the throne
of Divine Love. The Blessed Ones lead us along these paths. Amidst the monstrous mental accumulations of obsolete frippery, signs of a synthesis, and of the harmony of perfection, are becoming visible.

Learning the future significance of beauty and wisdom, men will understand also the paths of their creation. At present one must think about art in its all-embracing significance. One must sense, and confirm, the highest conductor of the Spirit, the Consoler and Creator.

Consider! Towards the end of the past century old styles became worn out. Life was filled with dead imitations. Works of creative beauty stood isolated. In house furniture, in objects of daily use, in paintings and sculpture, the average level reached the limit of false indifference. Then a reaction took place immediately. But in the measure that imitation was hideous, the reaction proved offensive. A hatred was declared for the old. And hatred, as usual, generated malicious impotence. Sputtering the poisonous saliva of decomposition, they rushed into creating new theories. Like clumsy druggists they distributed the sparks of Divinity into flasks, and pasted labels upon them. Thus, in place of arrogant indifference, life was filled with all sorts of Cubists, Passeists, Futurists, Expressionists and various other -ists and -exts. And once more disunity and disintegration reached the limit. And once more the guardians of true art, such as Rodin, Courbet, Puvis, Van Gogh, Gaugin, Degas, Cezanne, stood isolated, while around them went on the hubbub of the crucifixion of beauty. What a subject for Bosch or old Bruegel! Ah, the painted clowns! Now they were enslaved by the subject; now they looked only for form; now they recognised nothing but colour. Arbitrarily and stupidly they divided art into higher, decorative, applied, commercial; they distorted the concept of reality; they split the single tree of art; they bent out of shape everything which their convulsive hands were able to catch hold of—poor wretches! they forgot that which rings in every atom of the starry sky; they forgot that before which their blind theories seem miserable patches; they forgot about harmony; they did not wish to know that the time was approaching for the harmonisation of the centres; they forgot that the mysterious charm of art—its persuasiveness—lies in the paths of its origination; they forgot that art is created not by the brain but by the heart and by the spirit. The language you speak is that of the place from which you come. Proceed from the sources of the Spirit. In the mysterious, universalising paths of art there is, verily, that international language which will knit all mankind.

Art is for all. Everyone will enjoy true art. The greatest harm is to give the masses false and conventional art. The gates of the "sacred source," I insist, must be wide open for everybody, and the light of art will influence numerous hearts with a new love. First this feeling will come unconsciously, but after all it will purify human consciousness. And how many young hearts are searching for something real and beautiful? So give it them.

Bring art to the people, where it belongs. We shall have not only the museums, the theatres, the universities, public libraries, railway stations, hospitals, and even prisons decorated and beautified. Then we shall have no more prisons.

This is not a commonplace; not a truism. This one must emphasise now, and clarify with all the powers of one's spirit; for men have altogether forgotten the path of light and creativeness.

The tongue of man—brilliant and powerful in condemnation—has become washy and pale in praise and affirmation.

But even in these false, reactionary paths, art still continues to be prophetic. Has Futurism not been the forerunner of Bolshevism? And has it not been as far from the bright paths of the world of the future, as the false countenance of Bolshevism is far from true Communism?
But the guides of life create indefatigably. And one may rejoice at the terrifying boundaries of our chaos. So, from under the foam of the storm rises anew the cliff, washed and shining. The creative activity of construction and universalization is nigh. We know this not from predictions. We already see bright signs. Solitary individuals, separated by mountains and oceans, begin to consider the unification of elements, the harmony of creativeness. Thought-doves fly over the world. Youth already inscribes Beauty on the escutcheon of its toil.

*Cor Ardens* recognises art as the universal medium of expression and an evidence of life. It realises the phenomenon that ideals in art manifest themselves simultaneously in all parts of the world, and therefore acknowledges the creative impulse irrespective of heritage. Art should be created with honest mind and from genuine necessity. *Cor Ardens* is a concrete move to bring together, at least in spirit, sympathetic isolated individuals.

"We must walk the rising road of grandeur, enthusiasm and achievement with all the powers of our spirit."

The organisation aims:

First: To form a brotherhood of artists which is international.

Second: To hold exhibitions without juries, without prizes and without sales.

Third: To create centres where art and artists of all countries will be welcome.

Fourth: To work for the establishment of universal museums where works donated by members may have a permanent home.

*Cor Ardens* shall be the emblem as well as the symbol of this brotherhood of artists.

Does not in these words ring the victory of the Spirit? Has not chaos opened the gates of union? Do not physically separated souls begin to understand one another through the language of highest blessing?

O unseen friends! I know you. I know how inhumanly hard it is for you to endure all the conventions of life and not to put out your torch. I know how painfully difficult it is for you to walk under the glances of those who have built life on the dark concept of money. I know you, lonely ones, before the light which seems lonely to you. My young friends! Always young! But there are many sitting before this very light. And those who sit around one light cannot be lonely. And through your hand has not yet felt the hand-pressure, your spirit will for certainty receive the brotherly kiss.

What immense masses have been erected through brotherly efforts. Every effort toward beauty and wisdom is made lighter by the very fact that it passes through the bed of the single source of light—of that light before which the spirit rises in ecstasy while the physical being trembles.

Do not break, do not beat so, poor heart! Once again, after a long interval, wilt thou learn the power to receive and to hold the might which is near.

The baptismal font of art!

Great is the significance of art for the life of the future. The new world is coming.

"Put aside all prejudices — think freely," thus said the Blessed One.