More than nineteen hundred years ago, Jesus Christ was nailed upon the Cross by a Roman governor. The orthodox Jews who instigated Pilate to commit this infamous crime were no doubt satisfied that the great movement which Christ had set on foot had failed. Failed! It was Roman justice that had failed, it was Jewish bigotry that had failed. An empire which has ceased to heed the voice of justice and humanity in the pursuit of its own selfish interests, which are always ephemeral, is like a rotten tree which but awaits the first passing blast to come to the ground. The Roman Empire fell, and upon its ruins the Church of Christ rose to a great height of power. And to-day, though organized Christianity but feebly reflects the spirit of its Master, the personality of the Master Himself stands forth before all the world wth a compelling grandeur.

Never before have so many earnest minds of all races and creeds turned to Him for light and guidance in their perplexities. The number and insight of the new Lives of Christ are alone evidence of this fresh and deepened interest in His life and teaching. But the most impressive proof of it is that Mahatma Gandhi, a Hindu, has sought for the first time in history to apply the Master's teaching to politics as the best means of raising the people of India to a consciousness of their duty to themselves and to humanity. . . .

Mahatma Gandhi's movement has made the central teaching of Christ known and cherished in quarters to which a hundred years of the propaganda of Christian missions had not been able to penetrate. And it has presented it in a form readily assimilable to the Indian mind. Not only among Hindus but among Indian Christians also are being revealed a new meaning and a new purpose in the message of the Galilean Prophet, not antagonistic to or destructive of their precious national heritage, but setting it forth in its full intrinsic worth and value.

These are the words, not of an Indian Christian, but of a Hindu social reformer. They may serve to show the importance of considering carefully and fully the meaning and implication of the movement to which they refer.

THE BRAZILIAN

BY RONALD DE CARVALLO

[*This article is the conclusion of a series of studies of the various racial elements that have intermingled to make the Brazilian of to-day.*]

From the *Brazilian American, December* 29
(Rio de Janeiro American Weekly)

The Portuguese bequeath us energy, the Indians plasticity of imagination, the Africans ardent sensibility. From the mingling of these three primitive elements springs the type of the genuine Brazilian, a type of such prepotency that it has been able to resist, without losing its characteristics, and even to absorb, while more and more improving their aspects and their intelligence, the foreign elements that have resulted from the immigration of Italians, Germans, Poles, Russians, Syrians, and Arabs, who began to mingle with it from the beginning of the nineteenth century. In the centres of greatest fusion, as in the State of São Paulo, it is easy to prove the prepotency

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the natives over the colonists, whose children rapidly adapt themselves to the conditions of their environment and become amalgamated with the great Brazilian community.

Passing over certain variations of slight significance, we can distinguish in this ethnic and social mass two definite types: the type of the interior and that of the littoral.

The man of the interior is sober, gaunt, self-confident, and superstitious, rarely aggressive, impetuous in his outbursts, silent, — like the immense plain in which he was born, — slow in his movements, and moderate in his speech, and above all impregnated with an indefinable melancholy that reveals itself in his glance, his cloudy countenance, his shy smile, his general air, and all the sharp turns of his agile body, composed, as it were, of flexible steel.

Euclides da Cunha said, in one of the 'etchings' of his famous epopee, *Os Sertões*, as we call our 'Hinterland': —

'He lacks the perfect symmetry, the poise, the correct structure, of an athlete. He is uncultured, uncouth, warped. A Hercules-Quasimodo, he reflects in his aspect the timid ugliness of the weak. His walk — lacking in firmness and poise, as if hesitating and uncertain — seems a movement of inarticulated members. This is even aggravated by his normally gloomy attitude of manifest discontent, which gives him an air of dejected humility.

'When he is on foot, he invariably leans against the first doorway or wall he encounters. On horseback, if he checks his animal to exchange two words with an acquaintance, he immediately drops one of the stirrups, and swings his leg over the horn of the saddle. In motion, even when going at a rapid pace, he never follows a straight, invariable line. He advances rapidly but in a characteristic meandering, for which winding frontier trails seem to have been the pattern; and if he stops and dismounts for the most trivial reason — to roll a cigarette or to strike fire from his tinder box or to engage in the briefest sort of conversation with another traveler — he at once squats, — 'squat' is the proper verb, — squats and remains for a long time in a position of unstable equilibrium in which his whole body gravitates toward his toes, while he sits on his heels, with a simplicity that is at one and the same time ridiculous and likable. He seems to be always tired.

'Nevertheless, this appearance of weariness is deceptive. Nothing is more startling than to see this apathetic indolence vanish. All that is needed is some motive to arouse his slumbering energies; then the man is transfigured. He straightens up, dons a new attitude, a new caste of countenance, a new manner; his head assumes an erect position on his powerful shoulders, his countenance becomes animated by a vigorous and daring look; all the effects of the habitual relaxation of his members are quickly corrected by an instantaneous nervous start; and from the form of the vulgar, perplexed 'rancher' emerges, as if by enchantment, the dominating figure of a resolute and powerful Titan, a marvelous revelation of extraordinary strength and agility.'

The man of the littoral, on the contrary, is nervous and of exquisite sensibility; he smiles and possesses a brilliant imagination and a playful habit of thought; he is artistic and prefers colorful images to abstract ideas; he is slender and well proportioned; he speaks best when he improvises; in affairs he carries himself with ease and at times with daring; his own opinions are the only ones he respects; and he is proud and high-spirited.

There is, however, in the character of the men of the *sertão* and of the littoral

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a common basis of melancholy and voluptuous fatalism, which the latter have succeeded better in disguising. The sentiment of our popular creations — our music and our poetry — is essentially elegiac. *Saudade*, terror and resignation, mingle their distressing voices in the lugubrious cadences of our songs.

A sorte, nós bem sabemos,
E' tal qual uma mulher,
Que quer, quando não queremos,
Alma no corpo não tenho,
Minha existencia é fingida,
Sou como o tronco quebrado
Que dá sombra sem ter vida,
Parece troça, parece,
Mas é verdade patente,
Que a gente nunca se esquece
De quem se esquece da gente.

[Fate, as we well know,
Is just like a woman,
Who wants something when we do not
And when we want it wants it not.

Soul in my body I have none;
I exist only in appearance.
I am like a fallen tree
That still gives shade though robbed of life.

Absurd as it seems,
It is a patent truth
That the people never forget
The man who forgets the people.]

Among many others there is a quatrain which our troubadours sing to the twanging of guitars and the sad accompaniment of flutes, and which translates perfectly the sadness of the Brazilian in the presence of the universe: —

Mente quem diz nesta vida
Muitos males ter soffrido.
Só de um mal a gente soffre,
E' do mal de ter nascido.

[He lies who says that in this life
He has suffered many ills.
For we suffer one ill only —
The ill of being born.]

Doubtless all nations have their melancholy moods, for laughter is not granted any man without alloy, but the lonely lyricism of the Brazilian is unique. Why are we sad? Why is our merriment artificial and affected, even when we seek most to divert ourselves? Though cordial, hospitable, and courteous, and at times indiscreetly frank in the manner and in the colorful eloquence of his facile speech, the Brazilian is always loyal, but is also always reserved.

We are dominated, attracted, fascinated, by the immensity of the land that we have won at the cost of an exhausting struggle, but which we have not been able wholly to subdue. Man does not tame nature in Brazil, for she is still under the stress of primitive geological cataclysms and transformations. Along the Amazon a phenomenon occurs which eloquently illustrates this. It is what the *sertanejos* call a landslide. There is no drama of the forest that more thoroughly characterizes the fundamental tragedy of our painful efforts to subdue nature to our uses than this terrible telluric calamity.

The Brazilian pioneer — after conquering every obstacle, after ascending cataracts and crossing mangrove swamps, where the enormous *securís*, formidable serpents larger than the pythons themselves, conceal their colossal coils — lays the foundation of a settlement on the banks of the largest river in the world. He struggles day after day, axe in hand, with the savage forests of the tropics. He assaults the trunks of the millenary chestnuts, lays low the majestic *perobeiras*, and gradually drives back the jungle from his little clearing. His wife aids him, his sons help him. His superhuman struggle seems unheroic in its humdrum aspect of a mute, inglorious combat with nature day after day. But these pioneers are heroes in their devotion to duty, in their intrepidity in facing fate. They are heroes by force of circumstance.

Little by little around the modest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

improvised *tapera*, or the humble hut covered with branches of *ubí*, other rude and picturesque structures rise. Kinsmen and friends of the first settler arrive in their *montarias*, ready to face the dangers and privations of the wilderness with the same undaunted spirit. With their axes they clear the forest; they sally forth with bowls to collect the sap of the neighboring rubber trees. The nucleus of a future city seems to have been planted. Young, newly seeded gardens and meadows begin to show their verdure. Indian corn, beans, manioc, and banana groves spring up in all directions. The precarious life of the pioneer promises soon to be transformed into the secure prosperity of a civilized settlement. Cheerful plenty smiles in hospitable homes. The products of the chase, the fish of the stream, the wild fruits of the forest add their variety to the rude but prodigal fare. The guitar and the flageolet begin to waken the solemn echoes of the immense solitudes. Man trusts in his destiny — in the destiny which he himself has created.

Meanwhile, however, the Amazonian waters have been secretly undermining the new foothold that the invader of their virgin recesses has so presumptuously established. The gods of the wilderness, outraged and humiliated, prepare to avenge themselves for the insult that the white man has wrought upon them. Suddenly, without any premonition, with a dull and terrible roar, the earth trembles, slips, and buries itself in the bosom of an enormous abyss that extends for over six thousand miles, dragging down in its sudden ruin men, women, children, animals, and plants in an overwhelming vertigo, in a monstrous vortex, in a frightful commingling with gigantic trees that their centuries of stored-up sturdiness and strength have not protected from the river's rage. Over the spot where the heroic pioneer has toiled and labored and dreamed sweeps the foamy sheet of the current, bathing in its turbid waters his life, together with his hopes.

Senhor Graça Aranha, in his admirable *Esthetica da vida*, describes the spirit of the Brazilian in his constant conflict with the exuberant nature of the tropics as torn with the anguish of an exile set down in an abnormal and paradoxical environment; and in truth the Brazilian does struggle all his life with a forbidding nature, seldom generous toward her human suitors. He has to struggle with her unceasingly in order not to be crushed by her as were the Indians. He pays for a moment's remissness with suffocation in her luxuriant embrace. If he is not constantly vigilant, the forest encircles him, casts its powerful tentacles around him, and wrests from him all he has so painfully conquered from it.

Yes, the Brazilian has been faced with a sterner task than the other pioneers of America — those who colonized Rio de la Plata, with its rolling prairies and low hills; those who settled in Mexico and Peru, already possessing an advanced civilization. The Brazilian has had to build his house from its foundations. The history of the struggle is indelibly recorded in the manifold expressions of his brooding and melancholy soul.

Yes, this is the secret of that melancholy, and the secret also of the tenacious and obstinate character of the race, which enables it to absorb and assimilate the most discordant ethnic elements from all the migratory currents that have flowed to our shores from the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Baltic.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LOUVRE REVISITED

BY E. V. LUCAS

From the *Times, January* 10
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

To compare the Louvre as a whole with the National Gallery would be absurd. In order to institute any fair comparison one would have to take on the one side the Louvre and on the other the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Collection, the British Museum, and the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. It must be understood, then, that by the Louvre I mean here the rooms in the Louvre that are given to painting, and I shall make only this passing reference to such recent bequests that have enriched it as the Chauchard collection of large Barbizon School pictures, the Thomy-Thierret collection of small Barbizon School pictures, and the Camondo collection of works by the later impressionists, such as Manet, Monet, Sisley, Degas, and Cézanne.

The Louvre naturally is numerically strongest in French painting, as the National Gallery is numerically strongest in British painting. It has finer examples of every French painter than we have, just as we have finer examples of our own school. Each of us has, however, a certain amount of the other's work, and the Louvre possesses an example of Bonington — a full-size portrait of an old lady — such as I have never seen in England at all. Its Constables are also very interesting, although not so fine or varied as ours, and looking at them it is easy to see how great an influence both he and Bonington exerted on the susceptible young artists who went to the Salon of 1824 and were captivated by the bold and faithful English work there. But for the presence of Constable (The Hay Wain) and Bonington, but especially Constable, at that exhibition, the Barbizon movement might have been very different or not at all.

In the other scale we may put Claude, who is not surpassed at the Louvre by the two pictures — the Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca and the Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba — which Turner selected as perpetual rivals to his own genius in the National Gallery. For the rest, it has to be admitted that neither the National Gallery nor the Louvre gives any adequate representation of its neighbor's art. One or two of our Poussins are good, but there is nothing to compare with the Louvre's finest examples. To some extent the deficiency is made good by the display of the Fête Champêtre school at Hertford House, where also may be found further examples of Rigaud and Champaigne and other of the great French portrait-painters; but into the present survey the Wallace Collection does not enter.

The Louvre was not built for a picture gallery, but it has been well adapted. One of the advantages of this lack of scientific structure is that there are occasionally windows at which one may rest and refresh the vision tired by the exacting task of constant refocusing. How pleasant are the glimpses of the Tuileries thus gained; of the Arno and the hills about Florence, from the Uffizi; of the Theater-Platz and the Elbe at Dresden!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED